Mar. 3, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

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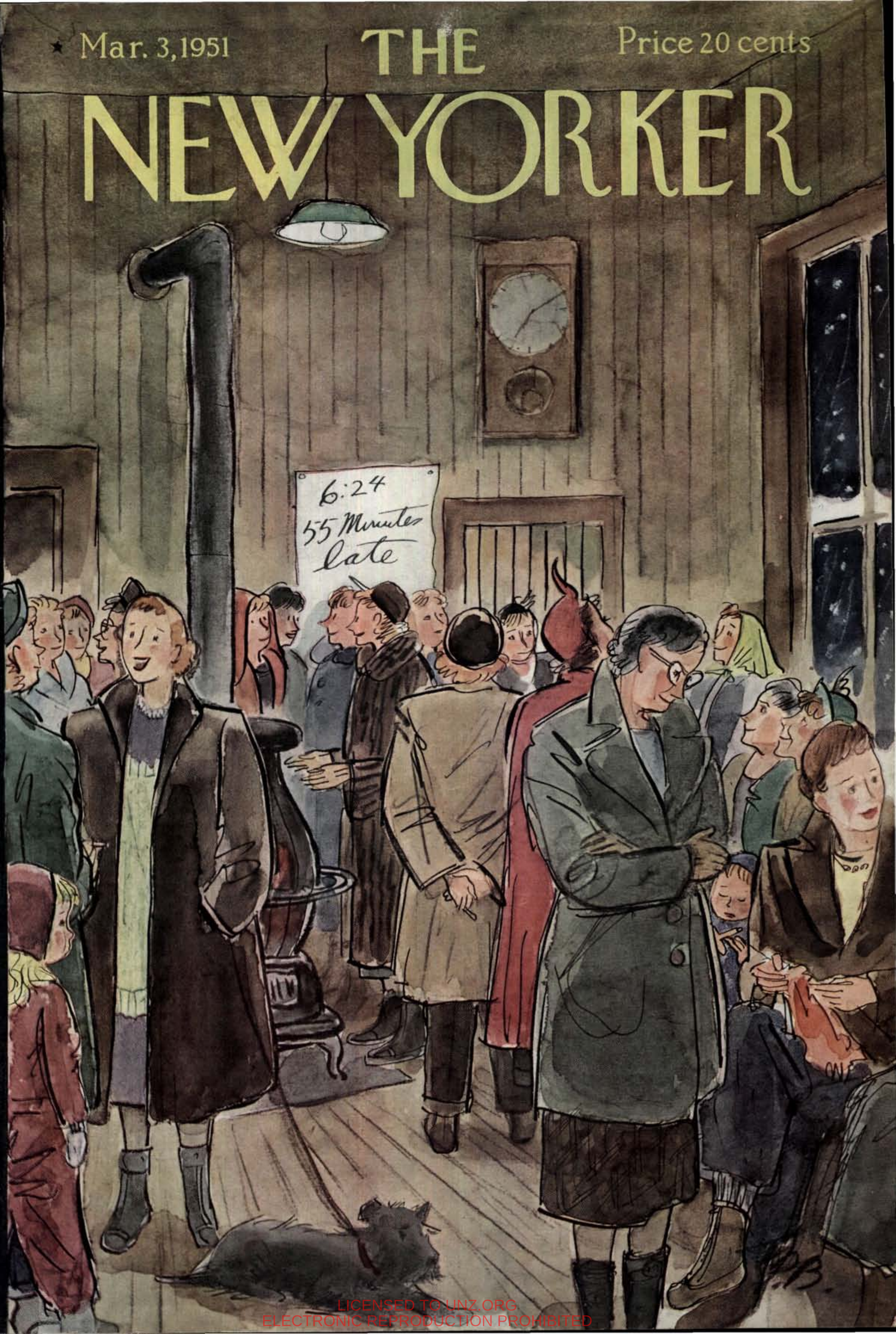
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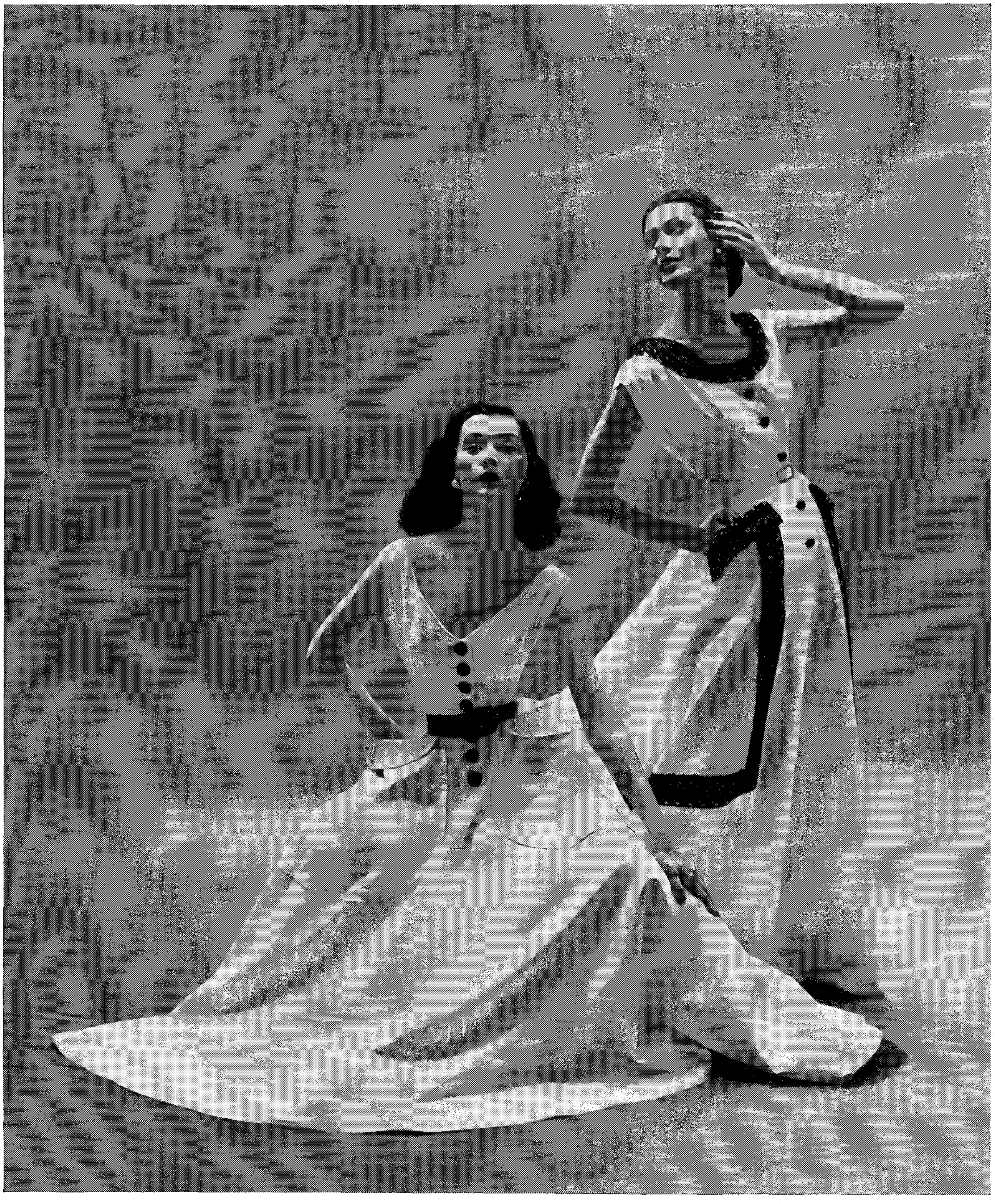

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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Affairs of State—Celeste Holm in a comedy dealing with Washington love and politics, neat and unsurprising, that is Louis Verneuil's first job of playwriting in English. With Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Pawnshop—Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken do their best, but this moral fantasy by A. B. Shiffrin remains one of the season's most wearing efforts. Willie Lewis and his clarinet are perhaps the brightest spot of the evening. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Bell, Book and Candle—John van Druten's comedy about witchcraft in modern Manhattan lags a bit toward the end, but it is still a remarkably entertaining play. Lilli Palmer makes a captivating sorceress, Rex Harrison is excellent as her bewitched admirer, and the rest of the cast, including a Siamese cat, is very good, too. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Billy Budd—A mystical melodrama, based on the Herman Melville novelette, that moves slowly and performs no wonders. Among those assembled to act out the seagoing allegory are Dennis King, Torin Thatcher, and Charles Nolte, who handle their roles expertly. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 3.)

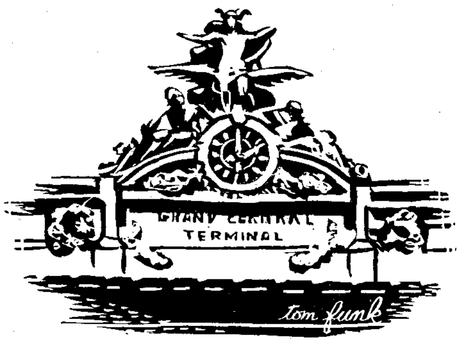
The Country Girl—A play by Clifford Odets about an alcoholic actor and his understanding wife. It is likely to remind you of several things you've seen before, but it has its touching moments, and Uta Hagen and Paul Kelly are most persuasive as the troubled pair. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Darkness at Noon—An outstanding performance by Claude Rains, an impressive setting by Frederick Fox, and perceptive direction by Sidney Kingsley all make this adaptation of Arthur Koestler's novel describing the grim career and final agonies of a revolutionist a work of distinction. Mr. Kingsley is also responsible for the dramatization, which Walter J. Palance, Kim Hunter, and Alexander Scourby help bring to life in supporting roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The High Ground—Charlotte Hastings' melodrama about a nun who clears an innocent woman of a charge of murder is a little mild and leisurely, but reasonably satisfactory on the whole. Leueen MacGrath (busy as she can be these days), Margaret Webster, and Tom Helmore head the cast, and Herman Shumlin is the director. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Lady's Not for Burning—There are stirring performances by John Gielgud, as a cynical warrior, and Pamela Brown, as an alleged witch, in Christopher Fry's interesting, if sometimes fairly ornate, comedy in verse. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 17.)

The Rose Tattoo—Instead of the doomed and addled ladies who have concerned him in the past, Tennessee Williams' heroine this time is a fiery Sicilian, who comes out all right in the end. On the whole, a very engaging play, and the performances, especially those of Maureen Stapleton and Eli Wallach, are extremely impressive. Boris Aronson has designed a fine, imaginative set. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Season in the Sun—Wolcott Gibbs has revamped his series of Fire Island stories into one of the funniest plays to come along in some time. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, Anthony Ross, and King Calder. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Second Threshold—Clive Brook is admirable as a man who sees no further reason for living, but otherwise this posthumous play by Philip Barry, which Robert E. Sherwood has more or less revised, is slightly disappointing. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Small Hours—Dorothy Stickney is very touching in this play, by George S. Kaufman and Leueen MacGrath, about a woman who has a very tough time with her children, her husband, and his fancy literary friends. The cast of twenty-nine, who take part in no less than twenty-six scenes, includes Paul McGrath, Polly Rowles, and Joan Wetmore. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Twentieth Century—This 1932 Hecht-MacArthur comedy about some very strange and comic carryings-on aboard the Limited has been brilliantly revived, with a company headed by José Ferrer and Gloria Swanson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Long Runs—**THE HAPPY TIME:** A high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect of its uninhibited behavior on an adolescent boy. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING:** Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel concerning a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody. Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde are still in the cast. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 17.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Springtime Folly—A comedy by Joseph Schulman and William H. Lieberson, with Jack Whiting, Mabel Taliaferro, and Gilbert Mack. Presented by United Producers, and directed by Leon Michel. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman plays a lady ambassador just about the way she played Annie Oakley, which is, of course, practically perfectly. The occasionally uneven book is the work of Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the generally excellent songs; and the cast includes Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Guys and Dolls—This triumphant comedy, adapted from one of Damon Runyon's stories, at last gives us a worthy rival to "South Pacific." The book is the work of Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the fine cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Out of This World—Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics for this variation of the Amphitryon legend, but somehow it isn't as funny or as tuneful as it ought to be. Other participants include Lemuel Ayers, who designed the sets and costumes; Hanya Holm, who arranged the dances; and Charlotte Greenwood and David Burns, who provide most of whatever comedy there is. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES:** Lorelei Lee and her trip abroad. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley populate the Anita Loos story. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **KISS ME, KATE:** "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Currently with Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton is now playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **WHERE'S CHARLEY?:** Ray Bolger and Allyn McLerie in a musical that has returned to Broadway after a tour on the road. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 10.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Mary Rose—A revival of the James Barrie play, produced by Helen Hayes. The cast, directed

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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by John Stix, is headed by Patricia Collinge, Leo G. Carroll, and Bethel Leslie. The sixth of a series of subscription productions offered by A.N.T.A. Opens Sunday, March 4, and will run through Friday, March 16. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:45; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:45. For information about subscriptions and tickets, call JU 2-2660.)

The Autumn Garden—Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Jane Wyatt, Ethel Griffies, and Kent Smith in a new play by Lillian Hellman. Directed by Harold Clurman, and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden. Opens Wednesday, March 7. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Moon Is Blue—A comedy by F. Hugh Herbert, with Barbara Bel Geddes, Donald Cook, and Barry Nelson. Produced by Aldrich & Myers in association with Julius Fleischman and Otto Preminger, and directed by Mr. Preminger. Opens Thursday, March 8. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romeo and Juliet—Olivia de Havilland starring in Shakespeare's play. A production of the late Dwight Deere Wiman, directed by Peter Glenville. Opens Saturday, March 10. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet Company—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 1: "Illuminations," "Pas de Trois," "Serenade," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 2: "The Guests," "Symphonie Concertante," "Divertimento," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 3: "The Duel," "Lady of the Camellias," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 3: "The Guests," "Prodigal Son," "Card Game," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 4: "Illuminations," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "Jinx," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 4: "The Guests," "Prodigal Son," "Firebird," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 6: "The Guests," "The Duel," "Firebird," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 7: "Illuminations," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 8: "Lady of the Camellias," "Prodigal Son," "Card Game," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 9: "The Duel," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "Age of Anxiety," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 10: "Serenade," "Mazurka," "Firebird," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 10: "Symphonie Concertante," "Orpheus," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, March 11.)

Iva Kitchell—Dance humorist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Weidman Theatre Dance Company—Presenting a dance program. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, March 10, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, the dance orchestras of Jules Lande and Nino de Moraes placate the guests at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except Sundays, Mischa Raginsky's orchestra meanders gently at cocktail time in the Palm Court and during dinner in the Madison Room. No dancing in either place.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—The beamish Ted Straeter in all his considerable glory (dinner jacket, carnation, and blithe piano), turning out dance music in this luxurious jewel box. Gogi's romantic violinists cruise the room during intermissions. Fridays, like Princeton proms, are black tie. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The Foreign Legion garrison of this palmy oasis is still as cosmopolitan as ever, but most of the new recruits look fairly Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room has still another new ice show at dinner and supper. This one includes Joan Hyldoft as prima ballerina and décor. Bernie Cummins' orchestra for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Through Sunday, March 4, Annamary Dickey will sing in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and a rumba band play and Mario and Floria dance. All hands perform at dinner and, except Sundays, at supper. On Tuesday, March 6, Larry Storch, a rapid-fire humorist, replaces Miss Dickey. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the elegant Café Pierre. Page Morton, who sings in several tongues (seriatim, that is), is at the piano between sets.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, a new and much more limber Jean Sablon sprinkles his romantic ballads with touches of sly humor. Pierre D'Angelo and Ana cavort, and Mark Monte's and Dick La Salle's orchestras make pretty dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which has a pink-champagne air, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's flowing dance orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's dinner music embellishes the last days of the Oval Room, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra fills in. . . . ¶ The Palm Court offers Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dancing to the music of the Three Suns and of Bernie Mann's standard-gauge orchestra in the Grill at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Russell Nype is modelling his well-known crew haircut and tortoise-shell glasses at supper in the sumptuous Maisonette. He also sings in a pleasant voice, which is all right, too, and recites, which isn't. Evalyn Tyner does a piano solo at dinner and heads a suppertime trio that alternates with Milt Shaw's band, which plays for dancing all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—Hugo Pedell, an old partygoer himself, is in charge of the party music in the Carnaval Room, the assembly hall for a regal element of our population. Jan Brunesco's gypsies help out. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Dilson Petrey is at the piano in the café bar, from six to twelve, except Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, from dinnertime on, Freddy Martin's orchestra plays for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A couple of old buildings knocked together to provide shelter and nourishment for those who can't make it to Yale for the weekend or Florida for the season. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band supply the dance music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Joan Edwards sings for the lovelorn and the Chandra Kaly dancers gyrate for serious thinkers. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play for dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room, Nancy Donovan sings and Ross Harvey prances. Emil Coleman's orchestra plays dance music. Mischa Borr's dance band alternates with Mr. Coleman's, and on Sundays plays until midnight all by itself. . . . ¶ In the Flamingo Room, Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from six-thirty on. Closed Sundays.

Note—The Rainbow Room is open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine. The tables by the big windows are worth scrambling for. Closed Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): The progressive modern piano of Les Crosley at dinner and again at supper. On Monday, March 5, Cy Walter returns to the Steinway. Sundays, Sam Hamilton does the honors. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who was on the bandstand at Aphrodite's coming-out party, starts his bouncy music at eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio is around, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle all week long. Except Mondays, Charlotte Sande's piano at dinner and supper; after ten, except Sundays, Ira Brant's trio. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and fiddle after nine-thirty for a not especially subdued audience. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A musical-comedy version of Spain, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIEUX CARRÉ**, 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except Mondays, from dinner through supper, Louis Hawkins, one of our most debonair hosts, turns his fine Southern hand to lighthearted piano and conversation in this playful reminder of a New Orleans balcony. The room is over L'Aiglon Restaurant. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy bit of 1960 décor,

Striking!
Elizabeth Arden
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays.... **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): After the theatre, through Sunday, March 4, Portia Nelson sings forgotten songs in a not-to-be-forgotten voice, to the thoughtful piano of Bart Howard. Jim Mahoney's piano enhances the dinner hour. Closed Mondays.... **LA COMMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Upstairs, at cocktail time, cannel coal crackles in the fireplace and Laurie Brewis crackles at the piano; downstairs, Wayne Sanders plays piano at dinner and later is joined by Nicky Holden, a romantic singer, as well as by Mr. Brewis. Closed Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): A casual setting in which Vicente Gomez does perfectly wonderful things with a guitar at dinner and supper. Closed Tuesdays.... **CAFÉ MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): A crowded catacombs wherein Billy Eckstine manages to make himself heard. There is also a great deal of floor show. Dancing.... **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): A real rumpus room, with hiss-the-villain melodrama, singing waiters, old movies (trimmed with Paul Killiam's punning commentary), and other foolishness, including dancing. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Rose Murphy toys with her piano and soprano at one of the noisiest intersections in town, and Arthur Blake, an industrious mimic of Hollywood characters, does a lot better than most of his confreres in that overcrowded profession. Eddie Heywood's band is a useful little helpmeet. Cliff Jackson is still at the keyboard during the intermissions.... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Señor Wences and his puppets, an ageless and enchanting blend of ventriloquism and manual dexterity, go their talented way unruffled by the surrounding uproar.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Once again, Pearl Bailey, for whom "fabulous" is a fair enough word, plus the deftly satiric Charlotte Rae, the tomboyish Mad Moiselles, and (starting Tuesday, March 6) the lyric Portia Nelson. The Page Cavanaugh Trio and the brilliant Stuart Ross provide the musical background.... ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, the after-theatre piano fancies of the celebrated Eadie and Rack. John Kelley, Jr., plays earlier, except Mondays. ... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's hatchery of humor offers Abbott and Dell, two fairly wild young oats, as well as Fay DeWitt, a precocious girl. Further fun is dished up by the veteran Three Riffs and Sylvia Sims, and the most angelic music this side of paradise comes from the Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Wally Cox, the most original wise man of our day; Royce Wallace, a girl with a deep blue voice; and Hillel and Aviva, Israeli folk singers.

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Between shows, the brisk dance music of Clarence Williams and Karl Lynch. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Herb Corey's caricatures of famous and infamous notables, Mimi Kelly's songs, and the double piano of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville. Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; Mondays are amateur nights.... **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Above the tumultuous Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer sings her one-of-a-kind sad songs about the loveless love life of the moderns. Sam Hamilton is her pianist.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The well-remembered voice of Mildred Bailey, as fine as it ever was, is once more abroad in the land. Jimmie Daniels and Alice Ghostley sing, too, and Reggie Bean's trio makes festive music. Closed Mondays.... **CHEZ VITO**, Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (PL 7-0083): Except Mondays, Pat Rainey tosses a few *sotto-voce* songs over a splendid pair of shoulders in rhythm with Ellis Larkin's bright piano.... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy shows up in her Swiss chalet late in the evening to run through her night-blooming ballads. Paul Lynde contributes some mild impressions. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): No "Tennessee Waltz" ever takes the glittering sheen from Wild Bill Davison's free-wheeling trumpet. Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon help him let joy reign unrefined. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is in charge of house-wrecking here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Lovers of modern music get Joe Mooney's jazz organ solos at cocktails, and Art Tatum's piano solos after nine, plus Joe Bushkin's rollicking band, involving Sid Weiss, Buck Clayton, and Billy Rule.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, all going at it hot and heavy. Don Frye plays piano while they're outside for a smoke. On Monday, March 5, Conrad Janis's band, which includes Elmer Schoebel on piano, Fred Moore on drums, and Mr. Janis on trombone, will replace everyone but Mr. Frye. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, March 7, the Billy Taylor Quartet and Flip Phillips' group throwing a fancy line of curves at the customers. Next evening, nothing less than Slim Gaillard's trio, Slam Stewart's trio, and Gene Ammons' band move in.... **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rigadoons. On March 2, there'll be Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Lou McGarity, Joe Sullivan, and George Wettling.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory. This week (March 2), Willie the Lion Smith, Big Chief Russell Moore, Sol Yaged, and Conrad Janis's band. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOHN ATHERTON—New paintings, embodying a still slightly experimental approach to the abstract style, in his first showing in several years. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through March 3.)

WILLIAM BAZIOTES—New abstract oils, full of color and a kind of wistful evocativeness. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through March 5.)

LOUIS BOUCHÉ—Recent oils, as usual exploring the pleasures of summer rusticity with delicacy and understanding. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 10.)

CHARLES CULVER—A set of water colors of more or less fantastic imaginary beasts, very gracefully done, and oddly reminiscent of Stone Age cave paintings in style. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through March 3.)

EXPRESSIONISM—A survey of this movement in Europe, with works by Beckmann, Marc, Feininger, Kokoschka, and others. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.; through March 17.)

XAVIER GONZÀLEZ—An arresting array of oils and gouaches, handled more or less abstractly. (Grand Central Moderns, 130 E. 56th St.; through March 3.)

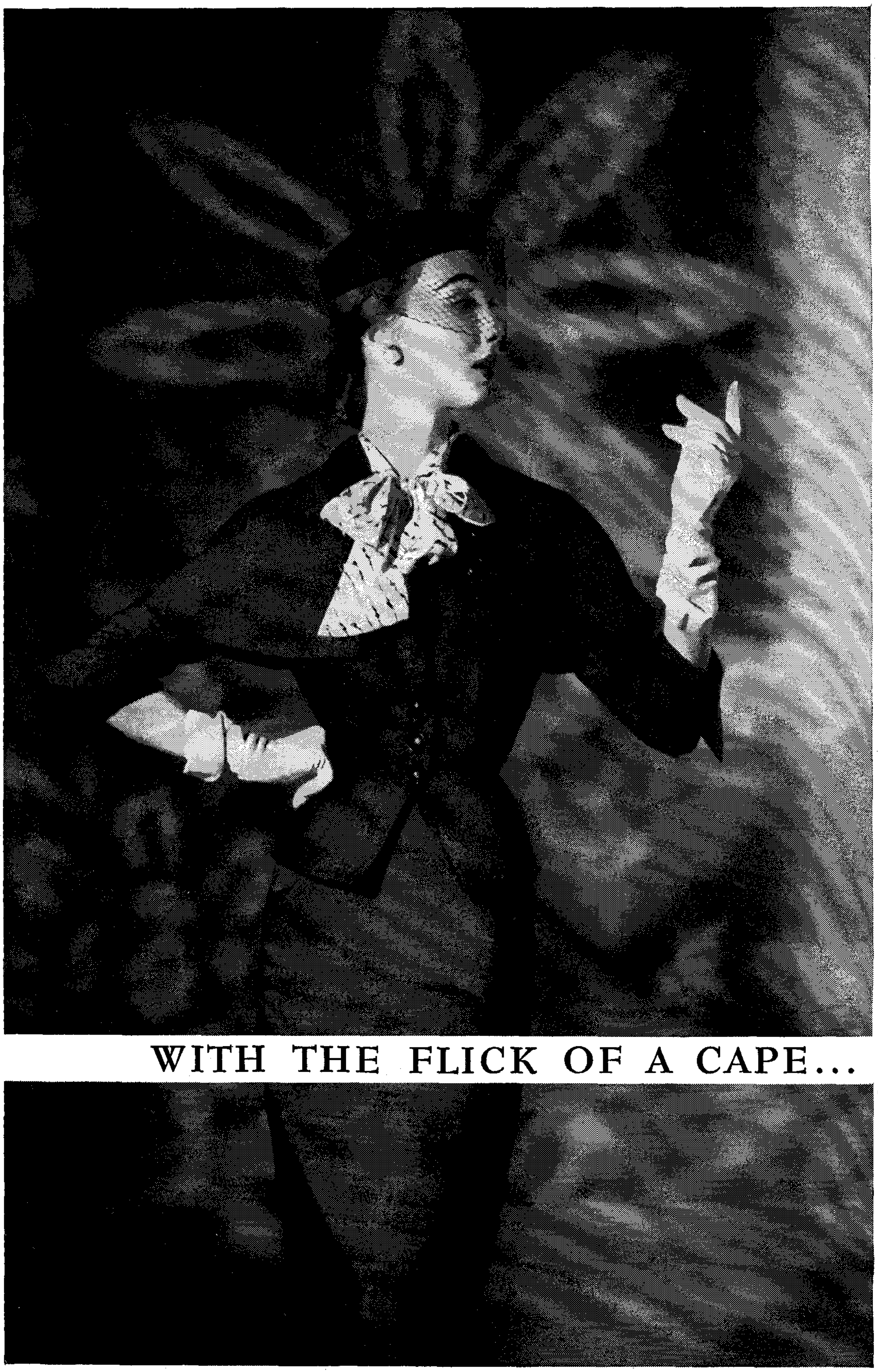
GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by American artists, among them Eakins and Homer, of the nineteenth century, and Sol Wilson and Jean Liberte, of the twentieth; through March 3.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: The gallery's twenty-second annual group show of paintings and sculpture, in which about forty artists are represented. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through March 10.... **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: New oils by Milton Avery, Marsden Hartley, Karl Knaths, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber; through March 17.

CONSTANTINE KERMES—Paintings of Shaker scenes and people, done with a strict severity of design quite appropriate to their subjects. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.; through March 3.)

MAILLOL—A choice and fairly comprehensive collection of his sculptures, in addition to a number of drawings. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 3.)

MODERN FRENCH—At the **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Fourteen canvases by Picasso, Dufy, Delaunay, Villon, and others; through March 10.... **PIERRE MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Miró, Dubuffet, Tanguy, Matisse, and others; through March 3.

MONDRIAN—A compact and very illuminating



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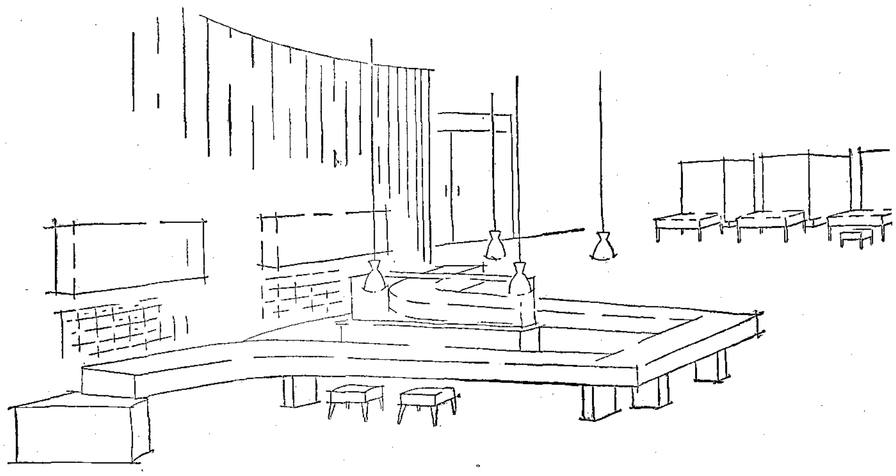

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

study of the development of his non-objective style from 1909 to 1943, the year before his death. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through March 17.)

National Water Color Society—Their eighty-fourth annual, comprising works by more than two hundred artists, among them Theodore Kautzky, Fred Whitaker, Walter Biggs, and Ogden Pleissner. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5; through March 4.)

Margaret Peterson—Paintings in tempera, bold and somewhat abrupt in design, and mainly based on Northwest Indian motifs. (New Gallery, 63 W. 44th St. Weekdays, 10 to 8; through March 10.)

Rubens—A loan show, for the benefit of the Public Education Association, and rather amazingly, the first really comprehensive exhibition of the great Flemish painter's works in this city. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5; through March 31.)

Miron Sokole—Recent paintings, indicating a trend toward abstraction, in his first exhibition in five years. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through March 3.)

Everett Spruce—Paintings by a Texas artist who can catch the feeling and atmosphere of the Southwest with skill and economy. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.; through March 17.)

Edward John Stevens—Oils, gouaches, and drawings, bright-colored and highly stylized, on Mexican themes, all of them treated in an engaging way. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through March 7.)

Emilio Vedova—The first showing in this country of paintings, well organized in spite of their rather kaleidoscopic appearance, by one of the younger Italian abstractionists. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through March 3.)

William Zorach—Sculptures, characterized by all his sureness, delicacy, and address, in his first exhibition in three years. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through March 10.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **associated american artists**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Peter Hurd; through March 17.... **a.c.a.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Philip Evergood; through March 17.... **durlacher**, 11 E. 57th St.: Florine Stettheimer and Charles Demuth; through March 24.... **feigl**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Mariano; through March 13.... **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: Marc Chagall; through March 24.... **perls**, 32 E. 58th St.: Modern French, Part I; through March 24. ... **sculpture center**, 167 E. 69th St.: Direct metal sculpture; through March 24.... **willard**, 32 E. 57th St.: Group show, drawings; through March 24.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A display of primitive Indian art of Alaska and Canada. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through April 15.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Early Renaissance painting (Italian, French, and Flemish), from the museum's collection. ... ¶ A show of costumes arranged by the Costume Institute, calculated to inspire fashion designers. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive and instructive survey of abstract painting and sculpture in America since 1912. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through March 25.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson, including political cartoons, a couple of portraits, and many versions of the Gibson Girl; through May 1.... ¶ Water colors by David Payne of rooms in the New York houses of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke, the Billy Roses, Gloria Swanson, and others; through March 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 1071 Fifth

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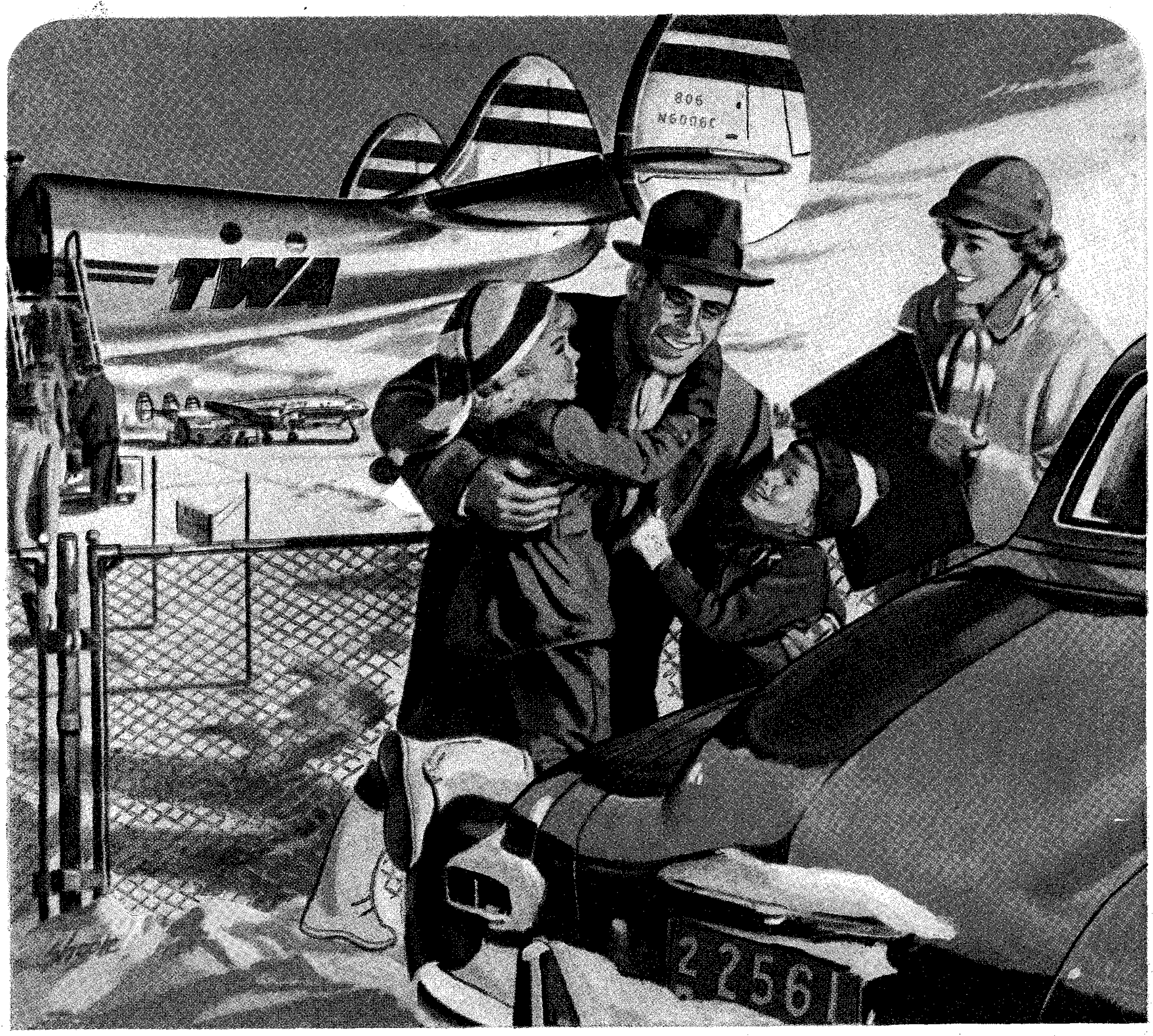
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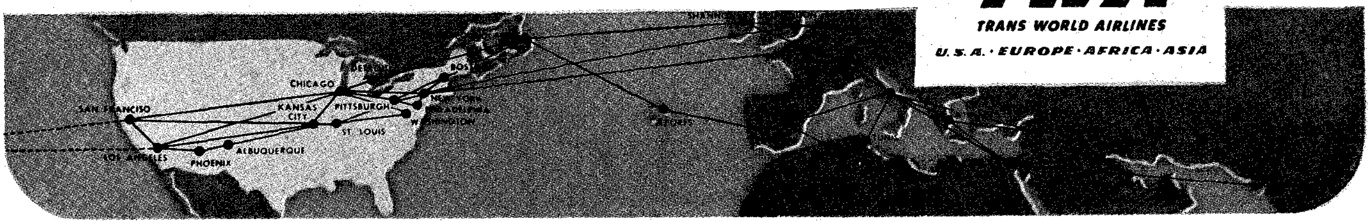
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Ave., at 89th St.—A group show by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay and Josef Albers, as well as by some Germans as yet little known here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through March 25.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A selection of oils, water colors, and drawings from the permanent collection. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through March 11.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 1, at 8: "Faust," with Delia Rigal, Richard Tucker, Cesare Siepi, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Friday, March 2, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Lucielle Browning, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Martha Lipton, Richard Tucker, and Clifford Harvuot; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Ramon Vinay, Leonard Warren, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Marguerite Piazza, Patrice Munsel, Set Svanholm, and Brian Sullivan. . . . ¶ Monday, March 5, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 6, at 8:30: "Fidelio," with Kirsten Flagstad, Nadine Conner, Set Svanholm, and Paul Schoeffler. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 7, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Margaret Roggero, Richard Tucker, and Francesco Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Kurt Baum, Leonard Warren, and Thomas Hayward. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 8, at 8: "Tristan und Isolde," with Kirsten Flagstad, Margaret Harshaw, Günther Treptow, and Paul Schoeffler. . . . ¶ Friday, March 9, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Regina Resnik, Patrice Munsel, Brian Sullivan, and Charles Kullman. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 2: "Fidelio," with Kirsten Flagstad, Nadine Conner, Set Svanholm, and Paul Schoeffler. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Bidu Sayao, Lois Hunt, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Giuseppe Valdengo.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, March 1, at 8:45, and Friday, March 2, at 2:30 (both with Isaac Stern, violin); Saturday, March 3, at 8:45 (with Jorge Bolet, piano); Sunday, March 4, at 2:45 (with Isaac Stern, violin); Thursday, March 8, at 8:45, and Friday, March 9, at 2:30 (both with Jascha Heifetz, violin); and Saturday, March 10, at 8:45 (with Menahem Pressler, piano).

Old Timers Orchestra—Frieder Weissmann conducting. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Saturdays at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing a program of French music of the Middle Ages. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Fordham University Glee Club—Frederick Joslyn directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 8, at 8:40.)

Vinaver Chorus—Chemjo Vinaver directing. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Saturday, March 10, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

Alton Jones—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Gerald Tracy—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, March 2, at 8:30.)

Toba Brill—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 3, at 3.)

Paganini Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ McMillin Theatre,

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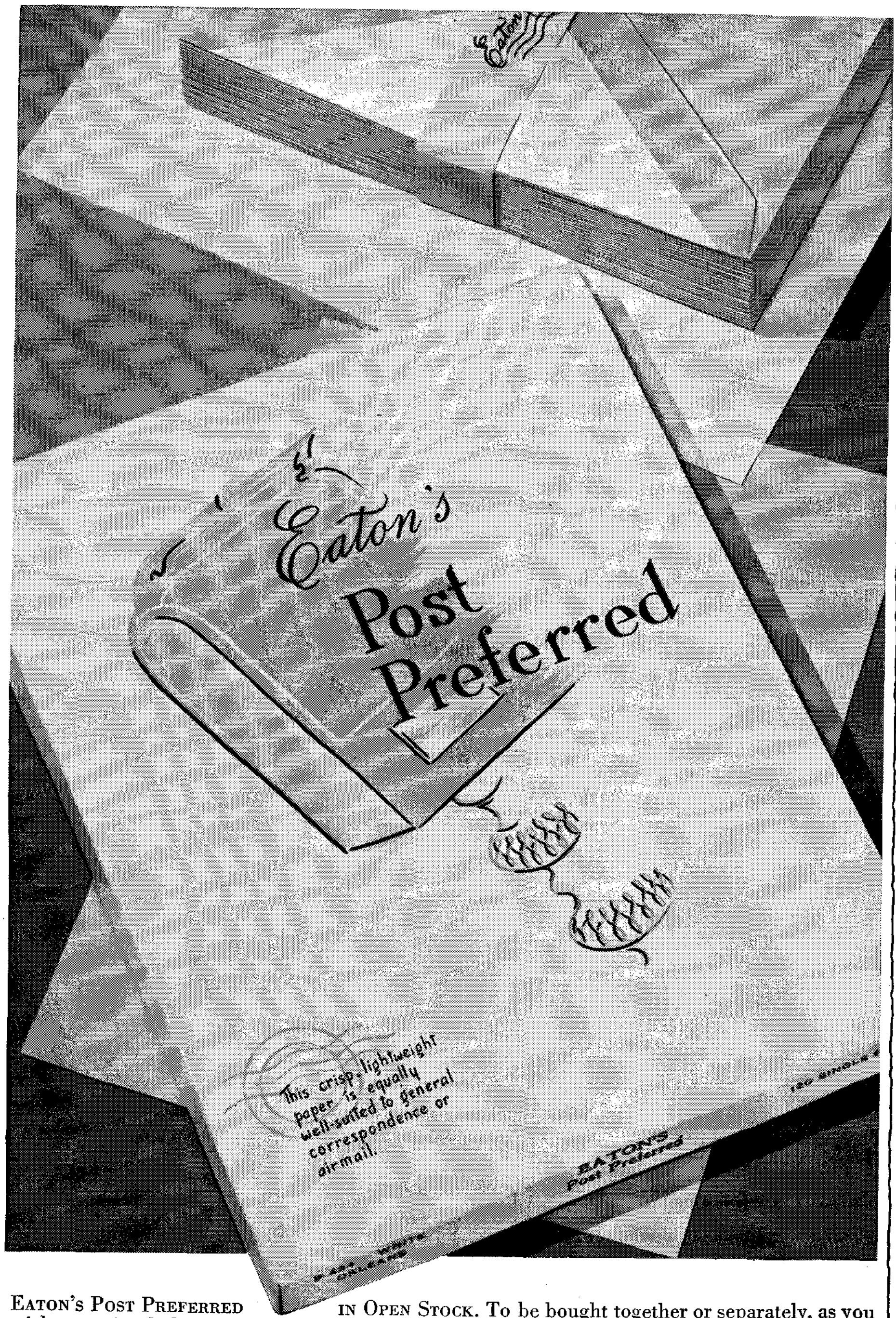
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, March 8, at 8:30.)

JUSSI BJOERLING—Tenor. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 3, at 8:30.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Guitar. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 4, at 8:40.)

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 5, at 8:30.)

MUSICIANS' GUILD—The Kroll Quartet; Lillian Fuchs, viola; Joseph Fuchs, violin; Frank Sheridan, piano; and others. (Town Hall. Monday, March 5, at 8:30.)

NEW MUSIC STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, March 5, at 8:40.)

ANATOLE KITAIN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Ralph Kirkpatrick will give a harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 11, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, March 6, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 2: Bob Murphy vs. Harry Matthews, light-heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, March 9: Rex Layne vs. Bob Satterfield, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, March 1, at 7:45: C.C.N.Y. vs. Manhattan College, and Wagner vs. Brooklyn Poly. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 6, at 9: N.Y.U. vs. C.C.N.Y. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 1:30 and 7:45: *Opening games in the* National Invitation Tournament, assuming there *is* a National Invitation Tournament.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Knicks vs. Syracuse. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Saturday, March 3, at 9. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.) . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Minneapolis. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, March 8, at 9.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 4: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 7: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Games begin at 8:30.)

INDOOR POLO—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

TRACK—Knights of Columbus meet. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 3, at 8.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—The Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 10, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

PLAYS—By the JUNIOR THEATRE: "Hänsel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . ¶ PLAY-MART: "Sleeping Beauty." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays, March 3 and 10, at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sunday, March 4, at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.)

TIBOR NAGY MARIONETTES—"Going Up in a Balloon" and "The Frog Prince." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 3, at 3.)

MOVIES—Features and short subjects. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, 2nd Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

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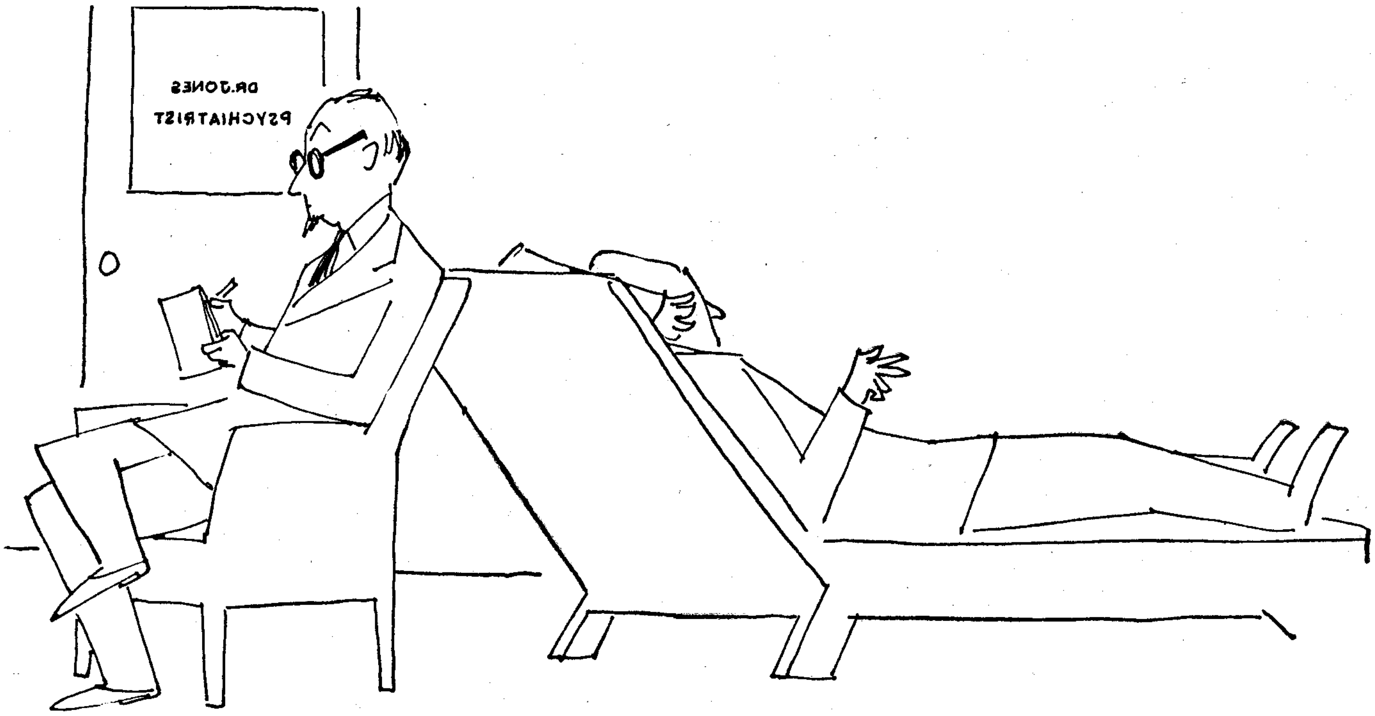
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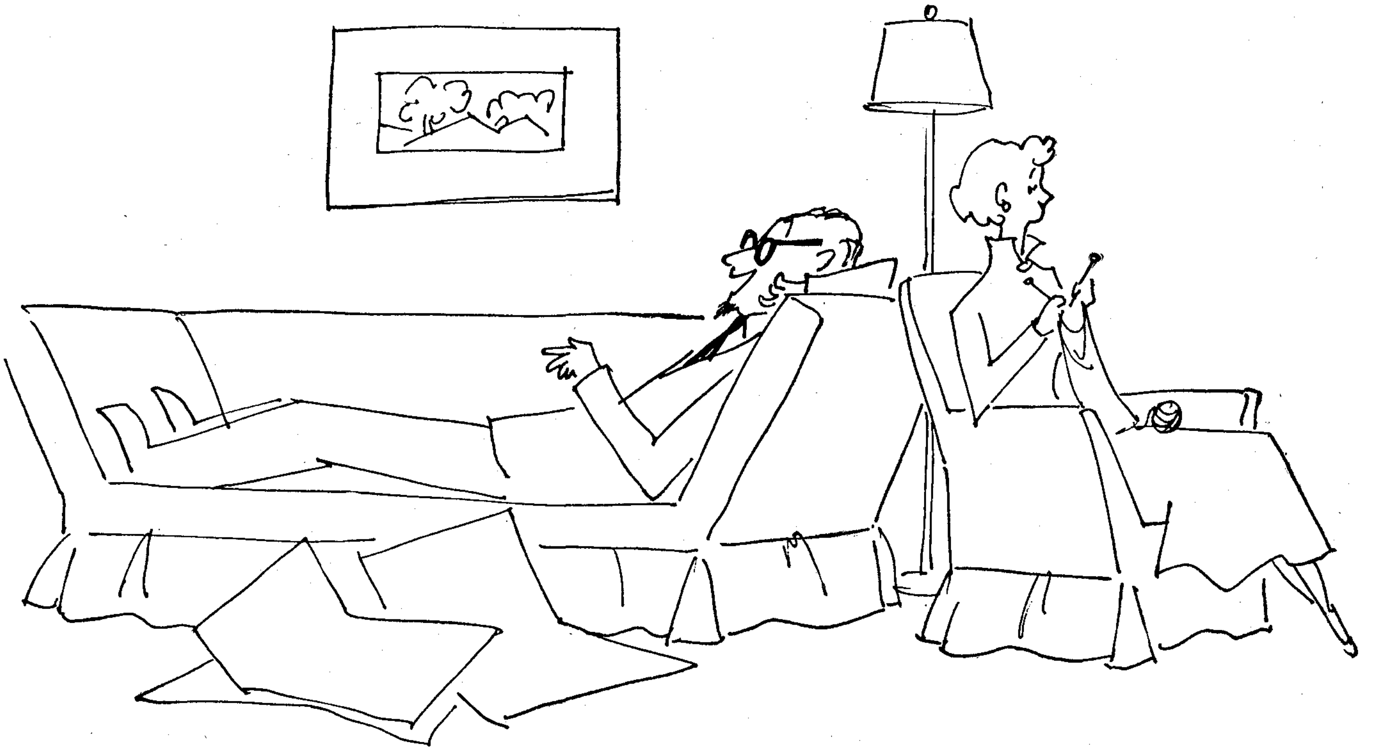

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

meets Mondays through Fridays, at Lake Success. About five hundred onlookers can be accommodated at each meeting. There may also be occasional open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

International Flower Show—The ultimate in horticultural achievement, where potential Burbanks are made or broken. In addition to displays of flora ranging from the daisy to the orchid, you'll find tools, gadgets, outdoor furniture, and many other concomitants of gardening. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Monday, March 5, from noon to 10:30 P.M., and Tuesday through Saturday, March 6-10, from 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.)

National Antiques Show—The annual affair, with exhibits by more than a hundred and fifty dealers. This year, along with the usual furniture (chiefly American) and objects of art, such curiosities as the first safety pin, a group of antediluvian hats, and the original Teddy bear, owned by Theodore Roosevelt, will be on hand. (Madison Square Garden. Monday through Saturday, March 5-10, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 11, from 1 to 7.)

Hayden Planetarium—The March show is called "Easter in the Heavens." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—English, American, and French furniture; paintings by John Singleton Copley, Abraham Mignon, and other artists; porcelains, silver, and other decorations, all the property of the late William M. Sullivan. (Thursday through Saturday, March 1-3, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Continental literature of the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries, including Richard de Bury's "Philobiblon," Montaigne's "Diary," Volume I of the first Bible printed on vellum, dated 1462, and illuminated and other manuscripts, from the library of the late Lucius Wilmerding. (Exhibition Thursday through Saturday, March 1-3, from 10 to 5. Auction Monday and Tuesday, March 5-6, each day at 1:45 and 8.) . . . ¶ English and American furniture of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; Staffordshire, Whieldon, and other pottery; and paintings and prints, owned by Joel B. Liberman and others. (Exhibition Saturday, March 3; Monday, March 5; and Wednesday, March 7, from 10 to 5; and Tuesday, March 6, from 10 to 8. Auction Thursday through Saturday, March 8-10, at 1:45.)

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Note—Volunteers are needed in every department of civil-defense work. Twenty categories of assignment have been set up; a few demand professional or technical skills, but most are open to anyone of stout heart, limb, and determination. Among the branches of service are the Auxiliary Police Corps, the Ground Observer Corps, the Fire Department Auxiliary Fire Corps, and the Auxiliary Communications Corps. Also, air wardens, hospital aids, radiation monitors, litter bearers, clerical workers, and messengers are required. All hospitals and precinct police stations and most district firehouses are now able to handle applications for enlistment. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-0916), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-4289), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 7-1000,

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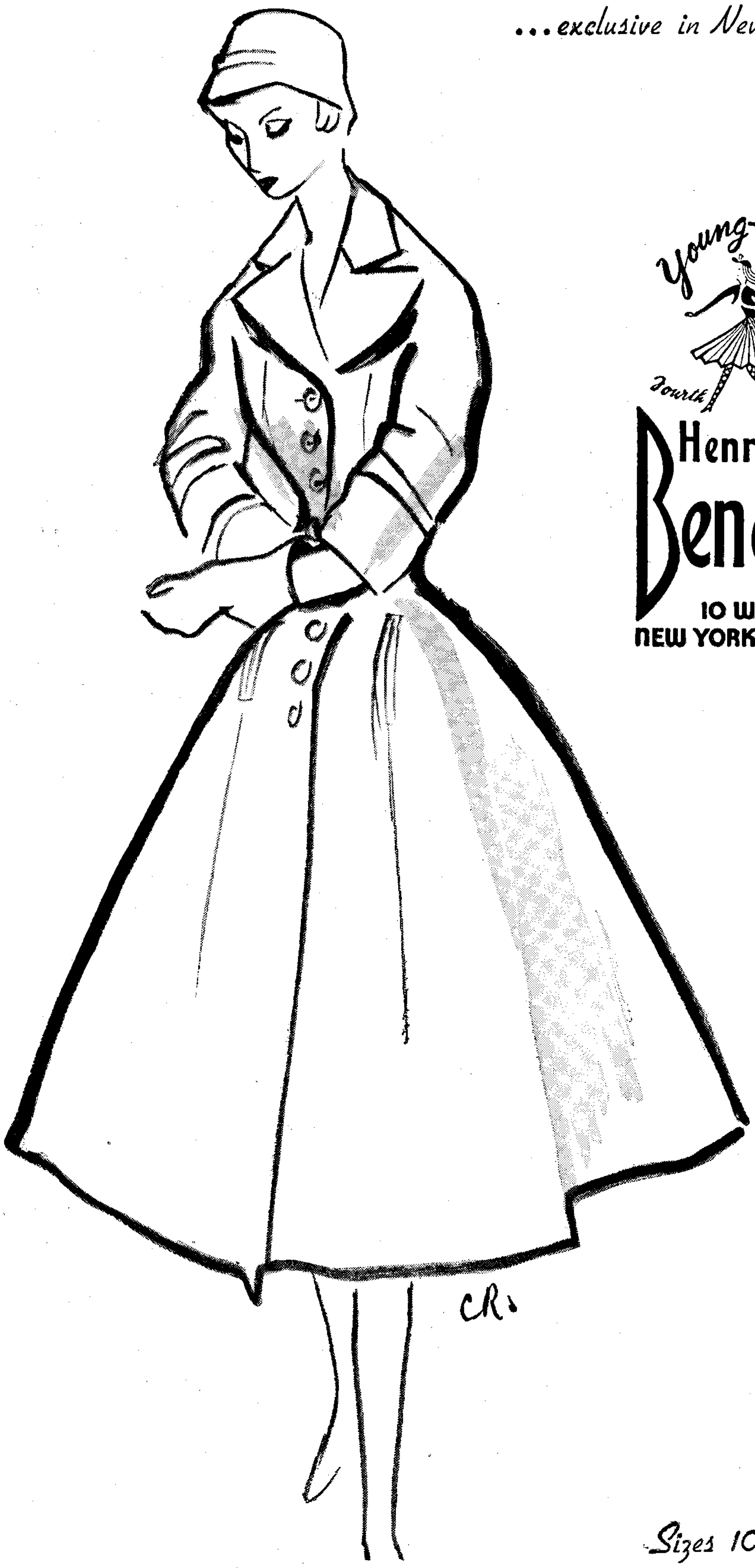

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Ext. 32), in Richmond.... ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—Exhibition games: Yankees vs. Dodgers, at Yankee Stadium, April 13; Dodgers vs. Yankees, at Ebbets Field, April 14-15; and Giants vs. Cleveland, at the Polo Grounds, April 14-15.... ¶ First league games at home: Yankees vs. Boston, at Yankee Stadium, April 17; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, at Ebbets Field, April 17; and Giants vs. Dodgers, at the Polo Grounds, April 20.

BOXING—Golden Gloves Inter-City Finals, at Madison Square Garden, March 19.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden, March 11, 14, 18, 21, and 25.... ¶ Stanley Cup playoffs start the end of March.

HUNT RACES—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. April 14.) ... ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 14.)

RACING—At Laurel Park, Laurel, Md., March 23-April 14.... ¶ Jamaica, April 2-May 12. ... ¶ Aintree, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, April 7.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway, starting April 16.

MUSIC—At CARNEGIE HALL: The Philharmonic-Symphony season continues through April 22. ... ¶ Vytautas Bacevicius, piano, March 11. ... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 13, and April 2 and 17.... ¶ Boston Symphony, March 14 and 17.... ¶ Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, March 18-19.... ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, March 20.... ¶ Marian Anderson, contralto, March 25.... ¶ José Iturbi, piano, March 26.... ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, April 1.... ¶ Jorge Bolet, piano, April 3.... ¶ Melvin Stecher, piano, April 8. ... TOWN HALL: Maria Kurenko, soprano, March 11.... ¶ Little Orchestra Society, March 12, and April 2 and 10.... ¶ Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, March 14.... ¶ Beveridge Webster, piano, March 19.... ¶ William Kapell, piano, March 28.... ¶ Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, April 4.... ¶ Suzanne Danco, soprano, April 16.... OPERA: The Metropolitan Opera season continues through April 7.... ¶ The New York City Opera Company, at the City Center, March 14-April 29.

BALLET—Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 9-22.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Edward Everett Horton and Haila Stoddard in a revival of "Springtime for Henry," the farce by Benn W. Levy.... ¶ "The Green Pastures," a new production of Marc Connelly's play, originally produced here in 1930. ... ¶ Louis Jouvet and a French company in Molière's play "L'Ecole des Femmes," which will be the seventh in a series of A.N.T.A. productions.... ¶ A play by S. N. Behrman, "Let Me Hear the Melody," with a cast including Melvyn Douglas and Anthony Quinn.... ¶ Gertrude Lawrence in a new musical, "The King and I," based on Margaret Landon's novel "Anna and the King of Siam." Richard Rodgers wrote the score, and Oscar Hammerstein II is responsible for the book and lyrics.... ¶ "Make a Wish," a musical version of "The Good Fairy," by Ferenc Molnar. The book is by Preston Sturges, the music and lyrics are by Hugh Martin, and the cast is headed by Nanette Fabray.

OTHER DATES—1950 income-tax returns and estimates for 1951 are due March 15; New York State returns are due April 15.... ¶ The bock-beer season starts on March 12. ... ¶ St. Patrick's Day is Saturday, March 17.... ¶ The first day of spring is March 21. ... ¶ Easter Sunday is March 25.... ¶ The Circus will be at Madison Square Garden, April 4-May 6.... ¶ Country Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, April 9-14.

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Serving a **SCREENED MARKET** of 3½-Million Better Families

MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

ALL ABOUT EVE—A witty comedy, written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. Bette Davis appears to advantage playing an actress as unpredictable as, let us say, Miss Bankhead, and Anne Baxter is quite persuasive as another actress, determined to reach the top of her profession, no matter how many people she has to claw on the way up. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through March 7, tentative.)

BITTER RICE—Life among the rice harvesters of the Po Valley, depicted in an Italian film that is long on both violence and documentary photography. Silvana Mangano is something to see as a lady too reckless to settle down to a placid bucolic career. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

BORN YESTERDAY—Judy Holliday in the role of a junkman's paramour who learns so much about democracy in Washington that she refuses to let her coarse boy friend push her around any more. Miss Holliday is just as entertaining in this adaptation of Garson Kanin's play as she was in the original. Broderick Crawford and William Holden are fine, too. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—José Ferrer as Rostand's Gascon in a film so full of rodomontade that it's frequently as tiresome as a Legion rally. Mala Powers' Roxane is pretty but inept, and the rest of the cast is more or less obscured behind Mr. Ferrer, who takes over the proceedings with the confidence of a cruise director. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE GLASS MENAGERIE—An adaptation of the Tennessee Williams play. It isn't very lively but it does build up a moment of poignancy every now and then. With Gertrude Lawrence, Arthur Kennedy, Jane Wyman, and Kirk Douglas. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 1.... ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 2.... ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through March 3.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting March 6.)

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE—Margaret Rutherford and Alastair Sim in a chipper English film that traces the consequences of trying to transform a venerable boys' school into a coeducational establishment. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

HARVEY—The invisible rabbit who pals around with a charming drunk. James Stewart does a nice job in this version of the Mary Chase comedy, and Josephine Hull lends him tremendous assistance. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through March 5.)

MACBETH—Orson Welles snorting his way through an uproarious interpretation of the Shakespearean tragedy. Always absurd but usually active. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting March 6.)

THE MAGNET—An English film describing the misunderstandings of an imaginative small boy and some practical adults. Not up to the standards of "The Fallen Idol," to which it has a dim resemblance, but entertaining for all that. William Fox is fine as the boy, and Stephen Murray, Kay Walsh, and Meredith Edwards do well as his elders. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

THE MUDLARK—A mildly diverting fable about an urchin from the Thames Embankment who sneaks into Windsor Castle and succeeds in making Victoria stop brooding about the death of Albert. Irene Dunne, as the Queen, is something less than convincing, but Andrew Ray, as the urchin, is excellent. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting March 7.)

SEVEN DAYS TO NOON—London under the siege of a fission expert who threatens to blow the place up if His Majesty's Government doesn't agree to stop making atomic bombs. A British film, in which a supposed evacuation of London is done with terrifying realism. The talented cast includes Barry Jones and Olive Sloane. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

THE 13TH LETTER—How a poison-pen campaign disrupts the even tenor of a small town in Quebec. A picture that has its stimulating moments and the services of a first-rate cast, headed by Charles Boyer and Michael Rennie. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

TRIO—Another movie made up of Somerset Maugham stories, not as good as its predecessor, "Quartet," but distinguished by some first-rate acting. An English picture, with Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Raimu in a lively French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 6.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 5.... ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting March 7.)

FANTASIA (1940)—The Disney mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through March 6.)

A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a couple of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A British film. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through March 7, tentative.)

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY (1944)—Tears and laughter on the home front during the Second World War. With Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotten, and Shirley Temple. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting March 7.)

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots with and without whiskey in wartime. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through March 7, tentative.)

THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 6.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through March 4: "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" (1939), with Francis Lederer, Edward G. Robinson, and Paul Lukas.... ¶ Starting March 5: "A Fool There Was" (1914), with Theda Bara. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through March 5: **HARVEY.**
From March 6: "Fourteen Hours," Paul Douglas, Barbara Bel Geddes.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Three Guys Named Mike," Jane Wyman, Van Johnson.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through March 2: "Under the Gun," Richard Conte, Audrey Totter.
From March 3: "Target Unknown," Mark Stevens, Alex Nicol.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"No Orchids for Miss Blandish," Jack La Rue, Linden Travers.

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through March 6: "Manon" (in French), Cecile Aubry.
From March 7: "The Last Illusion" (in German and English), Fritz Kortner, Rosemary Murphy.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Dodge City," revival, Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland; and "Virginia City," revival, Errol Flynn, Miriam Hopkins.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Payment on Demand," Bette Davis, Barry Sullivan.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through March 6: "Cry Danger," Dick Powell, Rhonda Fleming.
From March 7: "Molly," Gertrude Berg, Philip Loeb.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE 13TH LETTER.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"U.S.S. Teakettle," Gary Cooper, Jane Greer.

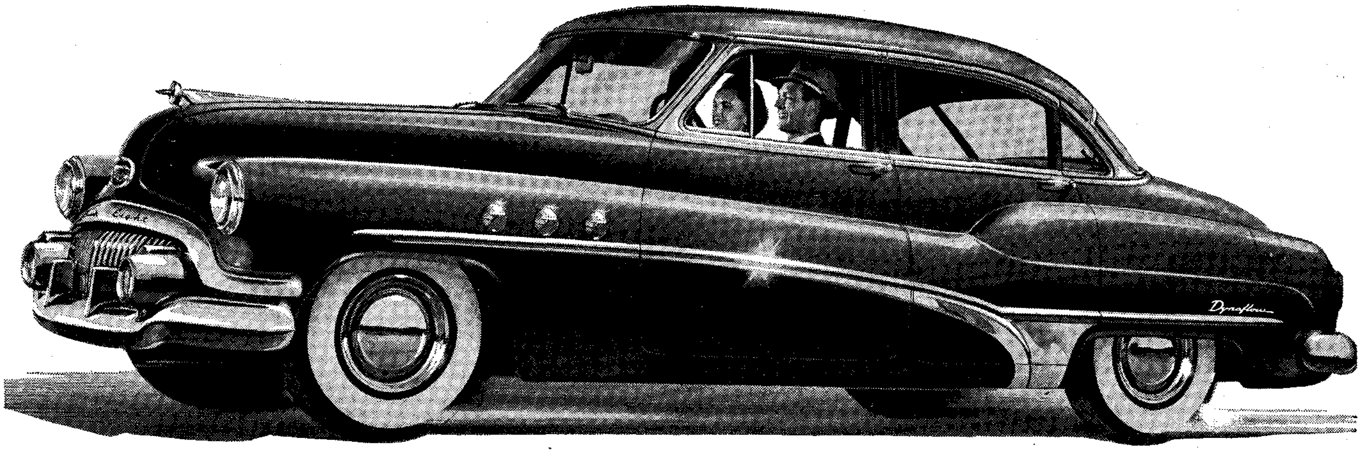
STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Tomahawk," Van Heflin, Yvonne De Carlo.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
March 1: "Operation Pacific," John Wayne, Patricia Neal.
From March 2: "Storm Warning," Ginger Rogers, Ronald Reagan.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BORN YESTERDAY.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).

FIREBALL POWERED



Want more THRILL per dollar?

What are the things you hope some day to have in an automobile?

Is it power that rises to every challenge?

Is it the satisfied feeling of being a very important person there at the wheel?

Is it day-long comfort and ample dimensions that make every trip a pleasure?

Is it the durable goodness of sound construction—the sturdy strength that will outlast the years?

Well, sir, the time has come for you to take to heart these three words of sensible advice—"SMART BUY'S BUICK."

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Every Buick has coil springs on all four wheels—that add to your comfort and never need service.

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And when it comes to price—we ask you to compare Buick with the field. Come see us soon. Lots of folks are comparing and finding there's no buy like a Buick.

Equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice.

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TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE • 4-WHEEL COIL SPRINGING
DUAL VENTILATION • DREAMLINE STYLING
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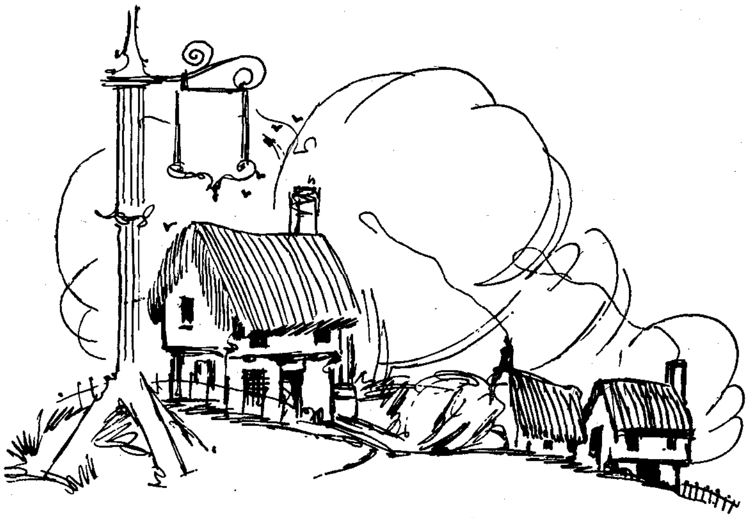
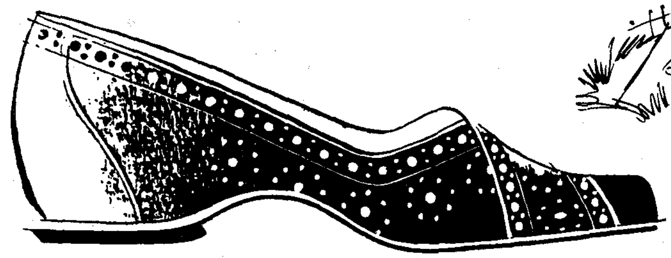
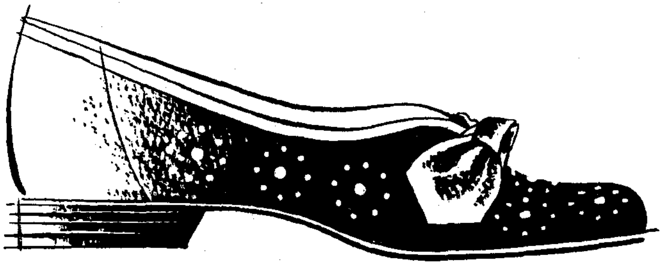
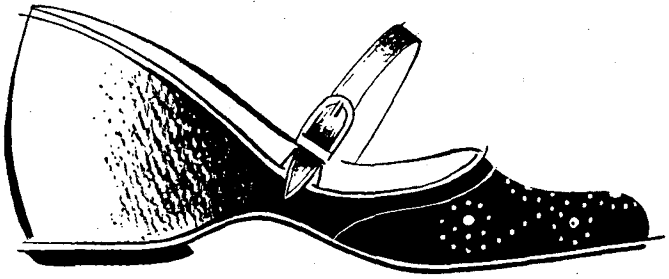




Chevron Bouncer in sienna, red, green, ochre, black or blue patinay calf.
pair **16.95**



Sash Casanova in red, blue, green, hazel, bamboo or black patinay calf.
pair **15.95**



Quintain Bouncer in sienna, bamboo, cherry red, pepper green, misty blue or black patinay calf. pair **16.95**

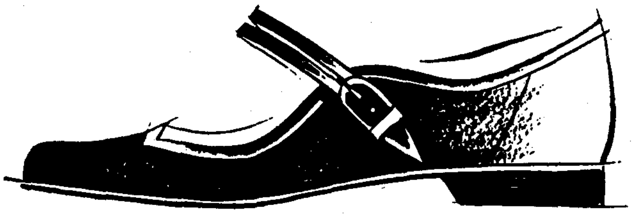
British Brevitts

beautiful new Brevitts

. . . only at Altman's

just received from England . . . light and airy . . . in glowing colors that glow even brighter because of PATINAY . . . a new leather finish as richly iridescent as the natural patina found on rare old copper.

Brevitt shoe salon, second floor



Galahad Casanova in green, red, blue, ochre or bamboo patinay calf; also in beige suede. pair **15.95**

. . . also at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset . . . write, or phone MUrray Hill 9-7000

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A PUBLISHER in Chicago has sent us a pocket calculating machine by which we may test our writing to see whether it is intelligible. The calculator was developed by General Motors, who, not satisfied with giving the world a Cadillac, now dream of bringing perfect understanding to men. The machine (it is simply a celluloid card with a dial) is called the Reading-Ease Calculator and shows four grades of "reading ease"—Very Easy, Easy, Hard, and Very Hard. You count your words and syllables, set the dial, and an indicator lets you know whether anybody is going to understand what you have written. An instruction book came with it, and after mastering the simple rules we lost no time in running a test on the instruction book itself, to see how *that* writer was doing. The poor fellow! His leading essay, the one on the front cover, tested Very Hard.

OUR next step was to study the first phrase on the face of the calculator: "How to test Reading-Ease of written matter." There is, of course, no such thing as reading ease of written matter. There is the ease with which matter can be read, but that is a condition of the reader, not of the matter. Thus the inventors and distributors of this calculator get off to a poor start, with a Very Hard instruction book and a slovenly phrase. Already they have one foot caught in the brier patch of English usage.

Not only did the author of the instruction book score badly on the front cover, but inside the book he used the word "personalize" in an essay on how to improve one's writing. A man who likes the word "personalize" is entitled to his choice, but we wonder whether he should be in the business of giving advice to writers. "Whenever possible," he wrote, "personalize your writing by directing it to the reader." As for us, we would as lief Simonize our grandmother as personalize our writing.

IN the same envelope with the calculator, we received another training aid for writers—a booklet called "How to Write Better," by Rudolf Flesch. This, too, we studied, and it quickly demonstrated the broncolike ability of the English language to throw whoever leaps cocksurely into the saddle. The language not only can toss a rider but knows a thousand tricks for tossing him, each more gay than the last. Dr. Flesch stayed in the saddle only a moment or two. Under the heading "Think Before You Write," he wrote, "The main thing to consider is your *purpose* in writing. Why are you sitting down to write?" And echo answered: Because, sir, it is more comfortable than standing up.

COMMUNICATION by the written word is a subtler (and more beautiful) thing than Dr. Flesch or General Motors imagines. They contend that the "average reader" is capable of reading only what tests Easy, and that the writer should write at or below this level. This is a presumptuous and degrading idea. There is no average reader, and to reach down toward this mythical character is to deny that each of us is on the way up, is ascending. ("Ascending," by the way, is a word Dr. Flesch advises writers to stay away from. Too unusual.)

It is our belief that no writer can improve his work until he discards the dulcet notion that the reader is feeble-minded, for writing is an act of faith, not a trick of grammar. Ascent is at the heart of the matter. A country whose writers are following a calculating machine downstairs is not ascending—if you will pardon the expression—and a writer who questions the capacity of the person at the other end of the line is not a writer at all, merely a schemer. The movies long ago decided that a wider communication could be achieved by a deliberate descent to a lower level, and they walked proudly down until they reached the cellar. Now they are groping for the light switch, hoping to find the way out.

WE have studied Dr. Flesch's instructions diligently, but we return for guidance in these matters to an earlier American, who wrote with more patience, more confidence. "I fear chiefly," he wrote, "lest my expression may not be *extra-vagant* enough, may not wander far enough beyond the narrow limits of my daily experience, so as to be adequate to the truth of which I have been convinced.... Why level downward to our dullest perception always, and praise that as common sense? The commonest sense is the sense of men asleep, which they express by snoring."

Run that through your calculator! It may come out Hard, it may come out Easy. But it

will come out whole, and it will last forever.

Non-Hypothetical Smiths

SOME weeks ago, Glenn E. Smith, of St. Joseph, Missouri, president of the National Society to Discourage Use of the Name Smith for Purposes of Hypothetical Illustration, submitted a request to WNEW, through Donald B. Smith, president of the New York State chapter, that it produce and occasionally broadcast a record pleading the society's cause. WNEW duly hired a songwriter, Hal Hackady (a non-Smith had been requested by Glenn E.), to knock off a jingle, and it has been plated and is being broadcast several times a day, along with some straight-from-the-shoulder prose support. It can be sung to the tune of "Little Brown Jug":

Captain John was one of them
And so was Alfred E.
They would not like to hear their name
Used hypothetically.

Oh, never use Smith,
No, never use Smith,
To illustrate hypothetically.
You can use Roe
Or even John Doe,
Or consult your phone book listing alphabetically.

In ordinary circumstances, we'd have let the Smiths lay, but we got a phone call from Donald B. and he talked us into going over to his office, in Brooklyn, for a discussion. He handles advertising and promotion in these parts for the Lewyt Corporation, which makes electronic equipment for the Army and vacuum cleaners for everybody. A square-jawed, serious young man, he told us that WNEW has received many letters about the jingle, mostly complaints from Does (one from a Roe), but that, regardless, the society is going to carry on. "There are a million six hundred thousand of us, and we're dead serious," he said, in the broad manner of American spokesmen for organizations with a vast and earnest membership. As he buzzed for his secretary, he informed us that he's been state president for eighteen months and that Glenn E. appointed him to the office after seeing a poem he had written about the Smith dilemma. The secretary appeared in the doorway, and Donald B. called out, "The poem." The secretary disappeared, and Donald B. informed us that Glenn E. is a super-Smith—he is a Smith on both sides of his family—and has a son named Smith B. Smith. The secretary ducked in with the poem, and Donald B. handed it to us with a modest smile. Gaining his permission, we copied down the first and the last of its five stanzas:

From the phone books' endless pages
Come you Smiths of many ages.
Off those coughdrops advertised—
Bring yourselves so stigmatized.
From each street and highway corner,
Join together, friend and foreigner.

Yes, now is the time for our brave new society,
The clan of the Smiths shall regain new propriety.
We'll start a new movement—a voice from the people.
Our words will be shouted from housetop and steeple.
We'll take over Congress and pass legislation,
Till on our good name rests the fate of the nation.

We handed the verses back. "Funny thing is," Donald B. said thoughtfully, "I composed that poem before I ever heard of the N.S.D.U.N.S.P.H.I. Coleridge has a terrific quotation about the Smiths—how valiant, and so on. I wish I could remember it. What prompted Glenn E. to start the society was his slow burn at a Minnesota prof's constant use of the name when he was a student. The prof taught personnel management, and every point he made, he had to drag in poor old John Smith to illustrate it. Glenn E. designed membership cards and wrote letters to well-known Smiths. He got quite a response. Every time a speaker, or whatever, sinned, some Smith would produce the card and high-pressure him into becoming an honorary member. Now there are four hundred and thirty-five regular members in New York City and about three thousand in the country, including Alexis and Kate. Goodness knows how many honorary members there are. I wish I could remember that quotation."

Donald B., we learned, was born in Canada, came to this country at an early age, attended Denison University, in Ohio, and spent a while in the Army during the war. "Every time you refer to Everyman as John Smith," he told us soberly, "you alienate all the Smiths, and it's the largest name group in the country. When I hear a lecturer or a comedian say, 'Let's call him John Smith,' I stamp my feet and growl. Let them pick on the Does for a change. When I refer to Everyman, I use Joe America. I *wish* I could remember that quotation."

SHAMROCKS 10¢
SUSAN

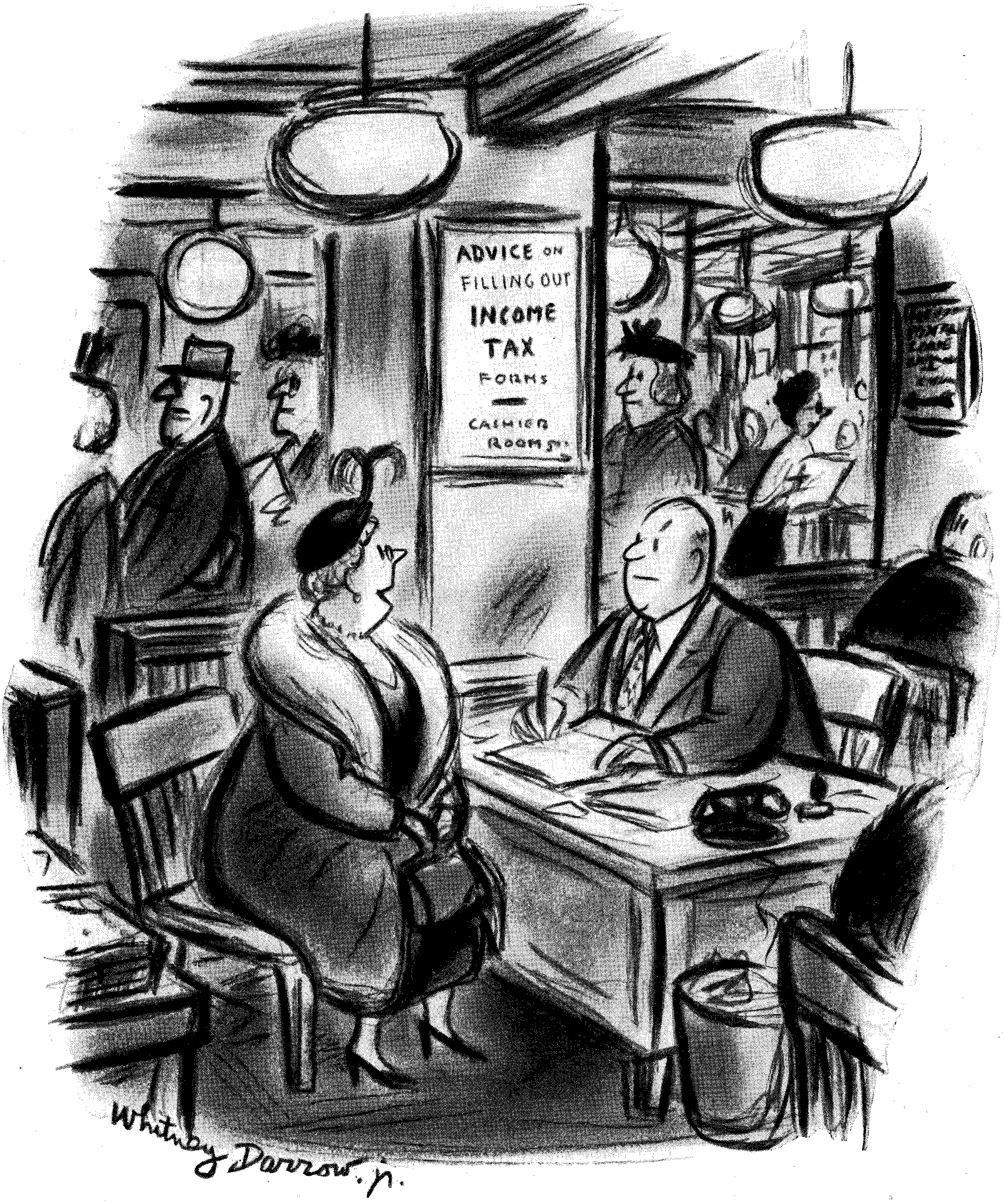
•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The latest additions to the Skyview Taxi fleet have solid, skylightless roofs.

Headquarters

A YEAR or more ago, we discussed here the plans of the architectural firm of Walker & Poor for the A.S.P.C.A.'s new consolidated Manhattan hospital, shelter, and administrative headquarters, mentioning some of its novel features. Well, the building has been completed and has gradually come into full-scale use, and, having gone up for a look around, we are able to report that it has all the advantages planned—or all of them but one, which we will take up later. The building is a three-story structure of red brick with white trim, on the East River Drive between Ninety-second and Ninety-third Streets. Our tour of it began in the main reception room, on one broad wall of which we found a directory with such entries as "Dog Licenses," "District Manager," and "Bite-Case Examinations." There, by prearrangement, we met James H. Ripley, chairman of the A.S.P.C.A. Building Committee, who turned out to have with him Warren W. McSpadden, the Society's Director of Education, and the three of us set out briskly, first entering a long corridor, on one side of which was a series of doors marked "Ward A," "Ward B," and so on. "We prefer 'ward' to 'kennel,' " said Ripley. "We feel it's politer." We were shown into one of the wards, a room twenty feet by twenty-five, two of whose walls were lined with double-deck enclosures of varying sizes, most of them tenanted by eager, wistful dogs of varying sizes and descriptions. "All for adoption," Ripley said, and pointed out that there was a door in the rear of each enclosure, opening on an exercise room, and that a keeper in the exercise room could pull a chain and release all the pooches at once. In the ward, as in the rest of the building, we were breathing washed, tempered air. The place can't quite be called air-conditioned, but it is only one step removed.

We next proceeded to the cat ward, which was tenanted not only by cats but by pigeons; took a look at the lethal room, fitted out with the most modern and humane equipment obtainable; and inspected the Department of Health section. This is where "bite cases"—dogs that have bitten people or other


ADVICE ON FILLING OUT INCOME TAX FORMS
CASHIER ROOM

"*But the doctor* ordered *me to take those three weeks at Hot Springs.*"

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dogs—are tested for rabies. It has its own private entrance, so that biting dogs won't get mixed up with non-biting dogs. Outside the bite-case entrance, Ripley called our attention to a large metal horse mounted on a pedestal, and an identical pedestal with no horse. He told us that there are really two horses, and that the A.S.P.C.A. has owned them for fifty-four years, but that one of them blew down in the high wind last November and broke a leg. So far, the A.S.P.C.A. vets haven't been able to fix him up. Directly behind the Department of Health section, we found the building's one, lone stall for flesh-and-blood horses, which was vacant. "We hardly ever get horses any more," Ripley said, and recalled that the Society's old shelter had ten stalls.

We took a stairway to the second, or hospital, floor and followed Ripley and McSpadden through the waiting room, where a number of apprehensive owners were sitting with their animals, to a small cubicle equipped with a couch and little else. Ripley called this a rest room. "It's for the owners, not the animals," he said. "They come in here to recover from the shock of having

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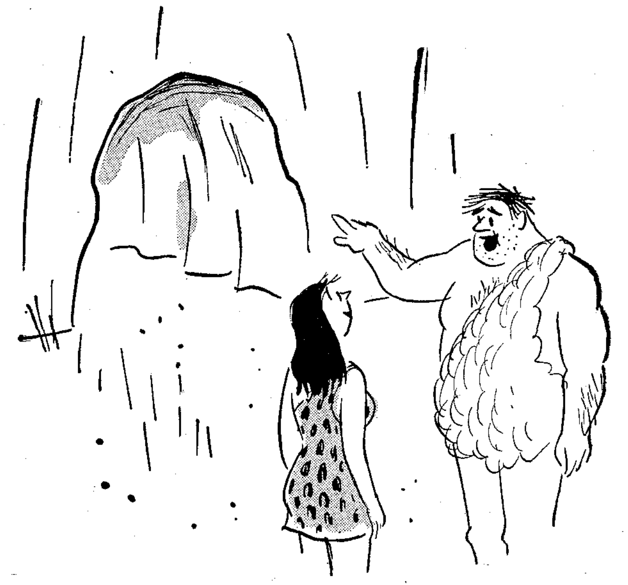

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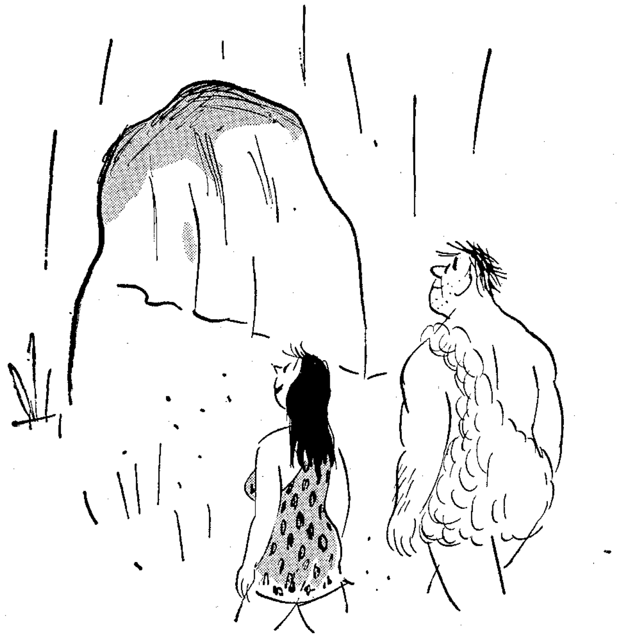

their pets go to the hospital. It's sometimes too much for them." We next went through a succession of preparation rooms, operating rooms, laboratories, an X-ray room, and a dog kitchen, in which we noted a large deep freeze, and then went up to the third floor. In addition to offices and a board room, it has an auditorium, or classroom, with a seating capacity of a hundred, where lectures on animal care are given to various groups of old and young and sometimes movies on the subject are shown. This is McSpadden's bailiwick. "We used to have around a thousand children a year at the old place, at 50 Madison," he said. "With these facilities, we expect to have something like eight thousand a year. A group was here just yesterday—the Poodle Obedience Training Club of Greater New York, as it happens."

We descended the stairs to the second floor, then regained the ground floor by using the animal ramp. Retentive readers of our previous piece may recall that we said the ramp would proceed gently downward from the hospital floor to the main reception room, with a hundred-and-eighty-degree turn halfway down, and that at this turn there would be mirrors at dog's-eye level, so that dogs approaching the corner would be forewarned of dogs coming in the opposite direction and wouldn't be alarmed when they met them. The finished ramp is just as planned, except that there are no mirrors. We asked about them, and Ripley, hanging his head, said that the ramp has to be used to truck things up and down, and that it had been decided that mirrors at dog's-eye level would get smashed. Tilted mirrors, placed higher on the wall, are being considered. But so far, Ripley told us, the absence of mirrors hasn't caused any fights or nervous breakdowns on the ramp.

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WEEKLY count of illegal parking of automobiles on a couple of no-parking blocks:

Blocks inspected: Fifty-first Street from Fifth to Seventh Avenues.

Time of inspection: 3:25 to 3:35 P.M., last Friday.

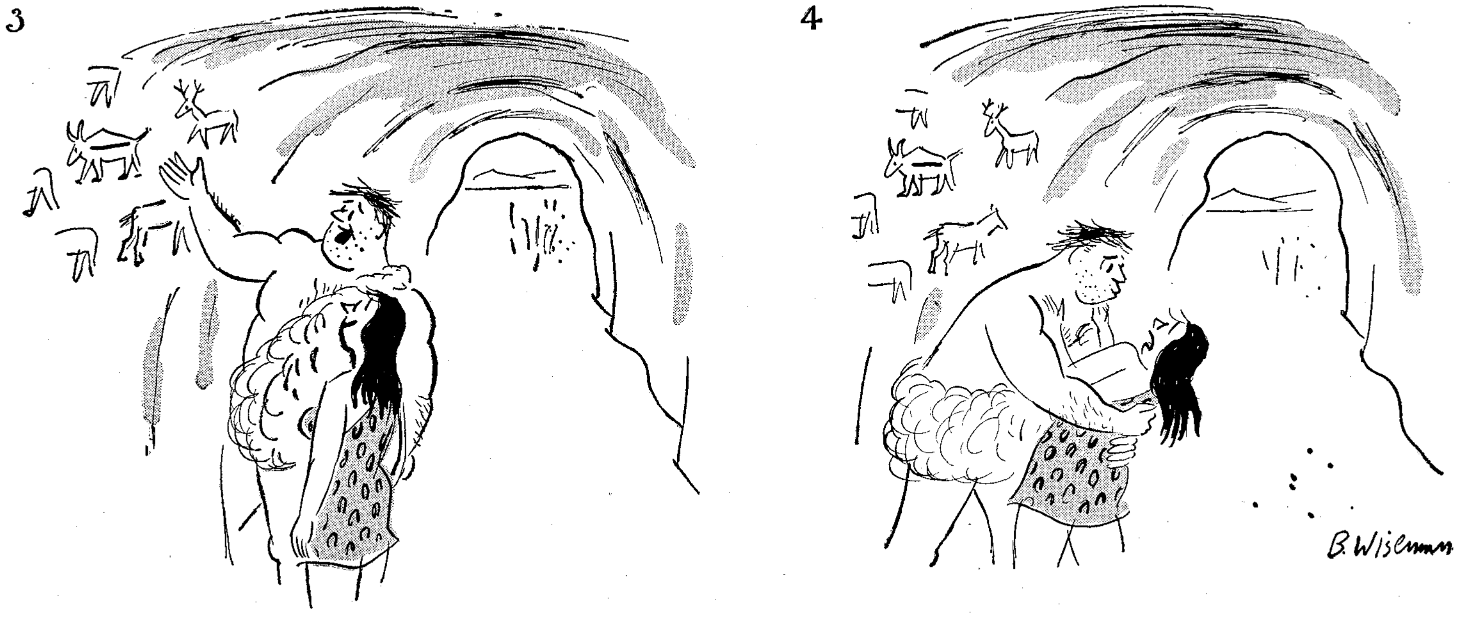
Number of cars illegally parked: 28.

Patience Player

HETTY Sylvia Ann Howland Green Wilks, who died last month at the age of eighty, leaving a fortune of supposedly over a hundred million dollars, was a shy, homely, intelligent woman who was six feet one and in her prime weighed more than two hundred and twenty pounds. Her late old age was lonely, and she became a devotee of the comics in the *News*, especially "Little Orphan Annie;" of electric gadgets; and of patience. For the last five years of her life, she did all her own housework in the eleven-room apartment she occupied at 988 Fifth Avenue. Sometimes she dusted it vigorously; sometimes she let things go. Like her miserly mother, Hetty Green—and the very rich in general—she had a reasonable fear of being taken advantage of, and in reference to strangers who sent her presents or otherwise attempted to make her acquaintance, she once said, without rancor, "They must think I'm a foolish old woman." She was childless, had bred canaries, and liked dogs. She had never met Park Commissioner Moses, to whom she left ten thousand dollars to express her gratitude for his part in building parkways between here and the vicinity of Greenwich, Connecticut, where she owned several houses, and thus expediting her travel back and forth.

Mrs. Wilks was born in London, to which her parents had retreated following a nasty family lawsuit. As a child, Sylvia—as she was called—lived in Bellows Falls, Vermont, the home town of her father, Edward Henry Green, and she spent several years in school in New York, attending the Convent of the Sacred Heart. She moved to Hoboken when her mother crossed the river to avoid the personal-assessment tax. Hetty Green spent much of her time in court, suing and being sued (in the course of one legal contest, she changed lawyers seven times), and her daughter tagged along after her, between tournaments of the old Knickerbocker Bowling Club, which used to meet at Teutonia Hall; for many years, Sylvia was one of the club's leading scorers. When Hetty sued a trustee of her father's estate, Sylvia attended every session of the trial. At one point, when the trustee happened to fall ill, Hetty flung herself on the floor of an anteroom of the court and prayed for his speedy death. Sylvia was reported as seeming amused at her mother's antics. When, at thirty-eight, in 1909, Sylvia married Matthew A. Wilks, a local magazine described him as "suave of manner, with a large store of small talk" and "still nimble on his legs." Wilks was fifty-seven at the time. The wedding took place in Morristown, and the couple spent their honeymoon in Philadelphia. Wilks died in 1926. In old age, Mrs. Wilks spoke of her marriage as having been very happy.

Mrs. Wilks made her last public appearance in 1937, during a lawsuit over her brother's will. (The brother's widow settled for half a million dollars,



with Mrs. Wilks getting the rest, as Hetty had always intended she should.) In court, she played the part of a testy old woman with an assurance that would have made her mother proud. When the opposing attorney asked her her age, she said, "Put it down as over fifty and let it go." A few moments later, she seized an opportunity to ask the attorney *his* age, and when he rejoined that he, too, was over fifty, she snapped, "Well, you look a lot older than that." Mrs. Wilks outlived all her early friends, and few of the distant cousins named in her will actually knew her. A year or two before her death, she said ruefully, "Sometimes I feel just like the last of the Mohicans." In her earlier years, she enjoyed taking long walks around the city, and, having an excellent memory, she liked to show off her knowledge of obscure local streets. She once said to a caller, "I'll warrant you can't tell me where Waverly Place crosses itself," and was pleased when her guest couldn't. She owned two 1938 Lincolns, both seven-passenger models with the jump seats removed, to leave more room for her long legs.

Lately, her circle of acquaintance was pretty well limited to her doctor, her lawyer, several officials of the Chase National Bank, employees of the Windam Realization Company, which she had set up to manage her immense holdings, and employees of her apartment building. Until last summer, she was driven once a week by Gus, her chauffeur, to the Windam offices, at 111 Broadway, where she spent several hours going over the books and mail, and where she would sometimes write out a four- or five-figure check for some charity or educational institution whose work she had read about in the *Times*. She was reputed to be an excellent businesswoman. Also, she went once a week to visit her properties in Greenwich, which, untenanted for many years, were looked after by caretakers. She would have her lunch in Greenwich but always came back to her apartment by nightfall. During her last fifteen years, she didn't spend a night away from her town apartment. She greatly enjoyed shopping. If she spotted what she thought was a bargain in the morning papers, she would have Gus drive her to the store that afternoon. She patronized Macy's, Gimbel's, Abraham & Straus, and Hearn's. Hearn's was her favorite. On the afternoon in 1943 that Italy surrendered, she was in Macy's, and was so interested in the excitement of the crowds around her that she stood for two hours at the neckware counter, watching and listening. She ordered her groceries from King's Market, on Lexington Avenue, and a neighborhood Gristede's. She cooked for herself—mostly steaks, chops, and pot roasts, with plenty of vegetables. She ate whenever she felt like it, and often put a pot roast on the stove at ten in the evening. One dessert she liked to make was something she called Poor Man's Rice Pudding. It contained no raisins. Her favorite amusement was listening to the radio. She had four sets, two of them portables. Aside from music, the programs she liked best were quiz shows—"Information Please," "Dr. I.Q.," and, especially, "Twenty Questions." She kept score for herself and always tried to outdo the contestants. On nights when there weren't any quiz programs, she would listen to music as she did crossword puzzles or knitted herself a pair of mittens or played patience. At Christmastime, she would decorate a small tree for herself and on Christmas Eve would open the dozens of presents that distant relatives, acquaintances, and hopeful total strangers had sent her. She gave most of them to employees of the apartment building. She tipped these employees so lavishly that the superintendent of the building is deeply concerned over how they will make out without that extra income. "You couldn't call Mrs. Wilks sweet," he said the other day, "but you certainly couldn't call her anything else." Mrs. Wilks left the superintendent eleven thousand dollars. Also remembered in her will were Gus, three employees of the Windam office, and six caretakers of the Greenwich properties. Occasionally, Mrs. Wilks would ring for the elevator man, ask him to mail a letter for her, and then stand and chat for ten or fifteen minutes. She liked to tease the different elevator men about their girl friends or discuss with them the probable future tactics of Dick Tracy. One of the elevator men recalls the old lady's standing in her doorway and saying to him, "My! Isn't it a relief that they finally got that Flattop?"

Coöperation

LADY attending a public dinner at the Waldorf excused herself as the main course appeared. Returning a few minutes later, she explained to the gentleman on her right, "I ordered a three-rib roast from my butcher this afternoon with the understanding that if roast beef was served here tonight, I could switch to a turkey. He closes up at seven-thirty, but he gave me his home telephone number, so I could get him later. Well, I did, and everything's all right." She addressed herself with relish to her roast beef.

CLOUDLAND REVISITED

FOUR-AND-TWENTY BLACKJACKS

THE minutes of the Oxford Union for 1920—a copy of which is, of course, readily available at everyone's elbow—reveal that during its entire winter session that world-famed discussion group and conventicle of pundits was sunk in a mood of almost suicidal despair. The honourable members, thitherto scornful of American eloquence, had become so alarmed at the rhetoric stemming from the Classical High School Debating Society in Providence, Rhode Island, that they were seriously considering mass hara-kiri. "What is the sense of we tongue-tied slobs beating our gums," lamented one Balliol man, summing up the universal sentiment, "when these brilliant Yank speechifiers in faraway New England, every man jack of them a Cicero or Demosthenes, has made a chump out of us oratory-wise?" His defeatism was well grounded; week after week, in a series of dazzling intramural debates, the Rhode Island striplings were exhibiting a fluency rivalling that of Edmund Burke and the elder Pitt on such varied topics as "Resolved: That the Philippines Be Given Their Independence," "Resolved: That the End Justifies the Means," and "Resolved: That the Pen Is Mightier Than the Sword." It was a great natural phenomenon, as inexplicable as parthenogenesis or the strapless bra, and I still feel cocky that I should have presided over it as chairman of the society— well, chairman pro tem, which is almost the same thing. The descendants of Roger Williams don't go in for lousy little distinctions.

The club met every Wednesday afternoon in a classroom that generations of adolescent males had endowed with the reek of a pony stable. It shied a few erasers about to insure a proper concentration of chalk dust in the lungs, and then, as an apéritif to the polemics, listened to an original paper read by one of the membership. Most of these treatises were on fairly cosmic themes; I myself contributed a philippic entitled "Science vs. Religion," an indigestible hash of Robert Ingersoll and Haldeman-Julius, in which I excoriated the Vatican and charged it, under pain of my displeasure, to mend its ways before our next meeting. Occasionally, somebody would alter the pattern and deliver an essay in lighter vein, on, say, "The Witchery of Jack Frost" or "Squeteague Fishing."

Though parliamentary procedure was mother's milk to me, and it was self-evident that I was marked out for political leadership, an altogether fortuitous circumstance scotched my career. One afternoon, while refereeing a tedious forensic battle on the single tax, I somehow lost the thread and became absorbed in a book about a gentleman cracksman called "The Adventures of Jimmie Dale," by Frank L. Packard. To this day, I cannot account for my psychological brownout; I assume it sprang from the heavy burden of administrative anxieties I was carrying. At any rate, enthralled with the melodrama, I did not discover that the meeting had adjourned until I found Mr. Bludyer, the principal, shaking me violently. He told me that various restoratives, among them my own gavel, had been tried on me without effect and that finally I had been cashiered. "I'd take up some pastime that doesn't tax the intellect, like volleyball," he suggested pointedly. That I went on to score notable gridiron successes and overnight become the idol of the school is unimportant. It was only when the B. M. C. Durfee High School, of Fall River, kayoed us on the issue "Resolved: That Cigarette Smoking Is Injurious to Our Youth" that my rueful colleagues realized the price they had paid for their inconstancy.

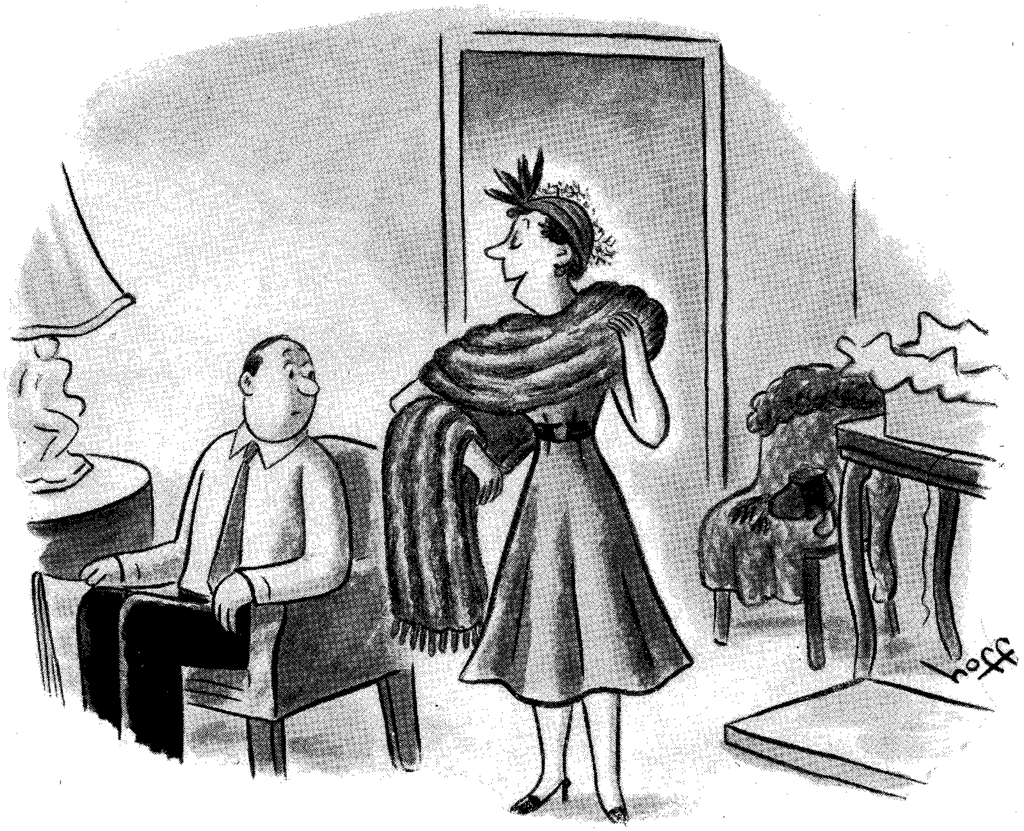
QUITE recently, at Kaliski & Gabay's auction parlors, I was whipsawed into buying Packard's fable as part of a job lot of second-hand books, and, faced with the dilemma of rereading it or being certified as a spendthrift incapable of handling his own funds, I chose the coward's way. Before I could get into the story, though, I was sidetracked by the publisher's advertisement in the flyleaves, a sample of the quaint propaganda used in 1917 to popularize the habit of reading. There was nothing like reading, affirmed the A. L. Burt Company, "for a hardworking man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals. It calls for no bodily exertion." The statement may have been true of the four hundred titles that followed, but not of "The Adventures of Jimmie Dale." Its previous owner had apparently read it while sipping mucilage, for whole episodes were gummed together in the most repulsive fashion. Between prying them apart with a fruit knife, geeing up the fragments, and retrieving the book from the wastebasket, into which it unaccountably kept sliding like a greased pig, I was almost as pooped as the time I whitewashed a three-room henhouse singlehanded.

To anyone who has ever worked his way out of a boxwood maze, the plot of Packard's novel offers no problem, but a supply of pine-knot torches, pickaxes, and shredded paper are indispensable kit for the tyro reader. Each of the two central characters, for example—Jimmie Dale and Marie LaSalle—has three distinct identities. Jimmie is a young millionaire bachelor, an elusive safecracker known as the Gray Seal, and a derelict hophead called Larry the Bat; Marie, likewise rich and socially élite (though forced into hiding by malefactors who crave her money), poses sometimes as the Tocsin, a shadowy fingerwoman, and again as Silver Mag, a disreputable old crone. The lives of the pair—or, more precisely, the six—are forever being sought by scores of hoodlums, gunsels, informers, shyster lawyers, and crooked shamuses, so that they are constantly compelled to switch roles. The upshot is that you are never very positive who is assaulting whom; once or twice, I got the panicky impression that Jimmie's alter egos were throttling each other. This imaginative twist, somewhat akin to the old vaudeville specialty of Desiretta, the Man Who Wrestles with Himself, proved erroneous when I checked up. It was just a couple of other felons.

Obeying the basic canon that romances about gentleman cracksmen begin in ultra-exclusive clubs, "The Adventures of Jimmie Dale" begins in one called the St. James and omits no traditional touch. Herman Carruthers, crusading young editor of the *News-Argus*, is dealing out the usual expository flapdoodle about the Gray Seal ("the kingpin of them all, the most puzzling, bewildering, delightful crook in the annals of crime") to Jimmie, who is so bland, quizzical, and mocking that even the busboys must be aware he is the marauder himself. His blandness grows practically intolerable when Carruthers avers that the kingpin is dead, for, as he and any five-year-old criminologist know, the kingpin is merely dormant until society needs his philanthropic assist. The summons reaches Jimmie that very midnight, at his luxurious Riverside Drive mansion, in the form of a note from the mysterious feminine mastermind he has never seen, who directs all his exploits. With a curious, cryptic smile tinging his lips, Jimmie opens his safe and removes exactly what you would expect: "It was not an ordinary belt;

it was full of stout-sewn, upright little pockets all the way around, and in the pockets grimly lay an array of fine, blued-steel, highly tempered instruments—a compact, powerful burglar's kit." Half an hour later, an inconspicuous figure flits downtown via Washington Square. Except for the black silk mask, the slouch hat pulled well down over the eyes, and the automatic revolver and electric flashlight, nobody would ever suspect him of being a Raffles.

The actual caper Jimmie executes is too intricate and inconsequential to warrant recapitulating; briefly, by leaving his telltale Gray Seal on a rifled safe, he saves from prison a character who, in behalf of his ailing wife, has heisted his employer's funds. A civic uproar ensues: "The Morning *News-Argus* offered twenty-five thousand dollars reward for the capture of the Gray Seal! Other papers immediately followed suit in varying amounts. The authorities, State and municipal, goaded to desperation, did likewise, and the five million men, women, and children of New York were automatically metamorphosed into embryonic sleuths. New York was aroused." It seems odd that such a *brouhaha* should attend a misdemeanor approximately as monstrous as spitting in the subway, but, no doubt, Manhattan was more strait-laced in that epoch. On the heels of the foregoing comes another sensation—the body of a stool pigeon with alleged evidence linking his murder to the Gray Seal. Our hero's every sensibility is outraged: "Anger, merciless and unrestrained, surged over Jimmie Dale. . . . Even worse to Jimmie Dale's artistic and sensitive temperament was the vilification, the holding up to loathing, contumely, and abhorrence of the name, the stainless name, of the Gray Seal. It *was* stainless! He had guarded it jealously—as a man guards the woman's name he loves." Eyes flashing like cut-steel buckles, he retires to the slum hideout he calls the Sanctuary and revamps himself into Larry the Bat: "His fingers worked quickly—a little wax behind the ears, in the nostrils, under the upper lip, deftly placed—hands, wrists, neck, throat, and face received their quota of stain, applied with an artist's touch—and then the spruce, muscular Jimmie Dale, transformed into a slouching, vicious-featured denizen of the underworld, replaced the box under the flooring, pulled a slouch hat over his eyes, extinguished the gas, and went out." By dint of certain devious researches, which I could not extricate from the glue, a venal police inspector is unmasked as the culprit and the Gray Seal absolved.

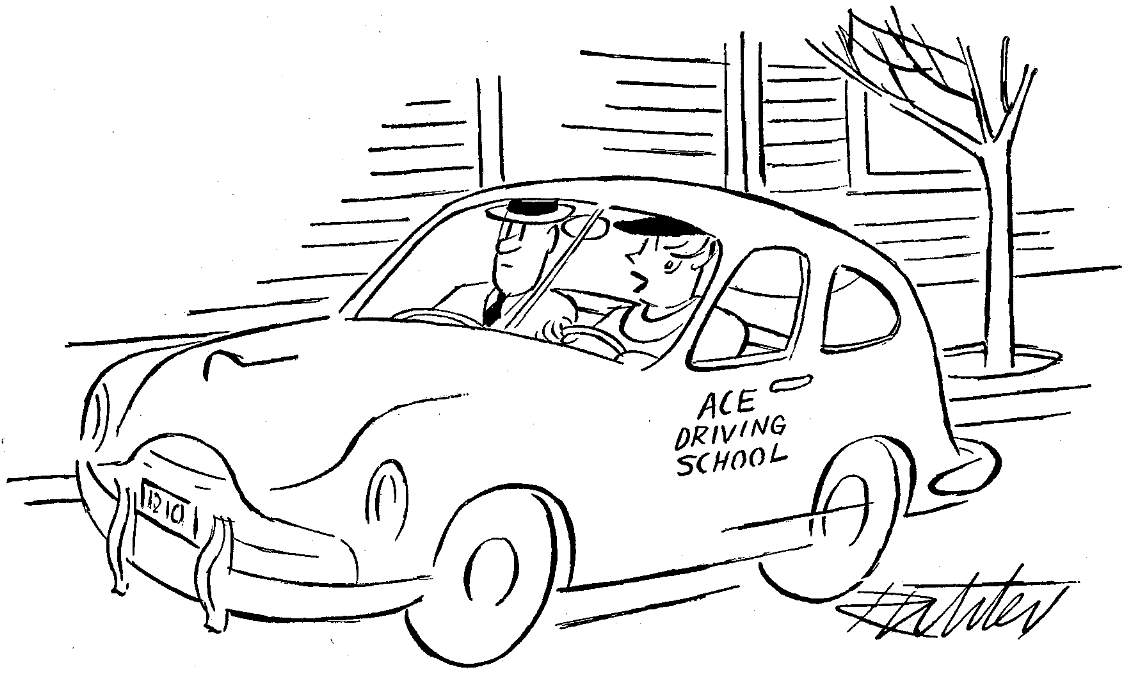


"I didn't want to make a decision I might regret all my life, so I bought it."

If my calculations are correct, Jimmie in the first sixty pages of the action has enjoyed a grand total of eleven minutes sleep, considerably less than the most wide-awake reader.

STIMULATED to a healthy glow by these finger exercises, Jimmie now dashes off an ambitious four-part fugue plangent with larceny and homicide. Under the pretense of glomming a diamond chaplet from the strongbox of a rascally broker, he recovers a note held by the Scrooge against a mining engineer he has fleeced, bilks a ring of counterfeiters blackmailing a sheep in their toils, robs a dealer of gems to obviate his being slaughtered by yeggs (a curious bit of preventive surgery), and exposes a knavish banker named Carling who has looted his own vaults and pinned the blame on an underling with a criminal record. In the last-named coup, the accused has a winsome infant, enabling Packard to pull out the *vox-humana* stop when Jimmie extorts the vital confession: " 'Carling,' said Jimmie hoarsely, 'I stood beside a little bed tonight and looked at a baby girl—a little baby girl with golden hair, who smiled as she slept. . . . Take this pen, or—this.' The automatic lifted until the muzzle was on a line with Carling's eyes." Jimmie's antisocial behavior, it goes without saying, never redounds to his personal advantage; he scrupulously returns all swag to its rightful owners and, even while bashing in whatever skulls deserve it, exudes the high moral purpose of his progenitor Robin Hood. True, he betrays a pallid romantic interest in the Maid Marian who animates him from behind the scenes, but nothing that would boil an egg. In the light of contemporary pulp fiction, one marvels that Packard spiced his famous goulash with so little sexual paprika. Perhaps it may be possible to sublimate the libido by twiddling the combination of a Herring-Hall-Marvin safe, or, on the other hand, perhaps the kid's just a medical curiosity. Nobody could be *that* dedicated.

And yet he is, unless you discount the evidence of the next hundred pages. In rapid succession, he clears the reputation of a putative ruby thief, brings to book the architect of a payroll killing and his henchmen, and restores the stolen map of a gold mine to the widow and children of its legal claimant. There is a magnificent consistency about Packard's minor figures; other writers may muck about with halftones and nuances, but his widows are all destitute and enfeebled and his villains are rotten to the core. A typical sample is the satanic attorney who conceived the pay-



"What's the signal to show I've changed my mind?"

• •

roll incident above: "Cunning, shrewd, crafty, conscienceless, cold-blooded—that was Stangeist . . . the six-foot muscular frame, that was invariably clothed in attire of the most fashionable cut; the thin lips with their oily, plausible smile, the straight black hair that straggled into pinpoint, little black eyes, the dark face with its high cheekbones, which, with the pronounced aquiline nose and the persistent rumor that he was a quarter caste, had led the underworld, prejudiced always in favor of a 'monaker,' to dub the man the 'Indian Chief.' " A Choctaw version of Louis Calhern in "The Asphalt Jungle," you might say, and a real ripsnorter. The argot in which the crooks converse also has the same classical purity; *vide* that of the Weasel, an obscure cutpurse who stirs recollections of Happy Hooligan, of sainted memory: "Why, youse damned fool," jeered the Weasel, "d'youse t'ink youse can get away wid dat? Say, take it from me, youse are a piker! Say, youse make me tired. Wot d'youse t'ink youse are? D'youse t'ink dis is a tee-ayter, an' dat youse are a cheap-skate actor strollin' acrost de stage?" Scant wonder, with such nostalgic Chimmie Fadden dialogue, that youse has to swallow repeatedly to exorcise de lump in de t'roat.

THE machine-gun tempo, to use a flabby designation, slackens momentarily for an interview in the dark between Jimmie and the Tocsin, his female control. His work is nearing completion, she whispers, and soon she can disclose herself with impunity. This, as the intuitive will guess, is the conventional literary strip tease, because in the next breath the deluge descends. The Crime Club—not the Doubleday fellows, but "the most powerful and pitiless organization of criminals the world has ever known"—pounces on the dapper thief. In a scary milieu replete with hydraulic walls, sliding laboratories, and a binful of putty noses and false whiskers, its minions vainly ply him with a truth drug to elicit word of the Tocsin's whereabouts. No contusions result, except to the laws of English syntax, and Jimmie is let out to pasture. It would only court neuralgia to retrace the labyrinthine steps by which the author maneuvers him into the arms of his lady, now disguised as Silver Mag, the beggarwoman, but ultimately the lovebirds make contact and the lava spills over: "The warm, rich lips were yielding to his; he could feel that throb, the life in the young, lithe form against his own. She was his—his! The years, the past, all were swept away—and she was his at last—his for always. And there came a mighty sense of kingship upon him, as though all the world were at his feet, and virility, and a great, glad strength above all other men's, and a song was in his soul, a song triumphant—for she was his!" In other words, she was his, *Gott sei dank*, and you have just burst into sobs of relief when the whole confounded rigadoon starts over again. Marie LaSalle, alias the Tocsin, alias Silver Mag, pours out a long, garbled *histoire*, the kernel of which is that the head of the Crime Club, posing as her uncle, seeks to kill her for her estate. Jimmie manages to worm a confession from him clinching his guilt; in the attendant melee, though, he is recognized as the Gray Seal, and a wrathful mob of vigilantes from the Tenderloin tracks him to the Sanctuary and puts it to the torch. The lovers providentially escape over the rooftops to continue their didos in "The Further Adventures of Jimmie Dale," "Jimmie Dale and the Phantom Clue," and "Jimmie Dale and the Blue Envelope," and blessed silence descends, broken only by the scratch of Packard's pen endorsing his royalty checks.

I WAS in a Sixth Avenue bus, traffic-bound in Herald Square, when I finished the last three chapters, and a natural impulse to break clean made me drop the book into the vacant seat before me. Moments later, a brace of speedy sixteen-year-olds in windbreakers emblazoned with side elevations of Jane Russell crash-dived into the seat and buried themselves in comics. One of them suddenly detected the volume nestling against his spine. "Hey!" he exclaimed. "Someone lost a book." "It ain't a book. There's no pictures in it," his companion corrected. Together they laboriously spelled out the title and joined in a quick, incurious survey of the contents. "Ah, just a lot of slush," observed the first, in disdain. "What kind of an old creep'd get a charge out of this stuff?" An old creep directly behind them turned blush-pink, fastened his eyes on a Mojud stocking ad, and strove to retain his dignity. At Forty-second Street, weary of their tiresome speculation and guffaws, he disembarked, not, however, without a shrivelling glance. If you ask me, popinjays like that, and all these young whippersnappers you meet nowadays, have no more character than a tin pie plate. Why, at their age I was already chairman of a world-famed debating society.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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"It would be the path of honor," Senator Douglas declared, "for the Administration to submit the question . . . at least to the Senate and possibly to the Souse."
—*The Times.*

That's one way to get a thoughtful answer.

MAMAN AND SON

"NOW that's settled, we'll go tell *Maman*," Paul said cheerfully.

In the black shadow of the trees, he could not see my face. Though I had expected his remark, I was unprepared for its suddenness. I had only just stated my willingness to remain in France and marry him—a Frenchman—and up to that point I had not given very much thought to my future husband's family. I was aware, of course, that *Maman* existed, and that she lived right there in Paris, only a few blocks away from the Champs-Elysées and the horse chestnuts under which we had been walking that warm May night in the early twenties. But until that precise moment I had been more directly concerned with myself and the fact that I was not going to return to my teaching job, in a Midwestern university, after my year's leave of absence in Europe. Some of the things I had heard about French mothers flashed through my head as I looked at my watch in the light of the next street lamp.

"It's after eleven," I said. "Don't you think . . ."

Paul's hand closed about my elbow. "Hours mean nothing to *Maman*. You forget that she's an artist."

I had not forgotten. Both Paul's parents had been opera singers. His father was no longer living and *Maman*, at sixty-eight, still kept her voice, according to her son.

"Oughtn't you to prepare her first?" I suggested.

His hand tightened on my arm. "She's prepared," he said. As we circled the Place de l'Etoile, he added, "*Maman* has sung all over the world. She has no objection to foreigners." He warned me, though—a little nervously, I thought—that *Maman* might not appear enthusiastic at first about our marriage. "It won't be you, you understand," he said. "It would be the same with any wife I picked."

"Probably she would prefer to do the picking herself," I suggested.

Paul laughed. "Oh, she gave that up long ago. But *Maman* is like most mothers of only sons—she'd rather I didn't marry. Not yet, anyhow."

All the while, Paul was propelling me along the Avenue du Bois. As we turned in to a side street that skirted the pink marble monument to the Gould millions and another Franco-American marriage, he spoke reassuringly. "There's nothing to worry about. *Maman* will capitulate in time. She always ends by wanting what I want. You see, I'm all she has, and, after all, I'm the man of the family."

I had time to think that over while Paul tried to rouse the sleeping concierge of *Maman's* apartment house. He kept his finger on the bell, and when that failed to produce results, he banged on the shutters of a ground-floor window. Finally, the door clicked open. Paul groped for a bell rope on the wall of the dark entry and gave it several vigorous jerks. A bell tinkled somewhere inside, and with it came the deep barking of a dog.

"That's my Gordon setter," Paul said. "He was with me in the trenches. I'll take you pheasant shooting one of these days."

As he spoke, the door of an apartment at the rear of the ground floor opened. The noise leaped out at us—a frenzy of barks, the thud and scuffle of big paws, and a vibrant voice shouting, "*Couché, Alype, couché!*"

"He's chained. He doesn't like strangers," Paul's voice said, close to my ear. Again holding my arm, he steered me down the dark hall into a lighted room, one-third of which was filled by a grand piano.

"This is *Maman*," he said.

She stood inside the doorway, knotting the cord of a quilted blue dressing gown about her waist. Though she was shorter than I, I thought of her then, and always afterward, as tall. Her face, with its fine, straight features beneath a fluff of white hair, was smooth and unlined. One of the beautiful women of her day, her son had told me.

She apologized at once for the dog. "I have to keep him chained, because of visitors. He is more trouble than a panther. You remember the panther we brought back from Brazil, *mon fils*?"

"I do," said Paul. "While you had it here, no visitors came at all."

"*Les gens sont si bêtes*," said *Maman*. "Of course, we fed him no meat, and he was gentle as a cat. Finally, we had to give him to the zoo." As she spoke, her eyes went from Paul to me, with a kind of curious expectancy. "Won't you sit down?" she asked me.

Before I could do so, Paul said, with characteristic directness, "*Maman*, I said I might be bringing you a daughter. Well—here she is." And he told her my name, and explained that I was an American.

She stood very still. Her eyes were the color of her quilted gown, and their direct blue gaze was very like her son's. After an all but imperceptible pause, she spoke. "How nice of you to wake me up to tell me. Of course *mon fils* would want to let his mother know at once. *La femme de mon fils*. Then I can kiss you, my dear?" She kissed me on both cheeks, and, taking my hands in hers, which were firm and as strong as a man's, she held them wide apart and looked me over.

"I know your country well," she said. "Pleasant, hospitable people, and very appreciative of French culture. I sang in Rio four seasons and—"

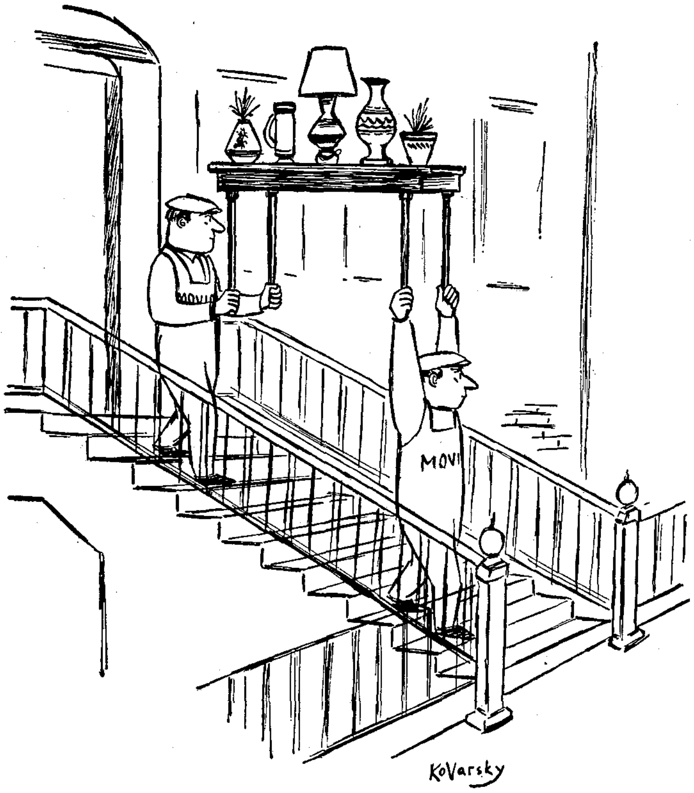
"I never said Ida was *South* American," Paul cut in.

"No, but you should have specified." The blue eyes were very innocent. "I cannot see why 'American' should apply solely to the United States. It's confusing and unjust, don't you think?"

We all sat down at that point, and I was a target for questions. Did I like Paris? Wasn't it going to be hard for me to live so far away from my family? Though she understood that families in the United States were not as close-knit as the French. And was it true that the women of the United States considered themselves queens and let their husbands wait on them? "I should have liked that myself"—*Maman* laughed archly—"but I warn you, my dear, no Frenchman would ever accept such a role. Our men expect their wives to be very *pot-au-feu*, if you know what that means."

"*Maman's* cooking is marvellous," Paul said, unexpectedly. "All singers are good cooks."

"Not all of them," *Maman* corrected. "There is that cousin of yours. Her children look half starved. *You* look well fed," she said humorously, taking me in again. "And you don't wear makeup. *Une femme nature*. I'm like that myself. My poor husband always objected to rouge and mascara off the stage. I've sometimes been afraid that *mon fils* might choose *une femme factice*—one of those decorative women. They're always so attractive to young men." She came back to the subject of cookery. "I'll be glad to teach you all I know. I understand that in the United States of America women do not learn



to cook and sew. You go in for higher education.”

“You never did much sewing yourself, *Maman*,” Paul said.

She silenced him with a look. “I was never above darning my men’s socks. You sing, perhaps?”—this to me. “There was another friend of Paul’s who had a lovely contralto. She studied with me for a year.”

I said I was afraid I could not qualify.

“You never know unless you try,” she said. “Take Paul’s cousin—the merest thread of a voice when she started. I trained her, and she has done very well. She married the director of the Opéra-Comique.” *Maman* leaned forward and took my hand. “You are marrying into a family of artists, my dear. Even Paul, here, has a tenor that could have carried him anywhere. By rights, he should be singing at the Opéra today. If it hadn’t been for the war . . .” She paused, with a sigh, and then patted my hand. “We’ll make a singer of you yet.”

I did not feel very confident of it.

Sometime after midnight, we exchanged kisses all around, and Paul got me past the fury in the hall. “When you’re married, of course you’ll want the dog!” *Maman* called after us as we left.

In the sudden quiet of the street, I asked Paul why he had never told me about his voice. “Didn’t you want to be an opera singer?”

He walked on thoughtfully. “Not me,” he said. “I’m afraid I lost my taste for the theatre when I was a child.”

DURING the weeks before the wedding, I made the acquaintance of the other members of the family. There were not many of them: *Maman’s* brother and sister, *Oncle* Paul and *Tante* Pauline—Paul and its variants being a favorite name, it seemed—and a sprinkling of cousins. Paul’s father had died early in the First World War—of a broken heart, when his son left for the front, *Maman* said, but *Oncle* Paul told me privately that good living and overweight had had as much to do with it as grief. He also said, with some disparagement, that *pauvre* Félix had possessed “a good Toulouse baritone,” and that, of the two, *Maman* had been the outstanding artist. “You should have seen her at twenty—blue-eyed and blond, and such a voice! She could have married anyone.”

“What made her choose him?” I asked.

“It was what you call a love match, I suppose. She might have done worse. Félix had a good business head; it’s rare among singers. And, naturally, she needed a sensible man to look after her—like any woman.”

“Yes, naturally,” I said.

When I met *Maman*, she had been away from the operatic stage for well over twenty years. “I gave it up at the height of my career, to devote myself to *mon fils*,” she liked to say—a remark that definitely annoyed her son. Also, it was not strictly true. At fifty, her husband had developed “rheumatism” of the vocal cords, and had objected to his wife’s continuing her career without him. (“He was jealous as a tiger,” *Maman* often said, complacently.) As the two of them had already made a comfortable fortune for the times, they settled down to teaching. *Maman’s* brother and her son agreed that it had been a mistake—that *Maman* ought never to have left the Opéra. “She could have gone on singing for years, and she would be a lot happier,” Paul told me. “A class or two at the Schola Cantorum and a few private pupils are not enough for anyone with *Maman’s* energy. She needs something to devote herself to, body and soul.”

“You,” I said.

“It’s what she would like to do,” he admitted. “That’s the whole problem.”

As Paul had predicted, *Maman* ended by accepting the idea of our marriage with good grace. She was sweetly, if somewhat icily, cordial to the *Américaine*, being torn, I gathered, between wonder that *mon fils* should have selected me and the conviction that whatever he chose to do must necessarily be right. In justice to her, I must say that whatever material assets I might or might not possess never entered into the question. No doubt, as an artist, she felt herself to be above such bourgeois considerations. Yet I sensed that she studied me narrowly; how had I managed to captivate her son? Finally, I think, she gave up. Love could not always be explained, and she believed in love.

She came to our wedding, at the *mairie* of the Fifteenth Arrondissement, with a sheaf of roses on her arm and more of them on her hat, and when the short ceremony was over, her deep-timbred voice was the first to shout, “*Vive la mariée!*” All through the customary speech by the Mayor, she wept. She was one of the few women I have known who could weep becomingly. The tears coursed down her unlined cheeks and left them, if possible, even fresher. She dabbed them away and kept smiling. For a wedding gift, she presented me with a delicate old brooch of pearls and blue enamel; not even her son suspected what I was to learn later—that the brooch was her only remaining jewel of value, for the others had gone during the war years, when few stocks paid dividends and *mon fils*, in the trenches, had to be provided with all manner of costly comforts. For Paul and Paul’s wife, there was nothing she would not have given up. If we had not prevented her, she would have stripped her Paris apartment of all her best pieces of old furniture, to give “character” to the one we were furnishing.

As our own apartment would not be ready until fall, Paul suggested that I spend the hot months with *Maman* at her house in the Pyrenees, which was the family’s summer home. He himself would come down from Paris for his vacation. “The two of you will get to know each other better when I’m not there,” he said. He and *Maman* had arranged it between them. So, early in July, I travelled down, by way of Toulouse, to the Ariège Pyrenees and Ste. Croix.

◆

THE village of Ste. Croix and the ruins of the abbey that gave it its name lie among meadows and gardens in a hollow of the limestone foothills—a cluster of tall old houses and a square shaded by lindens, beside a poplar-bordered stream. *Maman's* house stood high above the village and, with its attached stable, spread like a plaster along the steep north slope that rose behind the town. You stepped directly from the road, on the south side of the house, into the dining room, the summer kitchen, or the billiard room. The living room was on the second floor, and from one end of that story a *passerelle* led, above a street-level courtyard, into a long, terraced garden, with a central *allée* of plane trees. Only the third floor and the heavy, tiled roof lifted themselves out of the hillside at the back.

It was a big house that had seen better days. A manservant's striped waistcoat and blue apron still hung in the harness room of the stable, but there had been no manservant since the war. In August, 1913, the house had stopped living, and after that had dropped gently into decay. A landslide on the hill had broken the pipes from a spring, whose water now seeped damply into the rear wall, and had piled up earth against the trunk of a giant oak that teetered on the rim of the courtyard and overhung the roof with the threatening shadow of its long branches. Only the rooms that faced the valley were free of damp and fallen plaster, and even some of these rooms were dark, for woodbine hung like a screen over the glass front of the second-floor living room, veiling the accordion doors that could never be completely opened or completely shut.

I was given the room that had been my husband's as a boy—narrow and long, with gold-stencilled fleurs-de-lis on the blue walls, and a tall window at the end, framed with jasmine. It looked down on the road and the steep bank beyond, to the meadows and the river. My first night there, I was waked by the faint tinkle of sheep bells and a rustling sound, like rain, as flocks from the plain were driven past on their way to the mountain pastures. And later came the jingle of bigger bells, as a wagoner's cart creaked by, with high, peaked harness and swinging lantern, making for market in one of the towns in the valley of the Garonne.

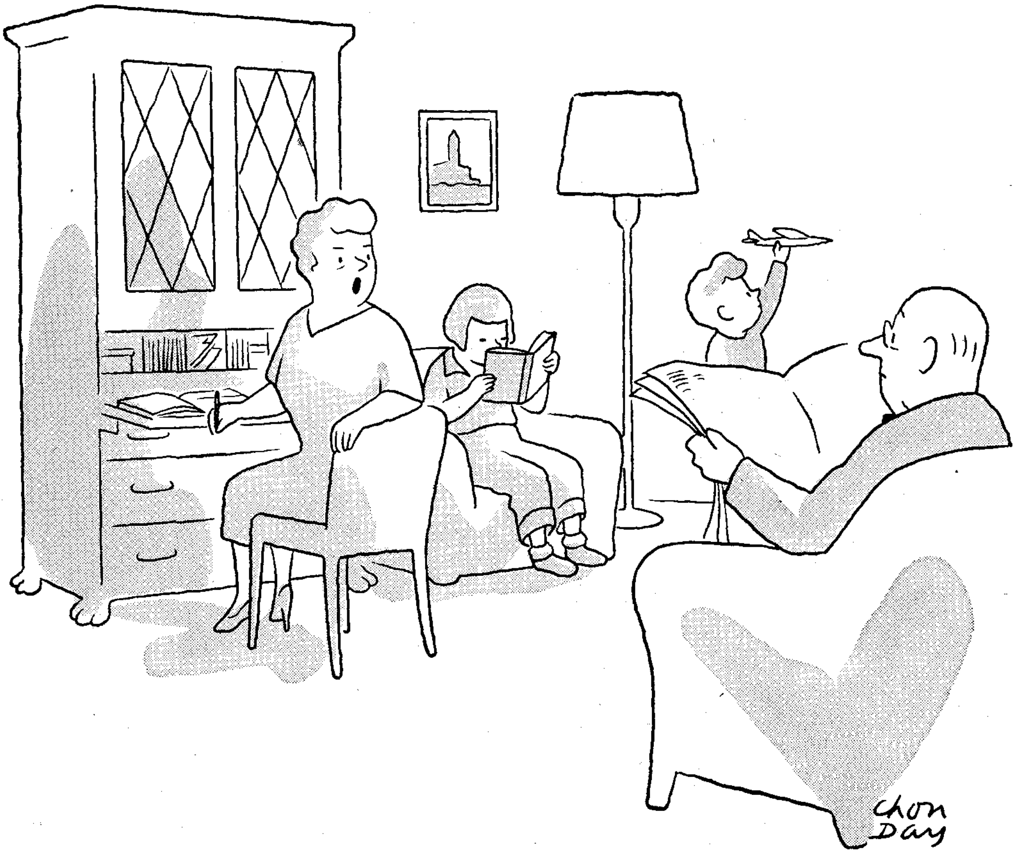
We were a household of women. There was Moïse, the grubby, tearful peasant child who ran errands in the morning, and the rest of the day sat patching sheets and hemming dish towels. There was La Sapure, the blacksmith's wife, who came in daily to scrub the long halls and stairways, and the floors, which had not been waxed for years. There was Julia, the cook, a rosy-fleshed refugee right out of a Rubens canvas, whom the war had uprooted from her native Flanders and who had never returned there.

My own position in the household was made clear from the start. There could be no gainsaying that I was *la femme de mon fils*, and so I was introduced. But *Maman* decided at the outset that I was not to use my married name. "You will call her Mme. Ida," she instructed the servants. "It would be confusing for the village to have two of us with the same name," she told me firmly, but the real reason I found out later; she objected to being known as *Madame-la-vieille*, as opposed to *Madame-la-jeune*. So I became Mme. Ida to the household and the village, and it gave rise to the rumor that I was—well, that I had no legitimate claim to the family name.

Every morning at dawn, *Maman's* voice rang through the halls, marshalling the household. "*Moïse, va chercher le lait! Julia, les six heures ont sonné!*" A quick pad of feet on the stairway was followed by the crackle of fagots and the smell of wood smoke and coffee, and almost at once a second summons, equally imperative, informed Mme. Ida that "*le café est sur la table!*"

All through the day, I never seemed to get beyond the sound of that ringing voice—from the garden, from the little study over the east door, where *Maman* sat puzzling over her accounts, or from the kitchen, where, seated in a low chair with the bellows on her knees, she presided over the cooking pots on the hearth and the casseroles on the tiled charcoal table. Julia was an excellent cook, but *Maman* esteemed herself a better one, and when Paul came later to Ste. Croix, the endless arguments of the two women took on intensity and developed into a drawn battle, fought out daily and always at the same pitch. *Maman* rarely spoke in an ordinary tone; she whispered or she shouted.

In the absence of her son, *Maman* was the head of our little convent, and yet one always sensed, profiled behind her, the ever present shadow of *mon fils*. Everyone, everything, existed for him—*Maman* and Julia planning in advance of his arrival the list of dishes he preferred, Moïse mending his old shirts and stitching new ones, wetting them grimily with her tears, while La Sapure laundered and brushed his summer wardrobe, kept his hunting boots oiled and ready, and, in her spare moments,



"We're all going to have to make sacrifices—starting with you."

knitted socks for him with the brown wool of the mountain sheep.

All this was quite in accord with the local pattern. To realize this, you had only to hear the tone in which the women of the district said "*l'homme.*" The farmers' wives served their husbands, and sat down to eat only when the man had finished. Often, on one of the high mountain paths, I would meet a peasant riding an ass while his wife plodded behind, carrying rake and hoe.

Though *Maman* spoke of the Moorish influence that had lasted through the centuries and still colored the relationship of the men and women of the region, the attitude of our peasant neighbors reflected a law that she herself acknowledged. Even the animals in our household obeyed the law. Fatma, the twelve-year-old Arab mare, carefully preserved all through the war for Paul's return, was tolerant of no one but her master. So docile that a word or a touch of the reins sufficed when he rode her, she laid back her ears, bared her teeth, and kicked whenever I entered her box stall. When I mounted her, she did her best to scrape me off on gateposts and overhanging branches; failing that, she buckled under me and rolled. I gave up trying to ride her.

Alype, the setter, the one male in the household, showed from the first that he hated a woman's world. He surveyed us all with a surly eye, and when he found the slightest pretext, he bit us. Fortunately, he had taken on age, so his teeth were worn and dull. *Maman* would never admit that *le chien de mon fils* could bite; he "pinches," she said when I showed her the red marks on my ankles. Also, she found it quite natural that the dog should take a dislike to me. "*Que voulez-vous?*" she demanded. "*Il aime mon fils.* He's jealous."

To *Maman*, love was a stormy passion, and jealousy its normal corollary. Even wedlock was supposed to be highlighted with quarrels, scenes, tears, and reconciliations. Were not these the things that made marriage interesting? "And if you don't make it interesting, your husband will look elsewhere," she warned me. "What man wants to live with a piece of wood?" To *Maman*, human relationships of any sort were never passive. They all offered possibilities of drama, and she doted on drama; witness her disputes with Julia, and the sessions with Moïse, whom she stormed at, reduced to tears, loaded with presents—and who adored her. Oh, there was nothing dull about life at Ste. Croix!

I CANNOT say that our intimacy progressed during the weeks *Maman* and I spent together. If she could have made a singer of me, it might have helped. But after one tryout even she had to admit there was little hope. "Your voice is true enough, and it is something to have a good ear," she conceded, and then, as if to show me what I lacked, she burst into an elaborate vocalise. The clear, high notes cascaded down the valley like a shower of bright pebbles. "When *Madamo* sings, you can hear her all the way to Mérigon," La Sapure said admiringly from the doorway.

Before the war, *Maman* had often sung at Mass in the village church on feast days. She herself was a Protestant and her husband had been a freethinker, but this was the easygoing South, and *Maman's* voice was a village asset. In those days, *Maman* told me, the priests of the region used to drop in regularly, once a week, for a game of billiards with *Papa*. They were a colorful group—each known, like the nobles of feudal times, by the name of his parish. There were La Serre and Montjoie, both of them anglers and huntsmen; there was three-hundred-pound Mérigon, who kept bees and who discarded his cassock in hot weather for a woman's skirt and cape. And Montardit, on his peak among his books, who exchanged letters with Anatole France and who had read Horace with my husband and initiated him to the study of prehistory. But now *Papa* and Mérigon and Montjoie were dead, like most of the friends of other days whose names *Maman* recited wistfully—Rochefort and Galliffet, Harpignies, Massenet, Turgenev, Mistral. The green felt of the billiard table was spotted with mold and covered with jagged rents, made by marauders during the war years. La Serre, a dry little man, dark as a Moor, was still alive, and would wave a rapid greeting as he pedalled past on his woman's bicycle, but he rarely stopped. And Montardit, a grizzled old Roman in his threadbare soutane, now lived like a hermit on his hilltop and never came down to the village.

The billiard games belonged to the past, along with the gay houseparties that *Maman* loved to recall, speaking of the days when every one of the seven guest rooms was occupied all through the summer, and the whole village gathered in the road of an evening to listen to the music from the garden or the living room. But the past was dead, and *Maman*, at sixty-eight, no longer sang at Mass. She sang for herself and for her son.

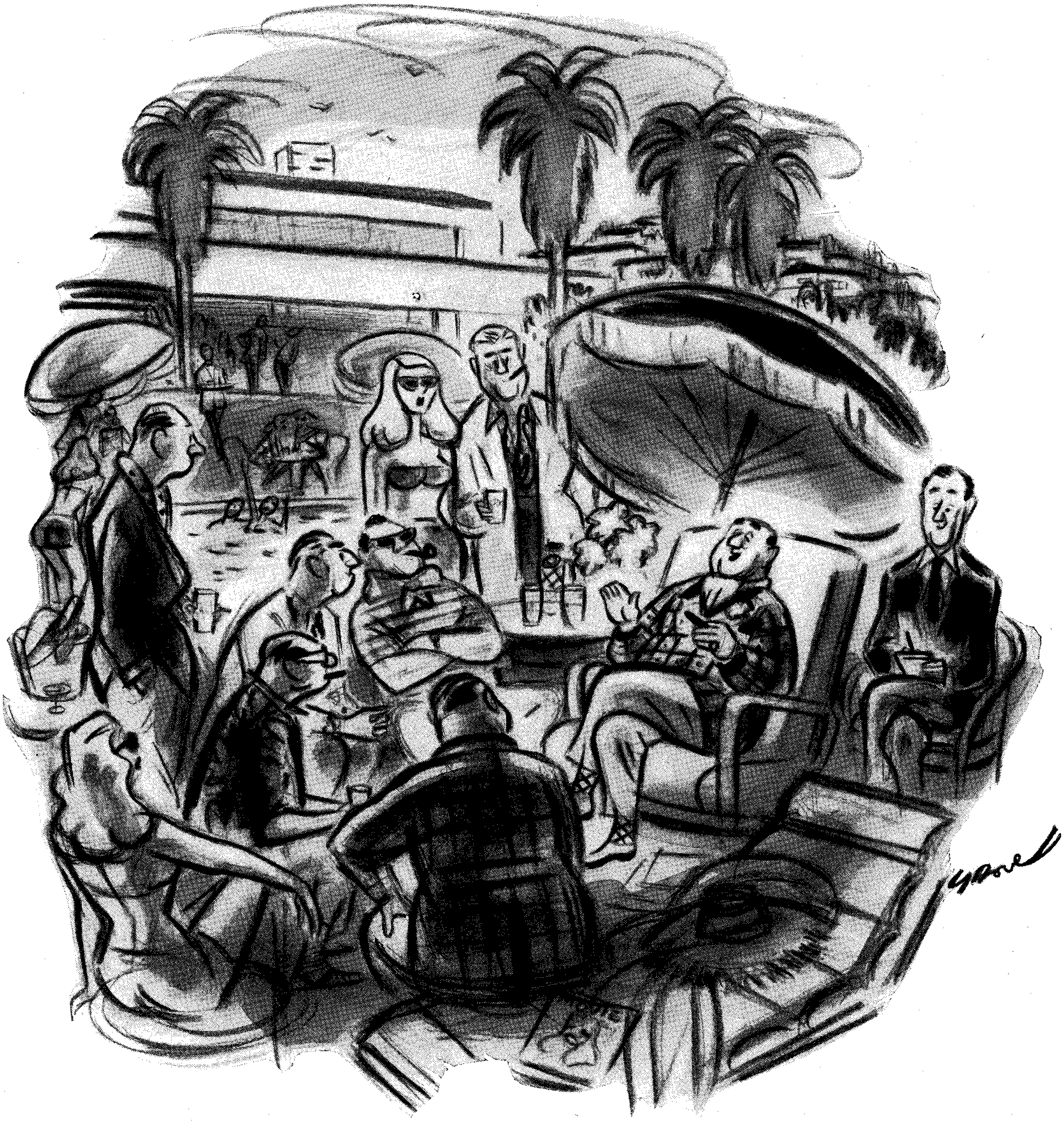
In her son's absence, she bestowed on me many of the attentions she would have given to him. They were mostly culinary. Did I like mushrooms? She sent Moïse to the forest to gather yellow *chanterelles* or the first big brown *cèpes*. Would I care for a *chou farci*, made with her own hands? Julia was incapable of preparing a proper *farce*. Or a *cassoulet* of dried beans from the garden, complete with goose, country sausage, and mountain mutton? Or a tart of *abajous* (blueberries), sent to the *boulanger*'s oven in the village for baking? She explained that I would have to wait until Paul's arrival to taste the real delicacies of the region—the crayfish, trout, quail, and partridge, which he loved to bring home from his fishing and shooting trips.

I did my best to show proper appreciation—and it required no effort—but somehow my praise failed to satisfy her. It lacked the exuberance she craved, and I was incompetent to analyze a dish or take part intelligently in the long gastronomic discussions that were a feature of every meal when Paul was there. She concluded that I must be indifferent to food—another evidence of that well-known Anglo-Saxon failing, our "lack of temperament."

"Don't you care about *anything*?" she asked me once. "How can you live without passions?" At my retort—I said the obvious thing—she merely looked skeptical. "When you feel, you should show it," she said. "Otherwise, why feel? What you keep to yourself might as well not exist." It was clear she thought life must be pretty humdrum for "*ces flegmatiques Anglo-Saxons.*" "Now, look at Julia," she would say.

JULIA was a woman after *Maman's* own heart. Everything about Julia was superlative—her masses of ash-blond hair wrapped about her head in braids as thick as her wrist; her abundance of pink flesh; and her rich, throaty voice, which at times could be as powerful as *Maman's* own. Julia took a hearty Flemish delight in food and drink—in all the pleasures of this world, *Maman* hinted. One by one, the men of the district had fallen victim to Julia. At the time of my arrival, the preferred suitor was Le Mounotte, a miller from upriver, about five miles from the village.

Le Mounotte had a wife, *bien entendu*, and a brood of children, but



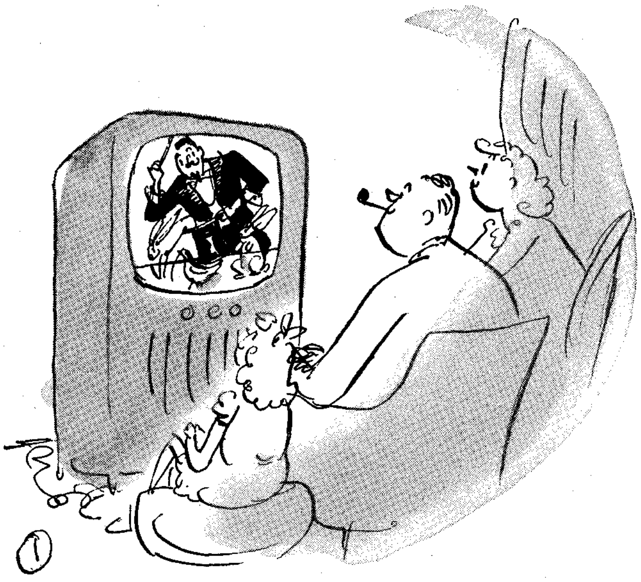
“Pay no attention to him, boys. He’s my Boswell.”

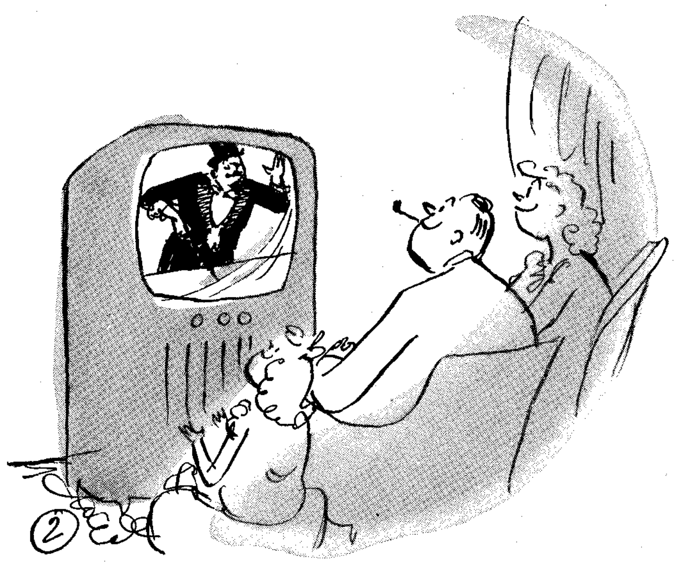
• •

Mme. Mounotte never appeared in the village except for Mass. She stayed at home, tended the cows, and made soup for the family and the pig while her husband ranged abroad. His attentions to Julia were all in the public eye; there was no concealment. Each time he came to town, his ox team was stationed on the road outside our summer kitchen, the veiled heads of the oxen drooping patiently while their owner exchanged pleasantries with Julia through the window. On the hot July nights, as *Maman* and I sat in the living room, we would hear him call from the road below, “Julia—O!” And Julia would shout up to *Maman* from the lower hall, “*Madamo, je m’en vais.* [Madame, I’m going out.]”

The sound of their retreating laughter told us that Julia was on her way to the café on the village square to down glass after glass of *cerises à l’eau-de-vie.* (Brandied cherries were another passion of hers.) On the monthly fair day, when travelling merchants set up their booths on the square, and the village was filled with blue-smocked cattle dealers swinging their brass-studded sticks, Julia prepared our lunch in haste and hurried down to the café to share with Le Mounotte the *dîner de la foire*—six meat courses, with the proper accompaniment of wines and alcohols, from the apéritif to the inevitable cherries. The miller was well-to-do and, where Julia was concerned, not stingy with his purse.

All this to *Maman*—as to the village—was perfectly normal. “It is hard for a woman to be alone,” she sighed. When I referred to Le Mounotte’s wife, on the farm, *Maman* shrugged. “If it wasn’t Julia, it would be someone else,” she said. “Women here age so





early. And why talk about morals? You can't change human nature."

WHEN I had spent a month at Ste. Croix, Paul came from Paris for a month's vacation. He had come ostensibly for a rest, but I soon discovered that Paul's notion of a restful vacation was like *Maman's:* up before dawn to fish for *cabots* (chub) in the river, or to net *écrevisses* (crayfish) in the gorge near Mérigon, or to pedal eight miles in the August heat to the high valleys for trout. Morning after morning, Paul and I followed our own river through the meadows, where the second hay crop stood ready for cutting. Paul fished, slipping his eighteen-foot rod through the tangled hazel bushes, dropping the worm or the grasshopper or the wild cherry in the shadow of the bank, where the red-finned *cabots* moved lazily in the few inches of clear water. I trailed after, carrying the fish basket, and admired when a big *cabot* came flashing through the branches onto the meadow. After a few attempts, I had given up trying to fish; the *cabots* were warier than any trout, and I snagged my line on all the hazel twigs.

Maman deplored the fact that she could not fish with us and could no longer tramp about all day with Paul. She told how she used to spend days on the Seine with *Papa*, and how she was always the one who prepared the bait, maggots rolled in mud. "With my own hands," she said, "when I was the toast of Paris."

If I complained of the heat in the August meadows, *Maman* insisted that she had suffered a sunstroke *every* time she went fishing with *Papa*, and that she had to lie in a dark room afterward, with *eau sédative* on her forehead. "And in the evening I sang at the Opéra. All through the season, I never missed a performance—or a day on the river."

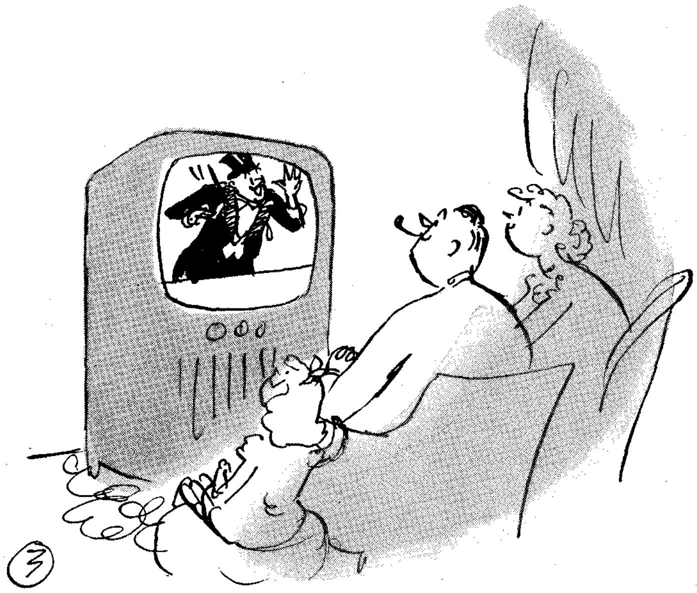
Just before noon, the Valkyrie call, *Maman's* invariable summons to her son, would ring across the meadow to bring us home for lunch. We would obey the call instantly and would usually find *Maman* in the dining-room doorway, her forehead wrinkling painfully as the carillon in the village clattered the noon hour. *Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tang, tang—tinkle, tang, tang,* tink. The sol was flat. Three times a day for twenty years it had flayed her ears. *Maman* had wanted to give the village church its carillon, but *Papa*—always chary of spending—had objected, and so the chatelaine at La Serre was the one who had eventually given the bells. It meant nothing to *her* if all the notes were flat.

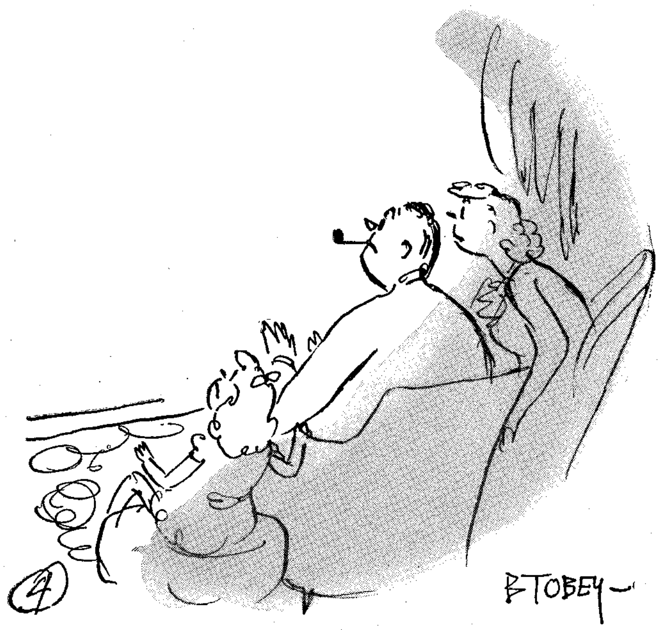
The dining room, with its severe Louis XIII cupboards, was dark and cool. *Maman*, in her bright print dress, took on an air of expectant elation as Moïse brought in the first dish from the kitchen. It called for comment, and as we dutifully said the expected thing, her face settled into smiles. Sometimes, if the morning had been particularly sultry or the *cabots* hesitant, or if clambering up and down steep banks with the crayfish nets had dulled our sensibilities, the admiring phrases were slow in coming, or they took on a conventional ring. At such times, *Maman's* brow clouded and her face lengthened woefully. Had her long station by the hearth in the hot kitchen, the battle with Julia, been for nothing? "*Ça ne te plaît pas?*" she would demand anxiously of her son. "You're losing your appetite?" Generally Paul rose to the occasion, or he attempted a diversion, stressing his fatigue. At once, she was all solicitude, and I was apostrophized. "Why don't you keep him from wearing himself out? Oh, if only *I* could go with him!"

On other days—it did not happen often—when the soufflé sagged, or the broiled trout lacked something of their customary crustiness, or a faintly burned flavor pervaded the *blanquette*, the air grew heavy with storm. *Maman* defended her work stoutly. The soufflé had *not* fallen, it only looked that way because the mold was deeper in the center; fresh trout always broke up in the pan; and, no, the *blanquette* was not scorched—she had never made a better one. And, to prove it, she would give herself a second helping. But days like these were rare; in most cases, the meal progressed smoothly to the end, when *mon fils* would rise from his chair saying, "*Maman, je me suis régalé.* A wonderful meal, *Maman*," and circle the table to kiss her. That was the crowning moment.

If *Maman* had had her way, she would have brought in each dish from the kitchen herself and set it before her son. But Paul would have none of that. "*Maman*, when we have Moïse and Julia . . ." *Maman* sulked, but she gave in. However, all through the meal she would watch him narrowly, anticipating his every need. When coffee was brought in, if he searched vaguely through his pockets, she was on her feet in a moment. Ordered sternly to sit down, she would eye me balefully as her son clumped out of the room and up the stairs in search of the missing tobacco. What was I doing seated in my chair? Was it not a woman's business to serve?

As it was, *Maman* waited on him every time she found a chance. When I





remonstrated to Paul, saying, "She's nearly seventy," he shrugged a little shamefacedly. "Why not let her do it? It's her one joy." He was right.

For *Maman*, every person who approached *mon fils* robbed her of something. Looking at me out of the corner of her eye, she addressed the dog reproachfully, "*You* can be with *mon fils* every hour of the day!" When friends of Paul's came from Paris or Toulouse, she was exuberantly hospitable, but to me she indulged in disparaging comments. "They don't realize what he is. They take his time. They exploit him." She had a poor opinion of friends. "In the end, they always betray you," she said. "Like women." Though she never said it in so many words, she implied that there had been a good many women in my husband's life, and that that, of course, was logical—so attractive a man. She also hinted that there would probably be many more, for the same reason. "But he married *you*," she conceded. Let me take what comfort I could from that.

From the moment of Paul's arrival, her attitude toward me hardened. It was never overtly hostile, but there were little things—the rabbits' heads, for instance. One of *Maman's* famous dishes was *lapin aux pruneaux*. I was not yet accustomed to eating rabbit, and the first time I found the head of the animal on my plate, eyes and teeth and all, it was something of a shock. I made the mistake of mentioning it, and Paul explained to *Maman* that American cooks, when preparing a *civet*, discarded the creature's head. *Maman* apologized profusely—it was she who did the serving at the table—but, oddly enough, whenever we had this dish, the heads appeared on my plate. That went on until Paul put an end to the game by demanding them for himself. "You know, *Maman*, I dote on rabbit heads," he said.

In countless other little ways I was prodded. Could anyone *really* like to drink water? And what affectation to eat by candlelight when we had electricity! (I had once made that unfortunate suggestion.) As for shutting yourself behind screens because of a few flies, it would be like living in a meat safe! What a curious people Americans were!

There was only one moment of the day when the tangle of struggles and frustrations fell away from *Maman*. That was when she sat down at the piano. Her whole manner changed; her face settled into calm and became as still and noble as we were to see it, years later, on her deathbed. As she sang the cool music of Gluck and Lully, Haydn, Handel, and Grieg, she was supremely happy. When Paul sang with her, he was no longer her son but a fellow-artist. She chided him sharply for a careless note and jeered at him for striving for "cheap effects" rather than quality. "Leave that to the music halls, *mon petit*," she said. I think her first real feeling for me came when I dug clay out of the hillside and attempted a portrait head of Paul. Her encouragement was warm and sincere, and her criticism impersonal and objective. I, too, was a fellow-artist. Also, while the head was in progress, the model, though unwillingly, spent more time at home than usual.

WHEN the shooting season opened, *Maman* found a new target for her jealousy—the mountain.

We could shoot quail and partridge in the foothills; a few hours, or at most a day's outing, sufficed for that. But when we went out for ptarmigan and *isard* (the Pyrenees chamois), it meant climbing to the high plateau and camping there among the peaks. Paul and I prepared our camping equipment with scientific precision, since everything had to be carried on our backs: veal fat for frying the trout from the torrents and mountain lakes, onions and dried milk for onion soup, French dressing for salads of watercress or dandelion greens, coffee, sugar, jam. A silk tent, a down coverlet, a frying pan, a casserole. In addition, Paul carried guns, ammunition, and fly rods, and I took charge of the wine gourds and the cartwheel loaf of bread. (Paul hooted at my suggestion that we take flour with us instead, and eat pancakes.)

As the day of our trip approached, *Maman's* face grew blacker and blacker, and when we packed our rucksacks on the dining-room table, the evening of our departure, her tears were very near the surface.

"Why must you leave at midnight?" she asked irritably. "You'll be in a fine state, bicycling miles through the dark and climbing for five hours afterwards."

"Nine hours," corrected Paul.

"Wouldn't you be fresher if you started after a good night's sleep?"

That got no answer. We had gone into it time and time again. We were to start at midnight to avoid the heat, and so that we could count on reaching the beech forests of the high valleys by daybreak.

"Can't you see how tired your wife looks?" *Maman* began again.

"She'll have time to rest when we reach the top," Paul said.

A silence; then she tried another

tack. "I shan't have a minute's peace while you're gone. I'll be thinking all the time of avalanches."

"There are no avalanches at this season," said Paul.

"And the woodcutters roll great logs down the slopes—"

"They stop work in April, *Maman*."

"Suppose you fell and broke a leg?"

"When I fell over the pail La Sapure left on the stairway tonight, I might have broken my neck," Paul said calmly.

That created a diversion. "She didn't leave it there on purpose," *Maman* said. "You called her to bring your boots. If you had watched where you were going . . . Well, I hope you have good weather. The sky didn't look very promising at sunset."

Another silence, while Paul rammed the last items into the rucksack with repressed energy.

"A whole week," sighed *Maman*. "Think of all the things that might happen here."

"What things?" Paul buckled the last strap with a snap.

"Well, you never can tell. You know how quickly accidents happen. Suppose we had to get in touch with you, and there you'd be, up somewhere on the mountain."

"Now, *Maman*." Paul's patience had reached its limit. "If you really want to spoil our trip—"

"Of course I don't want to spoil your trip. I want whatever makes you happy, *mon fils*," she said tearfully. Then she suddenly brightened up and said, "But you haven't told me yet what you mean to do with Fatma."

"Fatma?" Paul looked nonplussed. "What has Fatma to do with it?"

"You never have time to ride her, and your wife is too scared to, and you can't leave her forever in the stable."

"Probably I'll end by selling her."

"Sell Fatma!" *Maman* cried hotly. "Your own horse that *Papa* gave you and I kept for you all through the war? Now, I was just thinking that if we harnessed her to the brake, I could drive you as far as St. Girons, and you wouldn't have to carry those big bags on your bicycles."

"Yes, wouldn't it be nice?" Paul jeered. "Twelve years old and never been harnessed. She'd kick the brake to flinders."

"No, she wouldn't," *Maman* contradicted. "I've never known a gentler horse. I can do anything with her."

"Well, I wouldn't try hitching her to the brake if I were you," Paul said dryly. He tested the weight of the rucksack and looked at me. "I'm ready if you are, Ida."

Maman let us out the door and peered up at the sky. "I don't see any stars," she said plaintively. As we wheeled off in the dark, the dog padding behind us, she shouted, "If it rains, I'll expect you back in a couple of days! Don't—stay—and—catch—cold!" Her voice followed us up the road.

We pedalled in silence, our lanterns making two flickering white streaks on the dust ahead.

As we dismounted to push the bicycles up the first steep stretch, Paul spoke. "She's going to spend an unhappy week. But what can I do?" He sighed and plodded on. At the top of the slope, we mounted again, for the last long coast down into the valley and across the bridge, before we started the ten-mile climb to the crest of the high foothills and the chain of mountains beyond.

THAT first expedition lasted ten days. When mist covered the plateau, we dropped down a mile or so and fished the upper torrents and the lakes. On bright days, we followed the trail of the *isard* high among the rocks and across the slippery stretches of *gispet*, the stiff mountain grass. Sometimes, when the mist caught us far from camp, we spent the night in the stone hut of a shepherd, who fed us bowls of *millasse* (corn meal and milk) washed down with contraband anisette. After ten days of camping out, our diet of trout and ptarmigan began to pall, and we longed for a change of clothes and a comfortable bed. So we started for home, our ears crackling from the nine-thousand-foot drop as we descended to the valley. The air of the lowlands seemed soggy and heavy, and the long bicycle ride to Ste. Croix, though most of it lay downhill, was a trial for even our hardened muscles. We reached the town at nightfall, baskets of trout wrapped in charcoal and beech leaves on our handle bars and eight white ptarmigan in our rucksacks.

BARGAINS
10¢

As we wheeled across the level land by the river, Paul let out a whoop to herald our arrival, and at the top of the hill he gave another. It brought no answering Valkyrie call, although, as we pedalled past the blacksmith's shop, it brought La Sapure to the doorway. She shouted something indistinguishable. At the foot of the slight slope down to the house, three figures stood waiting in the road before the dining-room door—Moïse, Julia, and Julia's friend the miller. Paul flung himself off his bicycle. "Where is *Maman*?"

The three began talking at once. All we got out of it was "*Madamo*, *pravotte* [poor thing]. *Pauvre Madamo!*" Julia motioned to the upper floor. We were already on the stairway. "*Maman!*"

AN ODE TO DR. GAYELORD HAUSER

Oh, I once was a giddy carouser,
A bibber of spirit and wine,
I'd feast and I'd riot with no thought of diet,
A carefree existence was mine, was mine,
And I thought it was perfectly fine.

My girth it was rotund and spacious
And my appetite hearty and hale.
I'd tackle the fleshpots and drown them in fresh pots
Of Pilsner and Münchner and ale, and ale—
A proper repast for a male.

Now I dine upon wheat germs and yogurt,
And I morbidly think of my shape.
Men seldom make passes at blackstrap molasses
Who thirst for the juice of the grape, the grape,
And who crave alcoholic escape.

So a plague on your book, Gayelord Hauser,
And a plague on your vitamins, too!
I'll continue to eat germs while you keep your wheat germs,
With reinforced yogurt I'm through, I'm through.
Bartender, a seidel of brew!

—NEWMAN LEVY

• •

Paul called. This time, an answer rang through the hall from the far end of the house, "I'm here, *mon fils*."

Maman's room, with the big bed, was empty. We raced on down the upper hall, and in a little room in a wing that ran out over Fatma's stable we found her. She lay in a narrow bed, with one leg slung above it in a cradle. Her cheeks were very pink and she looked quite young as she lay there, with a lace mantilla about her head and a bunch of roses on the table beside her. "I'm quite all right," she insisted, a little apprehensively. "But, you see, accidents *will* happen—"

Paul sat down beside her. "Now, what . . ." he began gently.

The story came out bit by bit, with the aid of the three who crowded into the doorway.

"If it hadn't been for the bridge—" *Maman* said, and paused dramatically.

"Yes?" Paul said.

"Fatma didn't mind the harness at all. We had trouble, though, backing her into the shafts."

"It took all of us," Moïse offered, with a giggle. "We had to hold her up. She wanted to lie down."

"Yes?" said Paul.

"They were all afraid to ride with me," *Maman* went on, "so I got into the brake alone, and Le Mounotte let go of the bit."

Paul turned to look at the man.

"I realize now that I should have headed her up the hill," *Maman* continued. "You see, as she went down the slope, the bouncing of the carriage must have frightened her. She was going pretty fast."

"I see," said Paul.

"If it had been a straight stretch, everything would have been all right. But there was that sharp turn to the bridge."

This time, Paul looked at me.

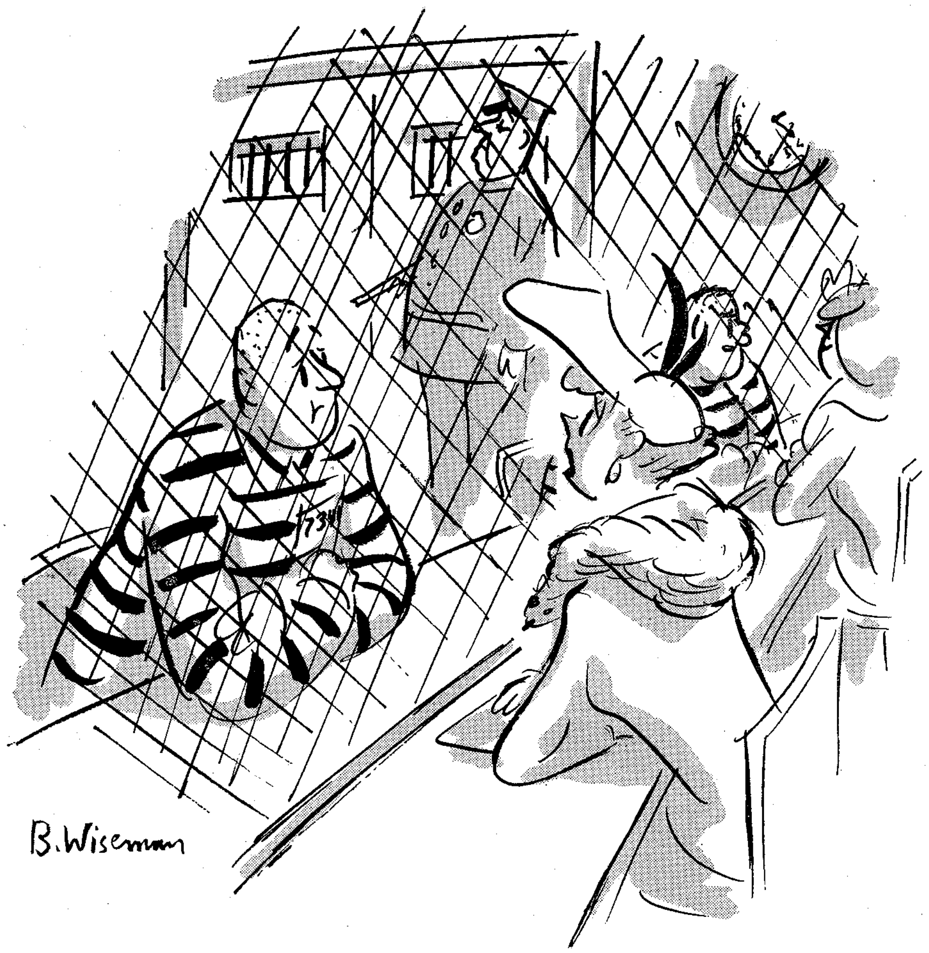
"We crashed right into it, and over I went—*le saut périlleux!*" *Maman* laughed shrilly. "But Fatma isn't hurt at all—just limps a little—and the *charron* [wheelwright] says the brake can be mended."

Paul sat stroking her hand, his head bent over her.

"And there I was, down on the stones, and not one of them brave enough to look over the rail. All they could do was shout, '*Madamo* is dead! *Madamo* is dead!' I had to call to them, 'Imbeciles, I'm not dead! Come pick me up!' "

"You should have heard her. She wasn't dead at all," said Moïse.

Paul kept on stroking *Maman's* hand. "What on earth made you do it?" he asked in a low voice.



"But you know, Harry, I've never believed in long engagements."

• •

"Well, you see, I thought I'd drive to St. Girons and bring you home," she said. "I knew you'd both be tired, and you could have sent your bicycles by the *courrier*. But don't think I'm going to let that horse get the better of me, and when I'm up again—"

"We'll talk about that later," Paul said. He looked about the room, which had once been the quarters of the stableboy. In spite of the roses and the disinfectants, it smelled distinctly of horse. "What ever made them put you here?" he asked.

"They didn't *put* me here. I *told* them to," said *Maman*. "I'd been planning to give you my room for a long time. It's bigger than yours, and the bed is better. I've had it made all ready for you."

"We'll have you moved back tomorrow," Paul said crisply.

UNFORTUNATELY, it could not be done. The doctor objected to having the patient moved until the bone had knit. There were no further expeditions to the mountain that summer. I played nurse for the next few weeks—not an easy task, since *Maman* had her own notions about how she should be cared for. Most of my time was taken up relaying instructions to Julia, in the kitchen. The injured leg healed rapidly and *Maman* was on her feet again in an incredibly short time. The doctor had never seen such a quick recovery. "She has marvellous vitality," he said. Too marvellous, it proved, for, once on her feet, *Maman* refused to use crutches. She also insisted on walking much sooner than she should have done, with the result that the shinbone bent, and she was forced to walk with a cane to the end of her days.

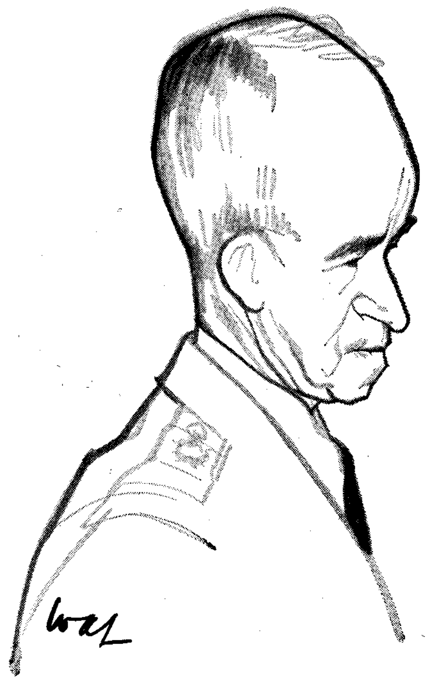
Before she came downstairs, Fatma was quietly disposed of to a Toulouse horse dealer. Paul was not going to take any more chances. But since *Maman* had to have some means of getting about the country, he bought a donkey for her—a female, reputed meek and docile—and presented it to her as a surprise, hitched to the mended brake, the first day she left her room.

Maman was surprised, though anything but pleased. "Me drive a donkey? Never!" she said firmly. But she gave in, of course, as she always did when it came to a showdown. After all, that was the pattern: *mon fils* was the head of the family.

—IDA TREAT

PROFILES

FIVE-STAR SCHOOLMASTER—I



THE first meeting of General Omar Nelson Bradley with the international public, as represented by British and American newspaper and radio correspondents, occurred on the crest of a brush-covered hill at a place called Béja, in northern Tunisia, on April 22, 1943. The American phase of the Allied offensive against the Axis forces in Africa was about to begin. Bradley, who was fifty years old, held the temporary wartime rank of major general, and had no combat record in the First World War and no idiosyncrasies that could be expanded into a legend, had been named to succeed Lieutenant General George S. Patton as commander of the American II Corps, which was the whole American ground force engaged in the African fighting. Since even Patton, for all his pistol-slapping and advance publicity, had failed to make the II Corps work as an offensive unit, correspondents took his replacement by an unknown to mean that the Americans would have a minor role in the final battle against the Axis on the African continent. Press briefings at Patton's headquarters, conducted by an intelligence officer, had been like formal audiences, with all present required to buckle the chin straps of their tin hats, in token of instant readiness to face the moderately distant foe. Before the offensive began, the press-relations officer at Béja had announced with some little embarrassment (the P.R.O. had been commissioned straight out of the publicity department of a movie company, so he was naturally mindful of military dignity) that the new man had decided that he would brief the correspondents in person, and, as there were at least thirty of them and only one of him, he would come to the press camp for this purpose. The new man arrived in a jeep, carrying a map under his arm and attended by his aide, a captain of almost juvenile appearance, who carried an easel and a pointer. The General wore a tin hat—not buckled under the chin, probably because his reconnaissances sometimes took him into shelling and he didn't want his head jerked off. He also wore a canvas field jacket, G.I. pants, and canvas leggings, thus qualifying as the least dressed-up commander of an American army in the field since Zachary Taylor, who wore a straw hat. He had a long jaw and a high, notably convex forehead, and he was wearing spectacles. After the Green Hornet, with his ruddy, truculent face and his beefy, leather-sheathed calves, the new general, lanky and diffidently amiable, seemed a man of milk.

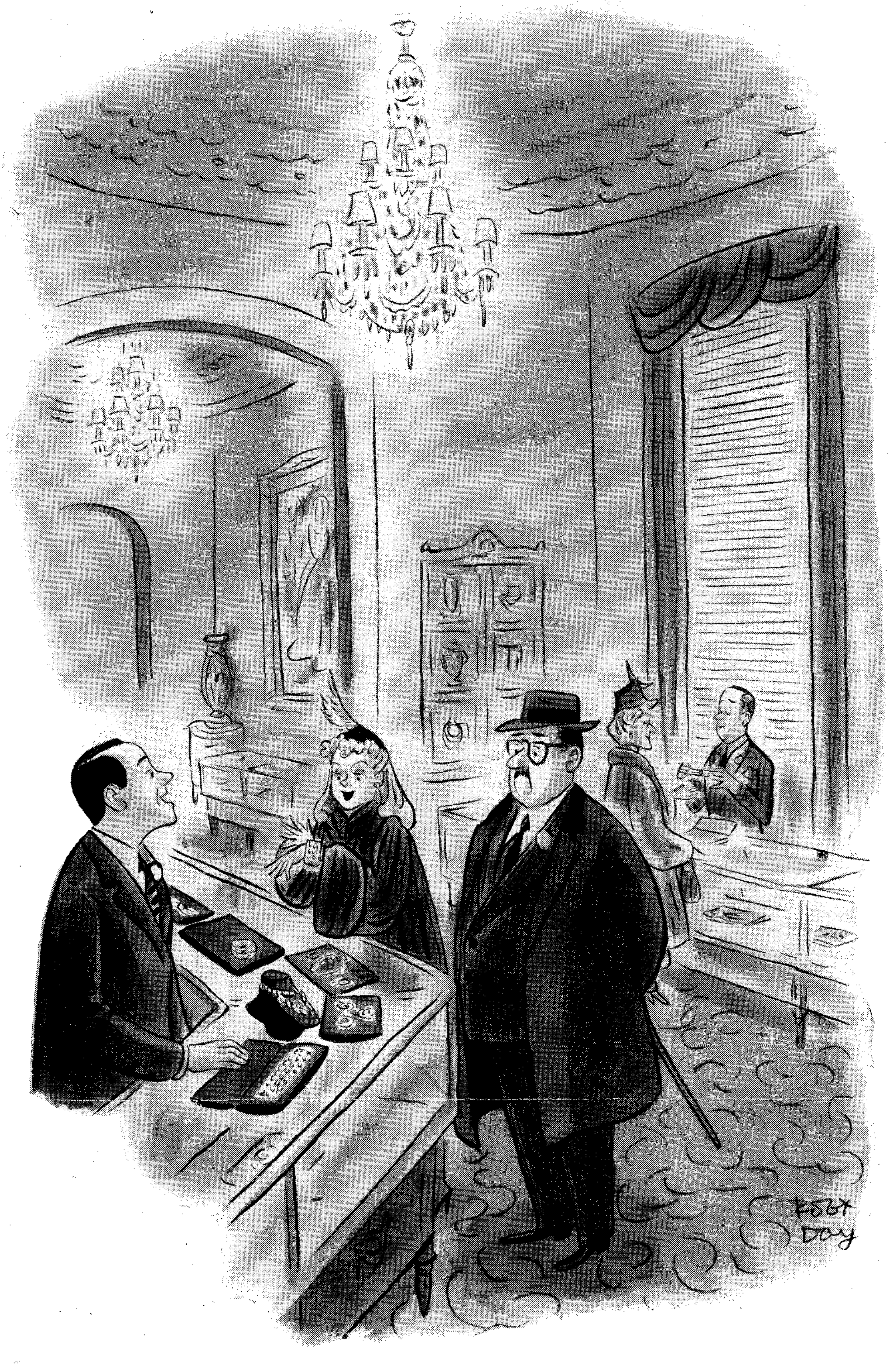
The aide set up the easel in press headquarters; then the General hung the map, took the pointer, and, in a high, not loud voice, as Missourian as the Truman voice that later became familiar to radio listeners, began to demonstrate how the II Corps intended to progress in an eleven-day drive to Mateur, the key to Bizerte, through enemy positions that had stopped the best troops of the British First Army for five months. The Bradley voice, in the opinion of an officer who has long been devoted to him, is his weak spot. "We tell him he ought to take a course in public speaking, same as he made the junior instructors take when he was commandant at the Infantry School at Fort Benning, but he won't," this officer says. The officer probably thinks the General should have a voice commensurate with his martial fame, a tone like a recorded bugle call played over a loudspeaker. But the Bradley delivery is really an asset—hesitant, slightly rustic, compelling the hearer to listen hard for the next phrase and at the same time convincing him of the General's candor. At Béja, he laid down his schedule with no more panache than a teacher outlining the curriculum for the new semester. The Americans, he said, had been moved from the south-central to the extreme northwest arc of the Allied semicircle facing the Axis redoubt—because, the correspondents had suspected up to this point, they were to make merely a holding attack, in country so rugged that they could switch quickly to the defensive if the Germans came at them. Meanwhile, the British First and Eighth Armies were to crash through at more promising points on the Axis perimeter. When a correspondent who had been with the British in this zone through the bitter months of frustration asked how the inexperienced 9th Division was going to get Green and Bald Hills, two notoriously nasty positions that had stopped the Guards, General Bradley said that that was up to General Manton Eddy, the division commander, but that he didn't expect any undue delay. All parts of the inquiring correspondent visible above his battle dress turned purple.

Only two American infantry divisions, the 1st and the 9th, appeared on the General's map. The absence of the corps's other infantry outfit, the 34th Division, was interpreted by some to mean that it was being held in defensive reserve and by others that it had been sent home as useless. Either supposition, if confirmed, would bear out the notion that the American attack was not too banefully intended. There was, however, a gap half as wide as a divisional front between the 9th and the 1st. "What are you going to have in there, sir?" a knowing fellow asked. The new general looked at him with a gratified, pedagogical smile, as at a pupil who had asked a bright question. "I'm going to patrol that with a troop of motorized cavalry," he said. (A couple of days later, when General Eddy expressed his own disquiet about the gap, Bradley told him reassuringly, "If they come through there, Bill Kean and I will go in with a couple of BARs." BARs are Browning automatic rifles. Kean, who until last week commanded the 25th Division in Korea, was then the II Corps's chief of staff.) The new general didn't have much more to say. It was a historic début, although nobody knew it at the time. Had any programs been printed, they would sell at a big premium today.

Bradley had been in Tunisia two months without a command when he took over the II Corps. General George Catlett Marshall, then Chief of Staff of the Army, had, General Marshall now says, sent Bradley there "to be Eisenhower's legs and wisdom." He spent most of his time at the front, returning to Algiers to tell the Commander-in-Chief what was going on.

General Eisenhower was not only several hundred miles away; he was—nominally, at least—in command of the British First and Eighth Armies and the French XIX Corps, in addition to the Americans, and was also supreme political arbiter of North Africa, which left him only limited time for tactical details. This had been Bradley's first experience in a real war, and he had been looking at it closely—going up into forward observation posts, and talking to company and platoon leaders and to riflemen to check on what he had learned and taught in the previous thirty-two years. So he was bringing to his first recital what a music critic unafraid of clichés would call a ripened technique and a mature understanding of the content of the music. Into the gap in his offensive alignment, when the time came, he slipped the fresh 34th Division, and, pushing it forward in depth on a rather narrow front, he sent it against Hill 609, the highest eminence of the first range he had to fight across. The 1st had already reached the flanks of 609 and could put artillery fire on it to help the attackers. So employed, the 34th, which so far in this campaign had known only defeat and was considered a liability, took 609 and came out believing itself a division *d'élite*, which was most of what it needed to be one. This made the new general's military gifts manifest to his first audience, and they have never had cause to change their opinion of him. Many generals, in the course of history, have taken a hill at the cost of a division, and as many have lost a division without taking a hill. Bradley took a key hill and gained a division. His troops reached each of their objectives almost exactly in accordance with the schedule he had laid down. "There was one time when Matt Eddy was a few hours behind, up on the left flank," General Bradley said a couple of years later, during the campaign in western France, "but I told him to step on it."

ON the afternoon of Wednesday, August 30, 1950, the same (but by then four-star) General Bradley, Chairman of the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff, playing golf in a foursome at the Burning Tree Club, near Washington, took a mulligan. Mulligan, without the article, means either a tramp's stew or a mixture of hot peppers and vinegar kept on a bar in a hair-tonic bottle, for patrons to sprinkle in their beer. But a mulligan in golf is a free second shot after a bad first shot that is, by a convention among friendly players, counted null and void. This was the first time, as far as any of the other players in the foursome—all of whom had played golf with Bradley on numerous occasions and had from time to time availed themselves of mulligans—could remember, that the General had made a bad first drive. Despite his gangling build, he is a fine athlete, having batted .383 in four years of West Point baseball, won his letter on an unbeaten Army football team, and earned a reputation as a wing shot and golfer. He generally scores in the low eighties, and last spring he had one brilliant seventy-four. Bradley took the mulligan only at the strong urging of his partner, William Mougey, head of the Washington office of General Motors. Mougey reminded the General that each of them had four dollars at stake, a representation of a sort to which the General, a



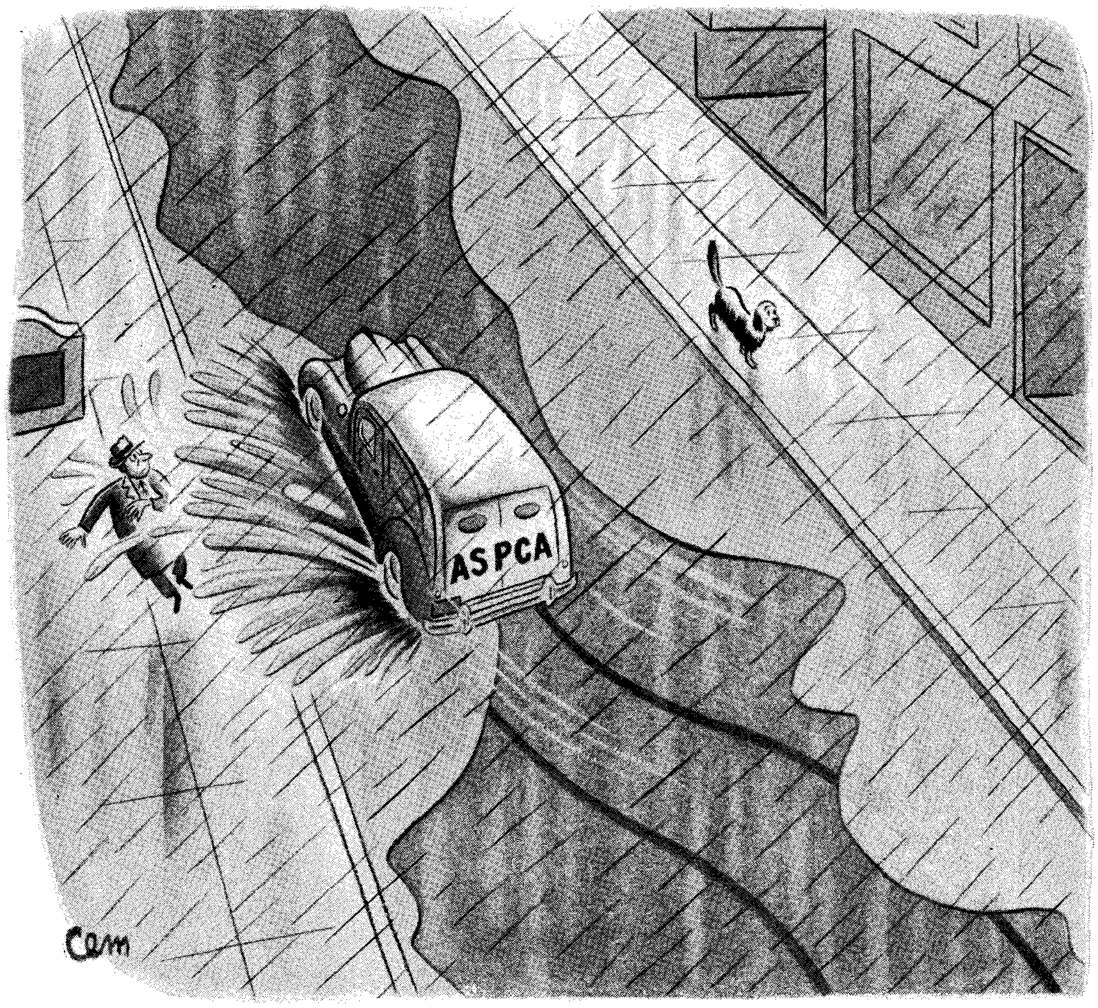
"Of course, the higher you go
the greater the hedge you're getting against inflation."

frugal man, is seldom insensitive. He teed up again and hit another bad drive, far to the right of the fairway. “Pull yourself together, Brad!” Mougey implored. “You’ve been working too hard.” And, indeed, since the beginning of the Korean crisis, the General had been putting in ten-hour days in his office and taking work home with him. He rallied. Playing his ball from the bad lie, he got back on the fairway, shot one of his usual scores, and brought the team through. He pocketed his winnings with his accustomed geniality.

If a Soviet agent had been present disguised as a caddie, he might have correctly inferred from Bradley’s two bad shots that something perturbed him. Since the General had not betrayed so much emotion even during the German 1944 Ardennes offensive against the American Twelfth Army Group, which was under his command, the something was bound to be serious. (A few days before the Ardennes thing, looking over a map in company with a high British officer, Bradley had said, pointing to the German position, “Now, if we were standing there, I’d try a little push.” So when the push came, it did not shock him.) The double lapse would have made an even deeper impression on another general officer in the Pentagon, Major General Floyd L. Parks, the Department of the Army’s Director of Public Information. Parks remembers a day in the twenties when, as a lieutenant stationed in Hawaii, he was having a bad time on the links. A tall, quietly impressive major he didn’t know was watching him address the ball, and Parks, feeling sheepish, looked up and said, “I can’t seem to do anything right today. Don’t know whether it’s the club or me.” The major, who, Parks later learned, was Bradley, took the club out of his hand, motioned him away, and hit the ball out of sight. “Guess it’s you,” he said, returning the club and walking off. If Parks had seen the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs take a mulligan, he would have expected Soviet planes over Washington within an hour.

For the record, all this happened the afternoon of the day Secretary of Defense Louis A. Johnson and the Joint Chiefs had informed General Douglas MacArthur that they had approved his plan to take all the forces he could shake loose in his theatre of operations and make a landing in the enemy rear at Inchon, on the west coast of Korea, around September 15th. MacArthur had known since early July what forces would be at his disposal, and that after September 15th he could expect nothing more, because there would be nothing more to send. If the Inchon scheme failed, it would be an irrevocable failure, since there were no more troops anywhere with which to revoke it. In that event, the forces in the so-called beachhead on the east coast would have to stand siege indefinitely or be withdrawn to Japan. Uncle Mac, as the American Mikado is called by juniors rendered irreverent by distance, had decided that the landing was a good gamble, but, like a bet on a sound favorite—as Bradley, who likes to bet on horses, knew—it was not a sure thing. Concurring in the plan, Bradley confided to an aide that it was “one of those daring, brilliant operations”—a short form of the old Army gag “It’s daring, and if it succeeds, it’s brilliant.” (The offensive launched on November 24th against the Chinese Communists proved to be merely daring.)

The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, who was then fifty-seven, warmly admired MacArthur, who was seventy, but, being a great field general himself, he must have felt like a piano virtuoso turned conductor who is called upon to conduct a concerto with another pianist as guest soloist. When General Bradley commanded in Tunisia, fighting over hills that looked on the contour maps like those in Korea, he had made daily reconnaissances in a jeep. When, later, he commanded in Normandy, he made the same sort of reconnaissances along sunken roads walled in by hedgerows. But during all of this new campaign he sat at a flat desk on a flat floor in a pancake of a building, one mile in circumference, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, with not one useful terrain feature discernible from the window of his office. Across the river lay the agglomeration of Columbian Exposition-style architecture and of political transients that is Washington. Around him labored the twenty-seven thousand five



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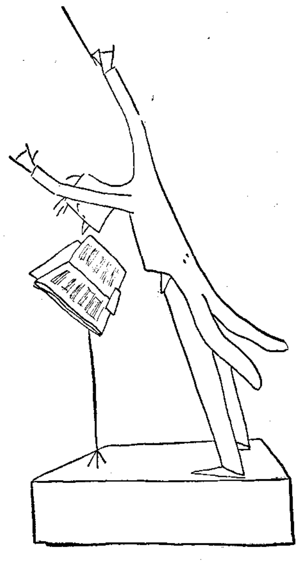
hundred civilian and military toilers in the Pentagon, the equivalent in numbers of nearly two divisions, but containing a high female component. In this unembattled position, Bradley had to take account of developments in Berlin as well as Pusan, and on Capitol Hill as well as beyond the Yugoslav frontier. By comparison, General Eisenhower, ensconced in Algiers, had been very close to *his* front. Another anomaly of Bradley's position was that although, as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, he was the highest-ranking member of the armed forces except the President, he could not, according to the National Security Act, which specifies his duties, "exercise military command."

The Joint Chiefs of Staff are the Chairman, who presides but has no vote; the Chief of Staff, Army; the Chief of Naval Operations; and the Chief of Staff, Air Force. They are, the National Security Act declares, "the principal military advisers to the President, the National Security Council, and the Secretary of Defense." They must prepare strategic plans and provide for strategic direction of the armed forces, make supply plans and assign to the various services their supply responsibilities, and establish unified commands in strategic areas. They must also determine matériel and personnel requirements, make policies for joint training, coördinate the military education of the three services, and provide United States representation on the Military Staff Committee of the United Nations. The Chairman ranks all other officers but has no direct authority, either over the Joint Chiefs or within the Army, the Navy, or the Air Force. His effectiveness therefore depends on a combination of persuasiveness and prestige, qualities to which Bradley undoubtedly owes his selection as the first holder of the honor. At the time of his mulligan, he also held the rotating chairmanship of the Military Committee of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (United States, United Kingdom, Canada, France, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Denmark, and Iceland) and was chairman of the three-member Standing Group (the other members are Air Marshal Lord Tedder, of the United Kingdom, and General Paul Ely, of France) of the Military Committee in Washington. As Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, he receives reports from the Atomic Energy Commission and the Munitions Board, and one part of his job is to correlate all these reports into a continuously changing estimate of strength and weakness everywhere. This fits him to be the principal "principal adviser." It is lucky for Bradley that he is, as Rear Admiral Arthur C. Davis, the Director, or executive officer, of the Joint Chiefs, recently said of him, "receptive, retentive, and a quick study." He is also good at making the complex plain. He taught mathematics at West Point from 1920 to 1924 and during that period had to flunk only one student, a man named Lowell Limpus, who, after busting out, grew a beard and became the military expert of the New York *Daily News*. The Chairman still feels that the defection of Limpus reflects on his powers of exposition, and when the *News* man comes to interview him, the conversation inevitably gets around to calculus. "Lowell," the Chairman invariably says, before the call is over, "I could have taught you math if you'd wanted to learn." He has much the same feeling toward teaching recalcitrant senators, admirals, and syndicated columnists.



The present, or Washington, Bradley does not differ much in appearance or manner from the man who went up the hill in Béja, but his knowledge of mankind out of uniform has increased fast since his first postwar assignment in the capital, as director of the Veterans Administration. He then had his first experience of infiltration and encirclement as practiced in Washington. The one cry that will draw mutually inimical congressmen together, the way "Hey, Rube!" will unite carnival hearties against yokels, is "They are taking my hospital away!" By the time the General had carried out his plan of placing veterans' hospitals, whenever possible, in communities near medical schools whose faculties could serve them, he had added Capitol Hill to his collection of captured *djebels*. Then, in 1948, he was called back to the Army as Chief of Staff, and in 1949 he became

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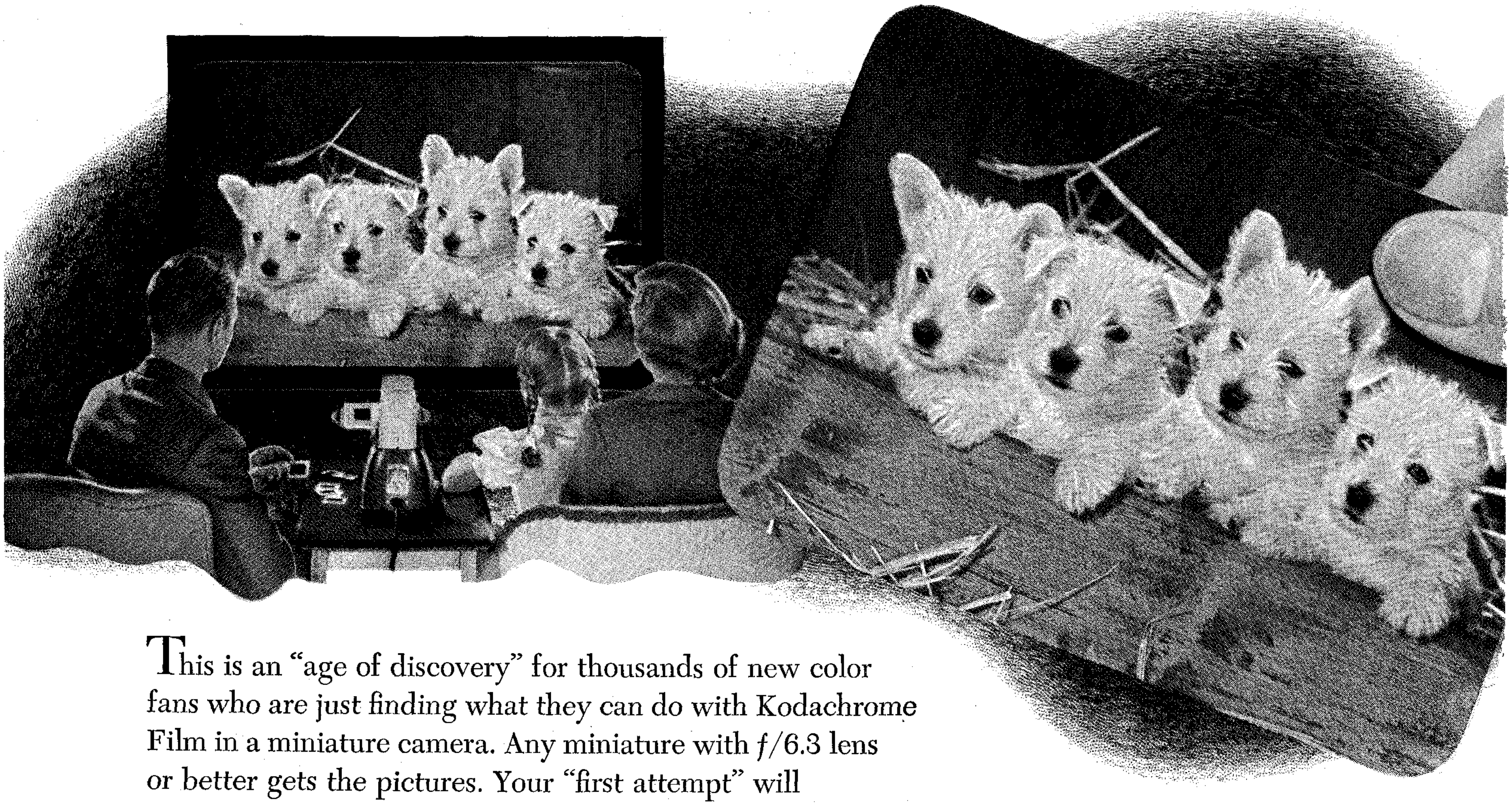

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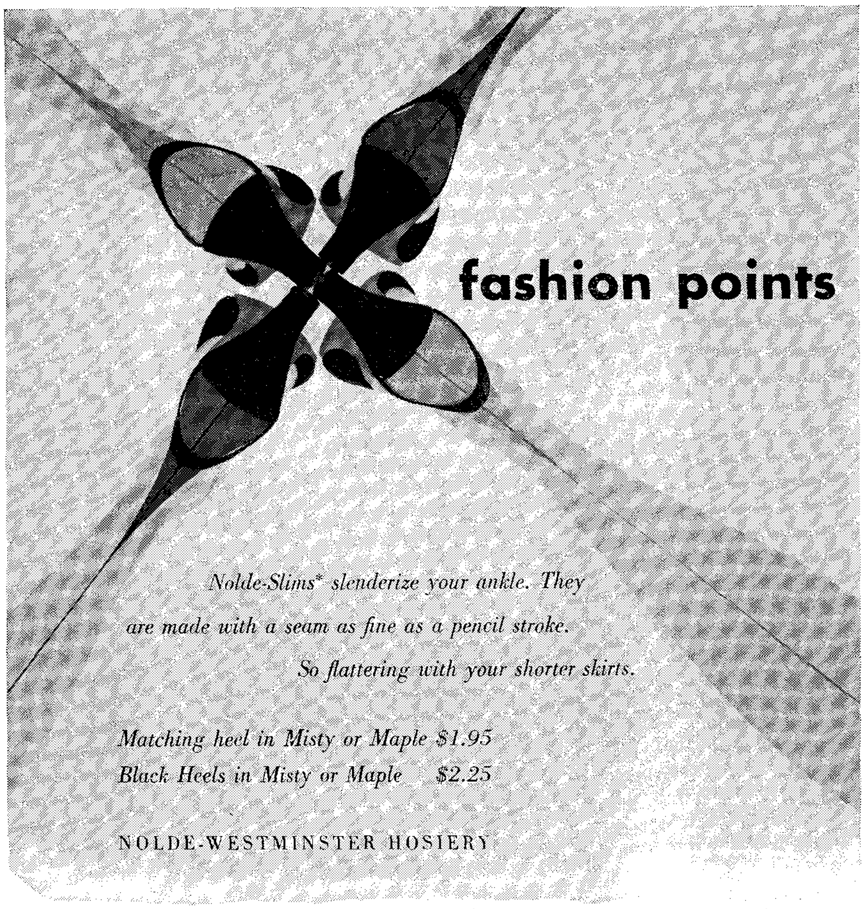
the first Chairman of the Joint Chiefs.

General Bradley is just over six feet tall in his shoes and holds himself as straight as men are taught to do at West Point, but his manner is invincibly civilian and pedagogical. This may have begun as an affectionate mimicry of his father, a rural schoolteacher in Missouri, who died when his son was fourteen. "Bradley, the schoolmaster," Colonel Richard Cantwell, the leading fictional soldier of 1950, called the General in "Across the River and into the Trees," and bitter as he was (he had been reduced from brigadier general while serving in the Twelfth Army Group), he admitted to the Countess Renata, pantling for love but put off by him with history, that Bradley was a good general. The Bradley head, a novelty at Béja, is by now familiar to everybody who sees a newspaper or a newsreel even occasionally—the high cranium, bare on top except for a lattice of gray hairs; the heavy, almost undershot jaw; and the deeply emplaced, presbytic eyes, peering out from under the dark brows with an expression of omnivorous but benevolent curiosity. The face that has been squeezed in between the overhanging brow and the jutting chin is habitually and disarmingly friendly. The uniforms Bradley wears during office hours are, naturally, of more formal design than those he wore on reconnaissance, but they look as though they had been bought ready-made and then altered by a post tailor who couldn't quite cope with the overextended Bradley arms and legs. Not long ago, an officer picking up a garrison cap as he left the Chairman's office glanced inside it and realized his mistake when he saw the legend, in indelible ink, "Lieut. Col. O. N. Bradley," which indicates that the General keeps his clothes a respectable length of time. His ensemble reassures legislators who have been reared to distrust "the military mind," a concept of which the conventional embodiment would be Erich von Stroheim playing Ludendorff in a MacArthur cap. And the General's calm amid the bad early news from Korea was even more reassuring.

THE first intimation Chairman Bradley, or anybody else in Washington, had of the North Korean invasion of South Korea came on Sunday, June 25th, last year. He had been in the Far East himself only a week earlier, and had talked in Tokyo with Brigadier General William L. Roberts, the American officer who had been serving as



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chief of the American training mission in South Korea. Roberts had told Bradley of border raids in which the North Koreans had used as many as fifteen hundred men. All these had been beaten back, and he was confident that the South Korean Army could handle the North Koreans. From the fragmentary reports the Joint Chiefs of Staff got that Sunday, it was hard to tell whether the invasion was just a big raid or the real thing. Late editions of Sunday papers carried a story from Seoul that the North Korean government had broadcast a declaration of war on the South as the Northerners struck, but there seems actually to have been no such broadcast. The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs had just flown back to Washington from the Pacific the day before. He brought with him a nasty touch of dysentery, acquired not in an Oriental plague spot but by eating a bad lemon-meringue pie in Anchorage, Alaska, on the way home. (Sweets have got more generals into trouble than narcotics. The legendary colic that tormented Napoleon at Ligny, deterring him from pursuing Blücher, was the result of a surfeit of *mille-feuilles*, which in consequence became known in Norway as *napoleonskaker* and in English-speaking countries as napoleons. There is no record of a general's losing a battle because he was smoking marijuana.) President Truman had ordered the Chairman to bed in his quarters, No. 1 Fort Myer, Virginia, under Mrs. Bradley's eye. But on being informed of the crisis he went to a meeting Sunday evening at Blair House. It was also attended by Mr. Truman (who had just flown back to Washington from what had been intended as a "quiet weekend" in Independence, Missouri), the Secretaries of State, Defense, Army, Navy, and Air Force, and the other Joint Chiefs of Staff. On Sunday night in Washington—it was Monday morning in Japan and Korea—the Joint Chiefs had the first of what proved to be a series of nightly telecom talks with MacArthur about the invasion. He was instructed merely to prepare to evacuate American citizens from Seoul.

By Monday night, the invasion was taking definite shape. It was evident that it was going to succeed, like every other sudden attack by a well-prepared aggressor in the last fifteen years, unless the outside world took some action. The Security Council of the United Nations had met, told the North Koreans to go back home, and called on member nations to render every assistance to the United Nations in seeing that the North Koreans did so. It was also evident that

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military supplies alone would not be enough to tip the scale for the South Koreans; in fact, whatever was delivered would probably become North Korean booty if it was not accompanied by sufficient manpower. The President, Secretary of Defense Johnson, and the Joint Chiefs considered aiding the South by a naval blockade and air support, and the plan was adopted. From eleven that night until two the next morning, there was a multilateral telecom conversation engaging Johnson, the Chairman, Secretary of the Army Frank Pace, Jr., and Army Chief of Staff General J. Lawton Collins, in Washington, and Uncle Mac, at his headquarters. They began by telling him that the President had decided on the Navy-Air plan, and the rest of the time they talked ways and means. At the end, Collins asked "Are there any questions?" and MacArthur replied "Are there any further instructions?"

On June 30th, MacArthur made an air reconnaissance of Korea, landing on an airstrip south of Seoul. Upon returning to Tokyo, he got in touch with Washington to say that the invasion could be turned back, but only if American ground troops went in. He recommended that a regimental combat team—three battalions of infantry and one of field artillery—be flown from Japan to the battle line at once, to prevent the disintegration of the South Korean Army, and that while these troops and whatever South Koreans coalesced on their flanks fought a series of delaying actions, two divisions with heavy equipment be shipped from Japan by sea to Pusan, around which they could build up a solid defensive area. Then, when the invasion ground to a stop against this obstacle, a counter-offensive would be mounted, either from within the redoubt or from a landing in the enemy rear. All MacArthur asked immediately, in addition to the four below-strength divisions already under his command in Japan, was a tight blockade of the Korean coast by the Seventh Fleet and the dispatch of a regimental combat team of Marines to aid in a landing, if he decided on one. The Joint Chiefs approved the plan. On July 5th, MacArthur asked for the 2nd Division, from Fort Lewis, on the Pacific Coast, and that request, too, was granted. On July 8th, the Chiefs received full reports on the first skirmish between American troops and the new enemy, and although, as noted in the newspapers, the Americans had been roughly handled, Bradley and Collins felt that they still had a good bet. The

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first detachment flown in—two infantry companies and one battery of artillery, a total of about four hundred men—had fought a North Korean division of approximately ten thousand men for seven hours. Eventually, the Americans had had to retreat rapidly, abandoning their artillery, but they had taken the enemy's measure for the Chairman. The Americans, mainly Occupation soldiers without battle experience, had shown greenness, he learned. According to his calculations, then, there was reason to think that American performance per man engaged would improve as the campaign developed, and the importation of more heavy weapons would help compensate for the disparity in numbers. It was not likely, on the other hand, that subsequent North Korean divisions would be as good as the one that had hit the two companies; an invader usually uses his best-trained and best-equipped troops in his initial thrust. The first skirmish had been fought at a ratio of about one man to twenty-five. With one man fighting against two or three, there was every reason to hope for victory. (The old maxims about needing a superiority in numbers for the offensive presume opposing troops of approximately equal quality.) Bradley was fairly sure, therefore, that the available South Korean forces, which, scanty as they were, would maintain this ratio, would be able to beat any army that had been raised in North Korea. It would be different if Russia or China moved, but there was nothing the Joint Chiefs could do about that. He also knew what a number of civilian military experts didn't—that General MacArthur had had a plan of action all along, and did not intend to feed in his troops two companies at a time, so that the enemy could eat one for breakfast and one for dinner.

Bradley has never believed that soldiers should make foreign policy—or domestic, either, for that matter—but he must occasionally have recalled, during the following months, the day in March, 1948, when, as Chief of Staff of the Army, testifying before the Senate Armed Services Committee, he had asked for "a mobile striking force—the present lack of which betrays the most gaping hole in our armor." He had argued that a hundred and ninety-two thousand combat troops should be maintained in a state of readiness within the continental United States, for quick dispatch to any scene of trouble. There were fifty-four thousand such troops then; the number had increased scarcely at all by the middle of 1950. "This striking force is the minimum Army

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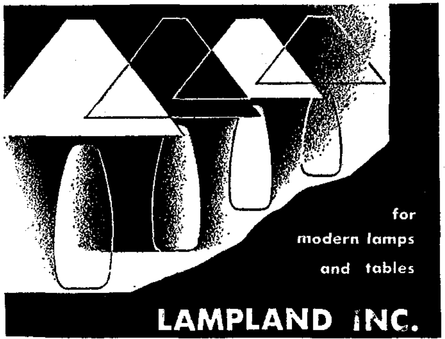

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element of the armed-forces team which can lend the essential weight to the voice of the United States in world affairs," he had said, and patiently explained to the Committee how it was that the Army, with a total strength of five hundred and forty-two thousand, had so few men available for such a force. It had, he said, a hundred thousand men in Europe, a hundred and twenty-seven thousand in the Far East, and two hundred and sixty-three thousand engaged in the maintenance of that framework—ordnance, supply, training, experiment, and so on. "There has been considerable talk about how the atomic bomb and long-range aircraft have made an army unnecessary," he had said. "I am greatly disturbed over the current misunderstanding of the role of the Army in modern war. . . . That [the striking force he had recommended] is a very respectable force. It is a modern, highly mobile, flexible, hard-hitting combat group worthy of the United States. It will tide us over the emergency and permit rapid mobilization of the Reserve forces if necessary. We need such a force without delay. . . . Fundamentally, the United States is competing at this time for the hearts and minds of men in Europe and in Asia. If they are unable to find in the American people a rigid determination to halt further aggressive domination, they may surrender to futility and lose the will to resist." His request had been thrown out. An election was coming up in the fall, and no one was willing to vote money for such a purpose. Turned down, Bradley adopted the between-wars Army practice of trying to make do. James V. Forrestal, then Secretary of Defense, said that he had only one complaint against Bradley. Asked what the Army needed, the General would always say, "What do you think we can get?"

There are those who delight in a race won by a nose in the last stride, after which the horse drops dead, but there is also much to be said for a horse with speed to spare. The Chairman, as he and General Collins tried to eke out MacArthur's army without weakening the thin screen of American troops in Europe, can hardly have suppressed fantasies of what he might have done with the striking force Congress had denied him, but nowadays he is philosophical about the situation. "Even if they had voted funds for an army as big as I asked for, they would have had to vote a strong Selective Service law and Universal Military Training before we could fill it," he has said. "And they weren't going to vote either one. We finally did get Congress to authorize a strength of six hundred and seventy-seven thousand, but we had only five hundred and ninety-two thousand when this thing started. Not enough enlistments."

MacArthur, although his original estimate of the requisite manpower was not too wildly low, did find, as generals always do in the course of an operation, that he could do with a lot more. He knew, as did every other general officer, just what the Army had and where it was. The list was not extensive. He asked for further units—the 5th Regimental Combat Team, from Hawaii, for example, which he later hitched up with his Marine combat team and an infantry regiment out of the 25th Division in the first substantial, if limited, American offensive gesture of the campaign, toward Chinju, in early August. The Chairman denied that "the Pentagon"—a newspaper synonym for brass dullness—had ordered this offensive for its effect on public opinion, or ordered it at all, but he told friends in Washington that he didn't think it a bad idea. He assumed, he said, that Lieutenant General Walton H. Walker, the Eighth Army commander, was making his own tactical decisions. "Here's this Sixth North Korean Division racing along the coast, its tail over its back, thinking it's going to take Pusan," he said. "Our fellows hit it, knock it on its tail, and get experience while they're doing it." MacArthur received not just the Marine combat team but, eventually, a full division of Marines. To fill it out, the Chiefs had to strip the peace-strength 2nd Marine Division, on the Atlantic Coast, and use its component parts to build up the peace-strength 1st Marine Division, which had been dispatched from the West Coast. MacArthur got one airborne regiment, the 187th, and finally the whole 3rd Division, including the 65th Regimental Combat Team, made up of Puerto Ricans. The largest unit withdrawn from the European theatre was the Marine 6th Battalion landing team, which was in the Mediterra-

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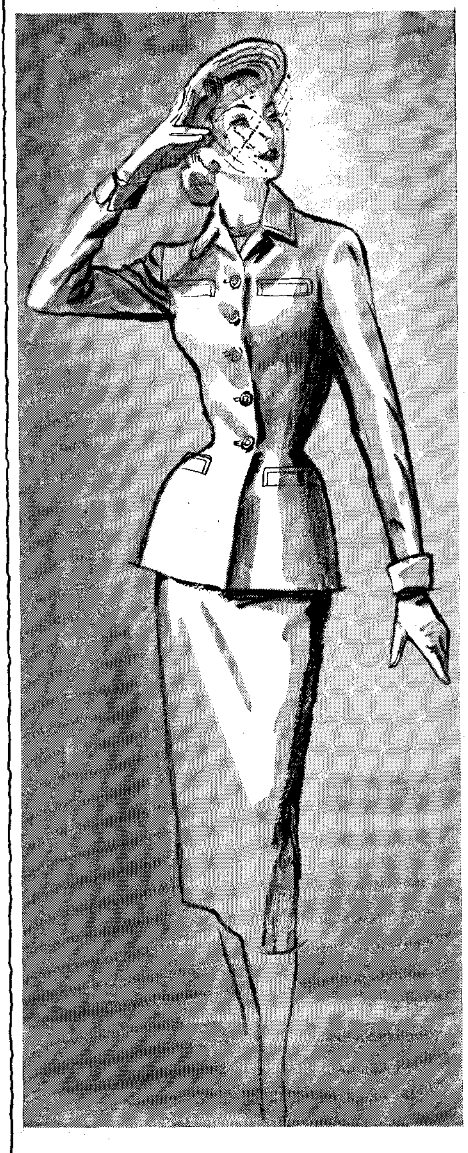

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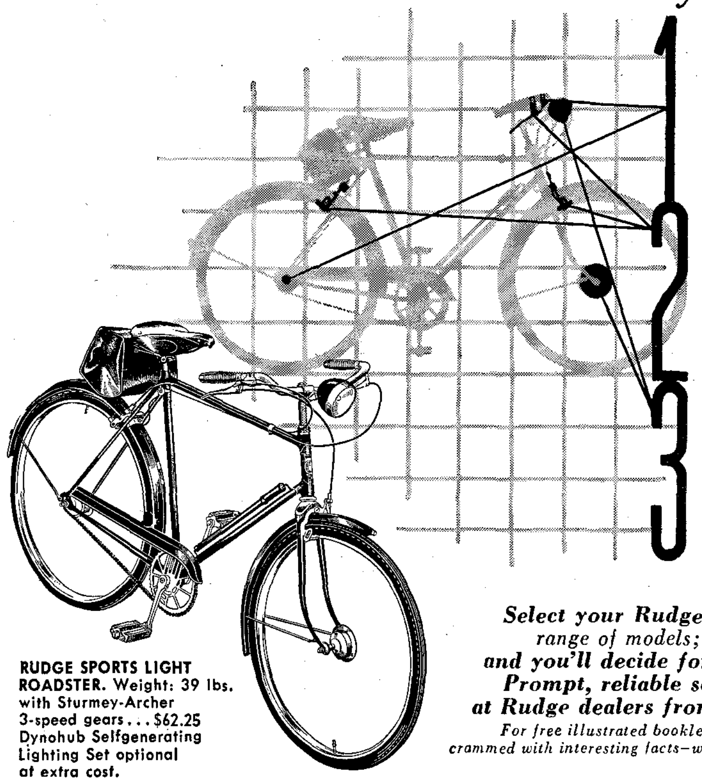

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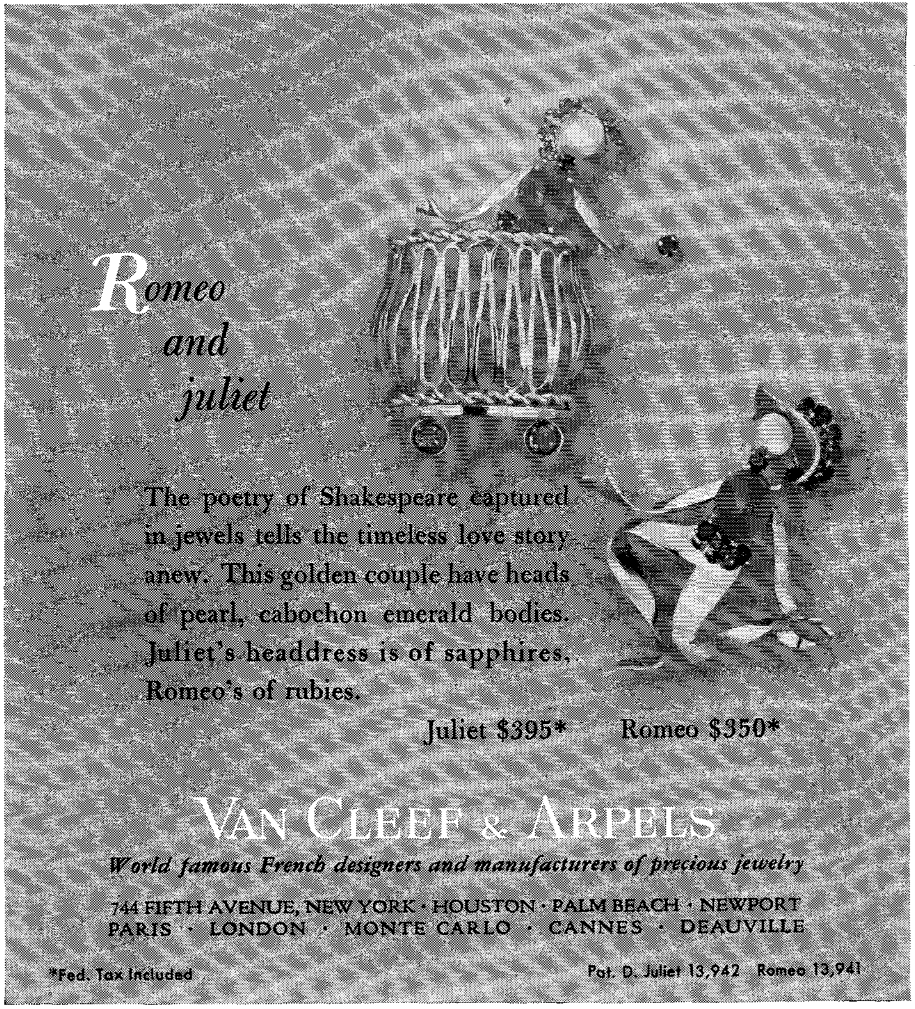

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nean, and reinforcements sent to Europe from the United States (such as anti-aircraft troops to England) more than balanced the deficiency. It was a triumph of housekeeping.

By the middle of July, MacArthur had a bill of lading telling him just what was coming to him, and had been informed that it would all be there by the middle of September, when he would have to win his war. By August, the demeanor of the Chinese Communists along the Manchurian border was giving the Chairman more worry than the operations already under way, discouraging though these looked to the Stateside military commentators. He was particularly disturbed by the amount and intensity of the flak the Communists were reportedly sending up at high-flying American reconnaissance planes. These remained over North Korea, but flew at such an altitude their observers could see far into Chinese territory. "They must really be doing something there they don't want us to watch," he said.

ARRIVING at his office on the main floor of the Pentagon at eight-thirty each morning, General Bradley is briefed on tactical changes during the previous twenty-four hours, and his briefing, which usually takes fifteen minutes, gives him a feeling of again being in command of an army. After each briefing, a map showing the positions of the contending armies is photographed and printed up in eight-by-ten-inch "shiny prints." One can flip a stack of these, as children used to do with the pages of cartoon books, to obtain a movie effect; the symbols denoting enemy units move down the peninsula with lightning speed, pause, race back toward North Korea and the Chinese boundary, pause again, and then redescend. The briefings are conducted by a team of young "Indians," who have been at work for hours when the Chairman arrives, getting up the map on the basis of the latest reports. An Indian, in Pentagon talk, is any officer under general or flag rank who has enough work to keep him occupied. Higher-ups are Chiefs, who "make big smoke talk." Many Indians have strips of cardboard nailed to their desks with the motto "Too Many Chiefs and Not Enough Indians," or "Nil Illicit Carborundum; Tr: Don't Let the Bastards Grind You Down." This is not in the best Prussian tradition, but many of the Indians had a part in the destruction of the Prussian armies in France by the Chairman and his equally informal colleagues.

For those not familiar with the insignia of rank, the line of demarcation between Chiefs and Indians is indicated by their relationships with Benito, the Pentagon's ambulant barber. Indians slip down to the barbershop when they can. Chiefs have their aides summon Benito to their offices to cut their hair while they remain, like a sixteenth-century Japanese general in a picture book, "in strategical contemplations in the midst of war." Benito, called to the office of the Chairman, may find him in conversation with Rear Admiral Arthur C. Davis, Director of the Joint Chiefs, and Colonel William Bayer, Admiral Davis's executive officer. He will cut the Chairman's hair while the Chairman talks to Admiral Davis, and then, if the Admiral has decided to have a trim, will attend to him as the talk continues. After that, Colonel Bayer may, if the conversation promises to be long, have *his* hair cut. (Benito spends about ten minutes on the average customer.) As Benito passes through the outer office on his way back to the barbershop, one of the still less exalted officers of the Chairman's personal staff may say to him, with an attempted casualness, "Benito, while you are here, will you give me one, too? It'll save me going downstairs, and I have to be on call up here." "That way," an Indian explains, "even a lieutenant colonel can sometimes get a haircut." If Benito had total recall and could be played back, he would be a unique historical document.

After his morning briefing, the Chairman ascends by escalator to the office of the Secretary of Defense, on the next floor, to brief him. At the time of Bradley's mulligan, of course, and up to September 12th, the Secretary was Mr. Johnson. Johnson, like President Truman, was an Army officer in the First World War, and he was Assistant Secretary of War under Harry H. Woodring from 1937 to 1940, but he was, naturally, not as quick a tactical study as the Chairman. During Johnson's regime, this briefing therefore consumed about half an hour. The Chairman always started off to this conference lugging a couple of maps so big that he could not see in front of him. If one of the young women on duty in his suite of offices spotted him, she would send a sergeant to his assistance. No sergeant would go on his own responsibility, for he would know that the General, a man who likes to do things for himself, might resent his offer, and no male officer would send a sergeant on such an er-

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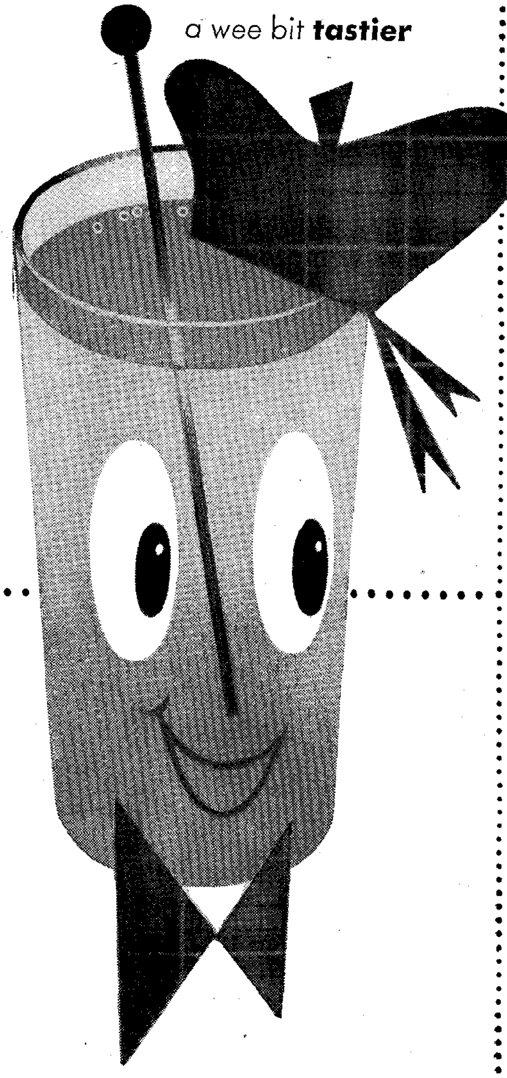

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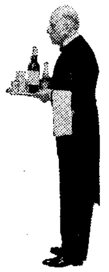

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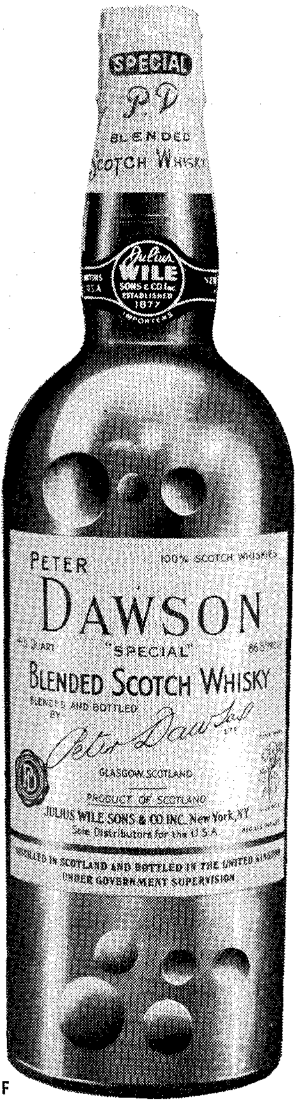
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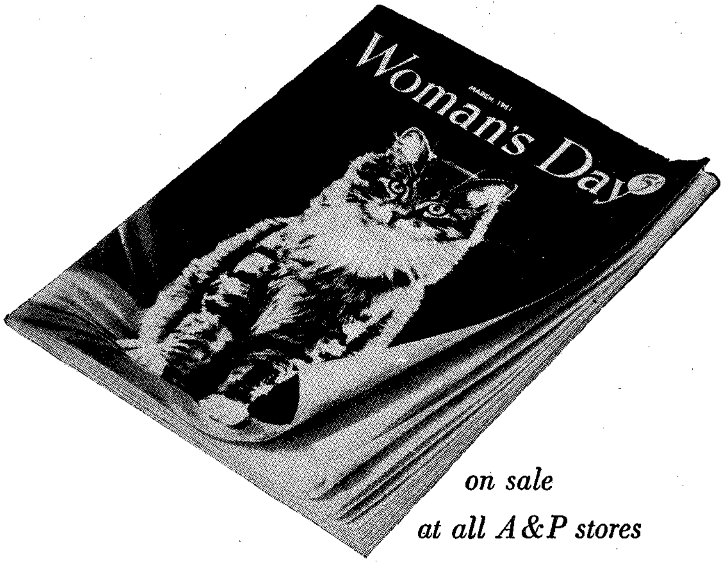

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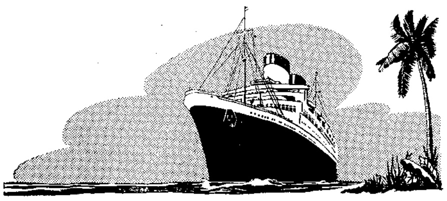


rand, for the same reason. But the General, having grown up in a masculine Army, treats Wac and Wave officers with friendly deference. He used to find Johnson sitting at an ornate desk that had belonged to General of the Armies John J. Pershing, with his back to a table that had belonged to General William Tecumseh Sherman and a fine early-nineteenth-century portrait of General George Rogers Clark, the illustrious explorer of the American West and godfather of Johnson's home town, Clarksburg, West Virginia. Also on the walls were old oils of frigates exchanging broadsides in the War of 1812—a reminder that the Department of Defense includes the Navy—and subordinates kept the place filled with gladioli and dahlias, which gave it a little the air of a palatial sickroom.

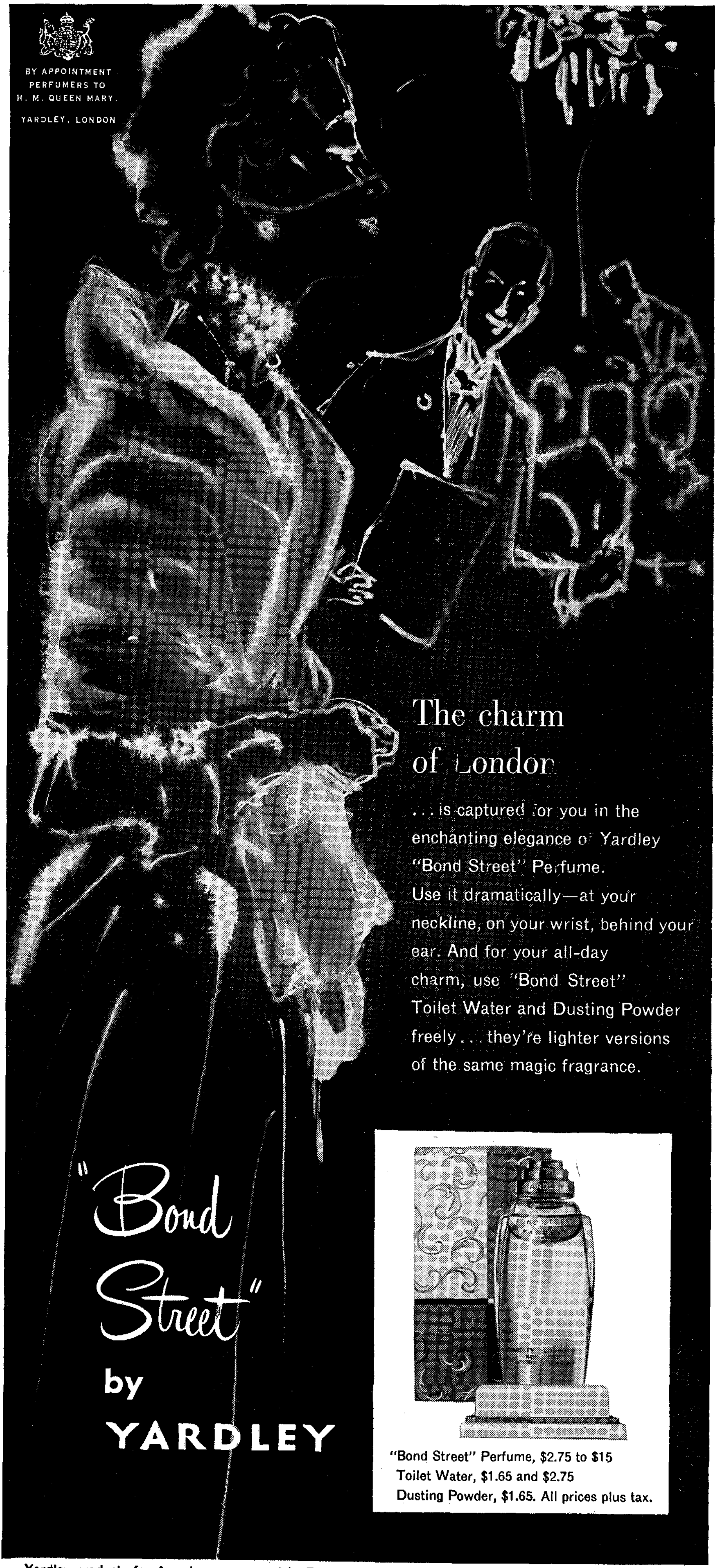
After leaving the Secretary of Defense, the Chairman stops by his own office to pick up last-minute bits of information and a map of manageable size, to which Indians by that time have transferred the previous night's positions. He then sets out for the White House in a black limousine driven by Master Sergeant Henry Pickerel, his chauffeur, with whom, during the seven or eight minutes required for the run, he usually discusses either fishing for striped bass—barbarously called rockfish in the Washington area—or the lowly fortunes of the Washington ball team. (Bradley's throw from deep left field to catch a runner at the plate in the 1915 Navy game has never been equalled, according to cadets of his generation.) He feels himself constrained to be more formal when accompanied by one of his aides, either Lieutenant Colonel Chester V. Clifton, West Point '36, a field-artillery battalion commander in Italy in the Second World War, or Commander Edward L. Beach, Annapolis '39, a wartime submarine commander in the Pacific. The Chairman has always striven to make his small personal staff symbolize the still fairly fresh unification of the services. One of the two young service women performing secretarial duties is Chief Yeoman Sylvia Thornton, a Wave; the other is Second Lieutenant Olive Marsh, a Wac. On some of his daily excursions to the White House, Bradley is accompanied by other notables from the Pentagon; on the morning of August 26th, his companions were the three Chiefs of Staff—General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, of the Air Force; General Collins, of the Army; and Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, of Naval Operations.

In the President's office, in the executive wing of the White House, Bradley has always felt himself to be among Missouri friends. He felt that especially before the sudden death of Charles G. Ross, President Truman's press secretary, last fall. Ross, a tall, lean man with a low voice and a sly sense of humor, grew up with the President in Independence, and, like Bradley, they both had a smalltown Missouri background. (Populations: Independence, 37,000; Bradley's town, Moberly, 13,000.) The press secretary, like Bradley, was brought up in the Campbellite faith; the President is a Baptist. The secretary, who, behind his façade of slightly aloof, old-fashioned kindliness, was a severe judge of his contemporaries, had no reservations about Bradley. The President, who was a battery commander in the First World War, has the same respect for Bradley that he has for General Marshall, but he stands less in awe of him. The Chairman, for his part, is thankful for the President's experience as a soldier; it makes it easier to tell him about military situations. (Ross once said he could not remember the President's addressing the Chairman as anything but "General Bradley." The General always addresses Mr. Truman as "Mr. President." His friendliness is not of the intimate, bosom-pal kind.)

The General arrives for the White House briefings carrying his rolled map in a grip; the aide carries the easel, as at Béja. In the session of August 26th, the Chiefs told the President about MacArthur's new specific proposal to make the landing in the North Korean rear at Inchon, far up on the peninsula, instead of at a point closer to the Eighth Army position, at Pusan. General Collins and Admiral Sherman had just returned from Korea, where they had been since August 19th. The decision to go along with MacArthur was made on the 29th; the following afternoon, the Chairman took his mulligan.

FOR the garrison of the Pentagon, the next fortnight was a period of paradox. Outwardly, we were still losing the war. After three months, the United Nations forces were apparently conducting a precarious defensive. There was no reason for optimism, Joseph Alsop had written in mid-August, "unless the Pentagon is getting ready to unveil its once famous secret weapons." The Pentagon is an architectural unit almost as often personified in the press as the White House, the Vatican, and the Kremlin. But whereas the Kremlin is usually represented as an architectural complex without morals yet possessed of fiendish cunning, the Pentagon is invariably represented as a boob. The news columns bore Alsop out. "FOE LAUNCHES ALL-OUT PUSH FOR PUSAN," "KOREA FOE GAINS, THEN LINE HOLDS," "RED DRIVE NEAR POHANG ADVANCES," "NORTH KOREANS CAPTURE POHANG," and "FOE NEARING TAEGU" were first-page *Times* headlines during the first week of September, and there was little improvement during the second.

Had the forces set aside by MacArthur and the Joint Chiefs for the Inchon landing been injected into the Pusan redoubt, they would probably have brought the North Koreans to an abrupt stop and even have begun making some gains. This would have relieved the domestic political pressure, but the troops would have faced a long push up through the mountainous center of the peninsula to get to Seoul. While these forces were held in Japan, waiting until the tides would be right for the landing planned, the North Koreans continued to shake the United Nations lines as a lunatic rattles the bars of his window, and public opinion made Secretary Johnson's position less and less tenable. The Secretary was wedged between the wretchedness of appearances on the map and the impossibility of mentioning the forthcoming expedition as tightly as he was between Pershing's desk and William Tecumseh Sherman's table. As the invasion date approached, security in Tokyo was insecure; during the second week of September, the project was referred to among correspondents there as Operation Common Knowledge. But this was no help to the Secretary, squatting unhappily among his dahlias and frigates. In addition, Johnson was laboring under the political handicap of being an anachronism. His manner is dynamic, and he gave the impression when he took office, in 1949, that he would consider the adjective flattering. The last brisk, go-getting, fist-pounding handshaker to make an A in American politics was Theodore Roosevelt, whose second term as President ended in 1909. The American voter seems to have outgrown the man with push. The only constituency that will elect such a specimen nowadays is a board of directors. The Secretary, early aware of the unfavorable public reaction to him—all he had to do was read the papers—reached out for friends. He invited a number of newspaper correspondents and radio commentators to lunch in his office, adjacent to which he maintained



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The first bad news from Korea brought down upon Johnson the most concentrated fire of criticism poured upon a public official since the administration of his Presidential namesake. The basis advanced for this criticism was that the Secretary had pushed economies in the defense budget—"cutting not fat but muscle," according to the Alsop brothers, his bitterest journalistic foes—and so was responsible for the country's helplessness in the face of a trifling adversary. Johnson might have argued that he had merely concurred in an administration policy, and might have added that Congress, including the Republicans in it, had applauded the economies. But no argument would have helped him. He had made public boasts, within recent memory, that if Russia attacked at four, we would strike back at five, and that we could handle Stalin any time. The anonymous witticism "Louis was talking about Russia, not Korea" hurt him more than any columnist. He had made mortal enemies of the defeated big-Navy faction of admirals and congressmen, who had seen the Navy reduced to an equality in appropriations with the Army and the Air Force. Against *their* renewed blasts, he might have argued that the Navy was the one thing of which, in the Korean emergency, we seemed to have a sufficiency. Finally, he might have said that the military situation wasn't as black as it looked, but then he would have had to explain why, and that would have broken security. What, more than anything else, Johnson had to contend with was a general eagerness among less forceful souls to see him fall on his face.

Bradley, like a lightly engaged division in line next to one under heavy attack, did what he could to take the pressure off the Defense Secretary. On his morning visits, he sometimes suggested a physician making his call, sometimes a catcher steadying his pitcher. He was almost immune from attack, despite his official position, partly because of his

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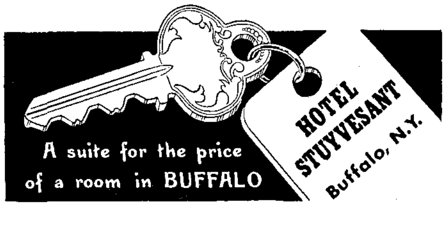
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Second World War glory—it was scarcely feasible to attack the conqueror of Western Europe on the ground that he didn't know what he was doing—but principally because he is the kind of man people like and trust.

"Military mind" is a term as meaningless as "Jewish mentality" or "feminine logic." Soldiers have all kinds of minds, just as they come in all shapes and sizes. What Bradley has, as it happens, is an antimilitaristic mind. He recently astonished a think-piece writer who, meeting him for the first time, asked him what he believed would happen if the Communists took over all of Europe and Asia. "We'd have to militarize the country completely for a hundred or a hundred and fifty years," the General said, "and that would be as bad as defeat." In a speech a year or so ago, Bradley even called war a calamity. Because he hates the prospect of a militaristic state, he is determined that we shall not be thrown back on the Western Hemisphere.

An important figure in the civilian life Bradley so admires, although he spent only eighteen years in it, was a man named John Crewson, a house mover by trade, who was Sunday-school superintendent of the Central Christian (Campbellite) Church in Moberly. Crewson, a man ahead of his time in boys'-club work, was cast out of the fold because he used the sewing room of the church ladies' society as a recreation hall for his boys. Nobody who ever heard a country Sunday-school superintendent in action could fail to recognize the General's turn of phrase when, in London, in 1944, he greeted the war correspondents who were to accompany the American Army group he would command on its invasion of France. "I'm pleased to see again those who were with us in Africa and Sicily," the General said, "and I also want to welcome all the new faces." The General's word by that time carried weight. A correspondent who had been with him at Béja asked him if the landing on the Continent was going to be a success. The General said yes, and the man spent the rest of the spring struggling to get on an early boat. The General's voice by then was just as effective with the men who had to do the fighting. He visited the American 2nd Division at St. Donat's, in South Wales, to hearten it for the assault. "Fellows like me have been in this business a long time," the General told the 2nd, "and you know we wouldn't be arranging this unless we were fairly sure it would work. The

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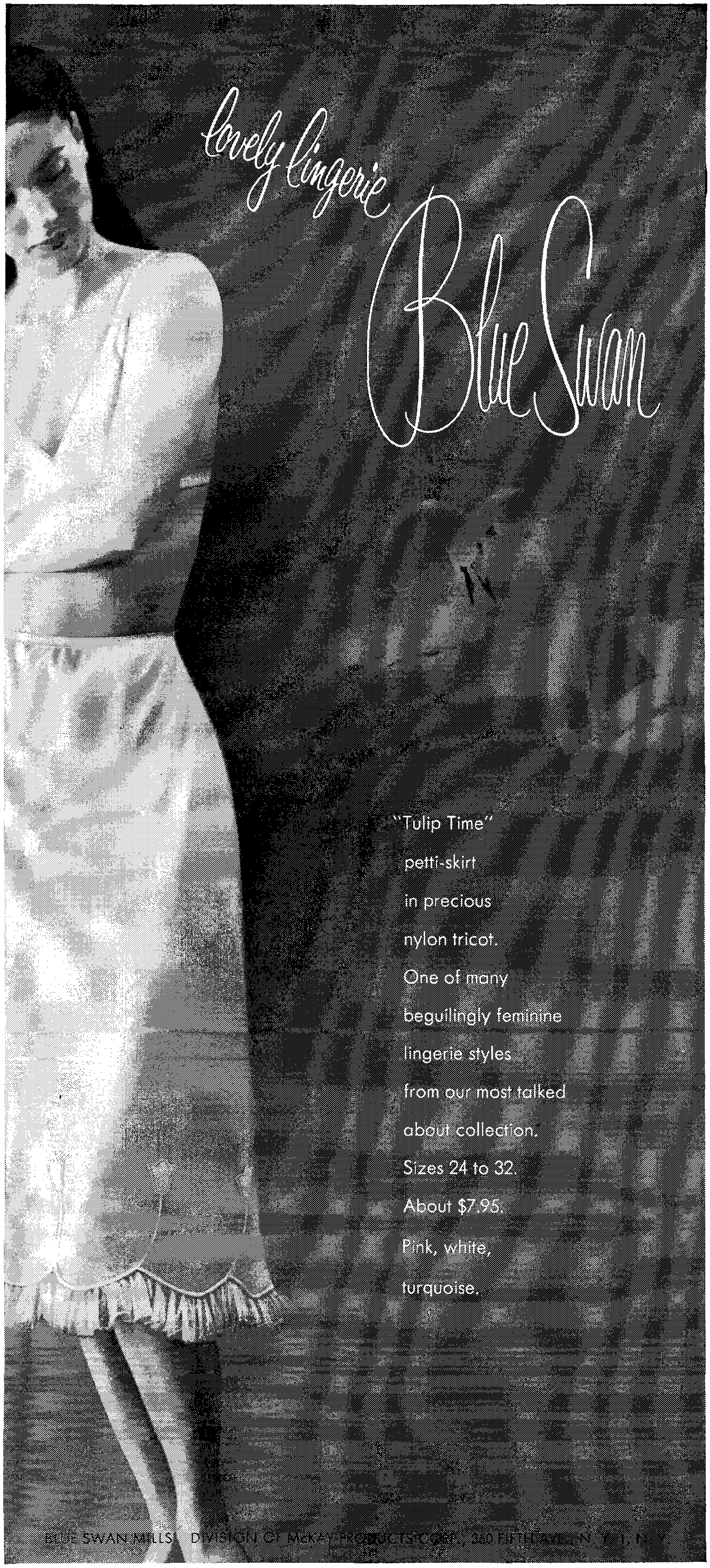
last thing we want is to get you killed." Men went as fast and as far for him as they ever went for the rhetorical Bonaparte.

When General Bradley's predictions are not fulfilled to the letter, he says so, without intimating that the failure was part of a prearranged plan. The timetable set for the capture of St. Lô, in Normandy, went awry, and the city didn't fall until July 18th, instead of in the last week of June. When the General next briefed the press, before the Allied breakthrough that decided the war in the West, he said, "My face should be red after the prediction I made last time, but I'll stick my neck out again and tell you what we hope to do." This time there was no hitch. Bradley is equally straightforward about giving a painful answer. At the breakthrough briefing, he told of the great air bombardment that was to head the thrust. Mark Watson, the veteran correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, asked, "Has it been possible to warn the inhabitants in the path of the bombardment?" Bradley said, "It has not been possible." Nor does he equivocate when he knows the answer may annoy a brother-in-arms. At Laval, during the northward sweep that finished the German Seventh Army, he briefed correspondents from both the First and the Third Armies, which then constituted the Twelfth Army Group, on the next phase of the campaign. This would be a sweep across the Seine. A Third Army man said, "I hear General Patton is betting the Third Army will get into Paris before the First." Bradley said, "Well, you can take that bet, because I'm General Patton's boss, and I might *tell* him to stay out of Paris." And when, during his tenure as Chief of Staff of the Army, he received a long, indignant letter from a classmate whose promotion from major general to lieutenant general had been turned down, he rejected the soothing two-page answer his executive aide had composed for him. The General himself composed a substitute in longhand, and sent it out to be typed. "Dear——," it began. "A board of seven votes on promotions to Lt. Gen. Five votes are necessary. You didn't get five votes. Sincerely, Brad."

This reputation for sincerity even when it hurts makes General Bradley a star attraction as a witness before Congressional committees, which try to book him as often as the Copacabana books Joe E. Lewis. The Korean affair began during the temporary public eclipse of both General Marshall, then president of the American Red Cross, and Gener-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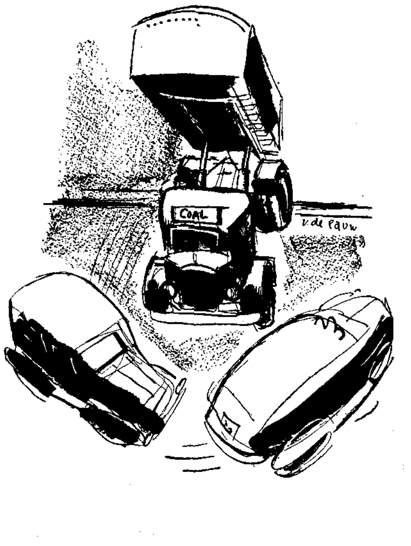
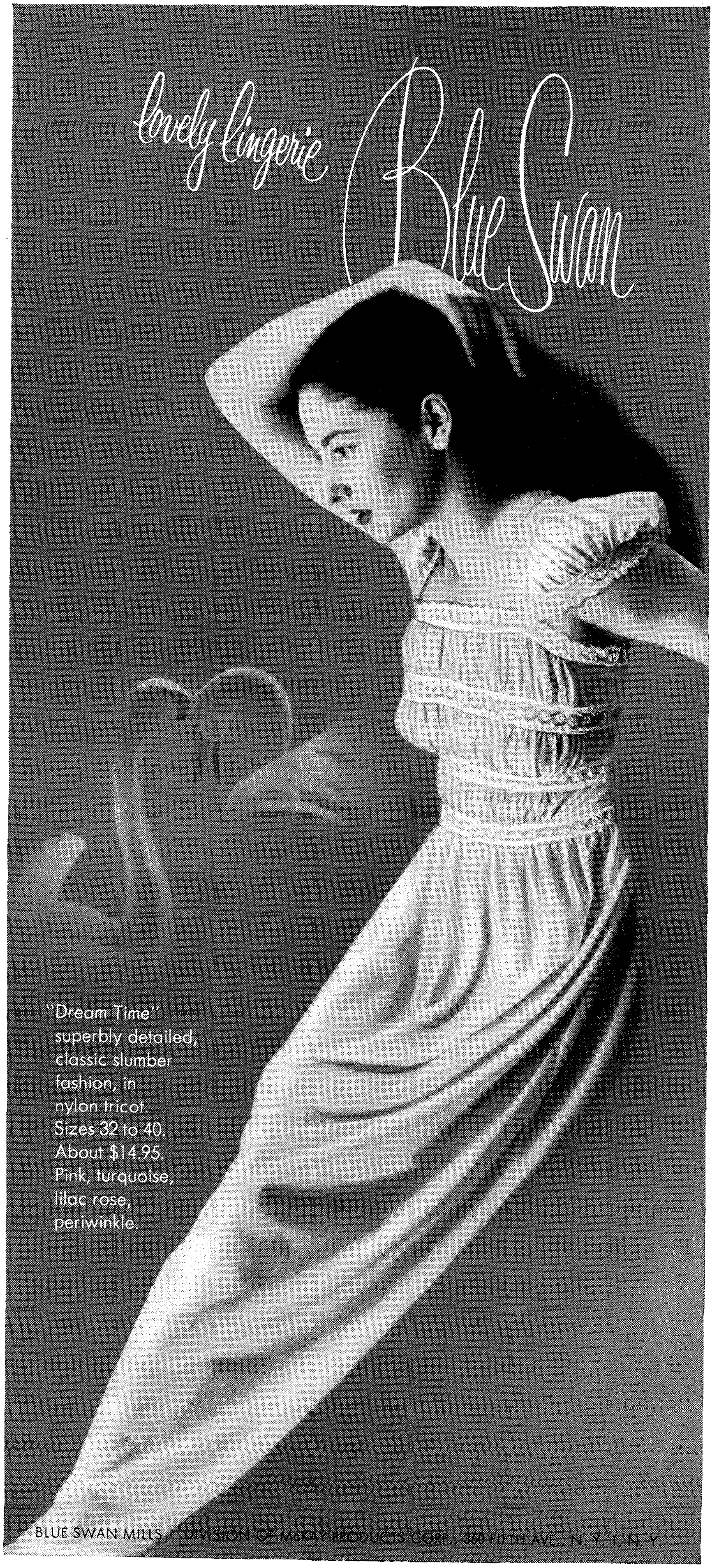
al Eisenhower, who was serving as president of Columbia University. The Chairman was the only martial star of the first magnitude congressmen could call upon, and he was invited to testify on subjects like the necessity for price controls and an excess-profits tax as well as bills more within his official province. He begged off testifying on price controls—although he believes in them—because he doesn't think soldiers should set civilian policies. Later, he was worried because the administration waited so long before freezing prices. Washington sometimes offers delicate problems to a soldier. Off the record, Bradley gives, when asked, all kinds of advice. A Midwestern congressman, for example, asked him a while back whether he didn't think Spain should be invited into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The General said he thought the invitation should come from one of the Western European powers. He testifies freely on defense matters in secret sessions, except before committees in which he has been convinced by experience there are leaks. When he does go before a committee, he knows his topic cold—his talent for quick study helps here—and he is hard to stump. His role before a committee is the opposite of the one he plays at meetings of the Joint Chiefs, in which colleagues or Indians advance the propositions and he asks the questions.

During the three years before Pearl Harbor, General Marshall, then Chief of Staff of the Army, had to answer the Congressional questions, but the field he had to cover was considerably smaller; there was no N.A.T.O. then, and no Atomic Energy Commission, and the Army and the Navy, not yet conjoined, spoke separately to the legislature. But Marshall, while also a masterly and patient committee witness, was, by Congressional standards, a trifle on the chilly side. (Marshall's ancestors, like

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Bradley's, came from Kentucky, but Marshall's father moved to Pennsylvania and he himself attended Virginia Military Institute, all of which tends to formalize his manner and speech. Bradley's grandparents moved out to Missouri, where accent and manner were rusticized. Vice-President Barkley, whose ancestors stayed put, is orally midway between the two Generals. The President talks like the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, but faster. Thus the basically Kentuckian accent of the southern fringe of the Midwest has supplanted the flat "a" of Roosevelt's Harvard retainers as the language of the top caste in Washington. Abraham Lincoln, born in Kentucky and surrounded, after he moved to central Illinois, by fellow-immigrants, must have talked somewhere in this same range, perhaps three-quarters of the way from Barkley to Truman. The accent is less harsh than that of the true Midwest, as exemplified by the Messrs. Taft and Dewey, and more intelligible than that of the Deep South, identified with Huey Long and Joe Louis. It may therefore prove the ideal medium of intersectional communication.) Marshall could, and repeatedly did, explain to a congressman from Mississippi why ordinary privately owned delivery trucks were not suited for driving military loads across country. But he rode a horse every morning, a solitary exercise, instead of playing golf, which requires company. It is hard to imagine Dewey Short, the Republican Congressman from the Missouri Ozarks, who is the senior minority member of the House Armed Services Committee, inviting General Marshall over to work on a bottle of "bipartisan bourbon," a type of invitation the Chairman occasionally accepts.

A bill was introduced in the House on October 5, 1949, authorizing the President to appoint Bradley to the permanent grade of General of the Army, a rank that carries five stars and is held by only three other generals—Marshall, MacArthur, and Eisenhower, in that order of seniority. This bill gathered momentum in the most discouraging days of the first phase of operations in Korea, and passed the Senate on September 12, 1950, when the situation there was, on the surface, still bleak. Next morning, the New York *Times* carried the first-page headline: "JOHNSON OUT, MARSHALL NAMED DEFENSE CHIEF." What Presidential démarches had been made to impel the Secretary of Defense to resign only three days before the landing at Inchon, which he counted on to bring him a share of

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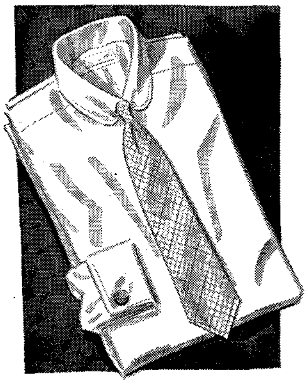

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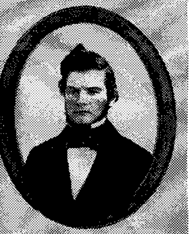

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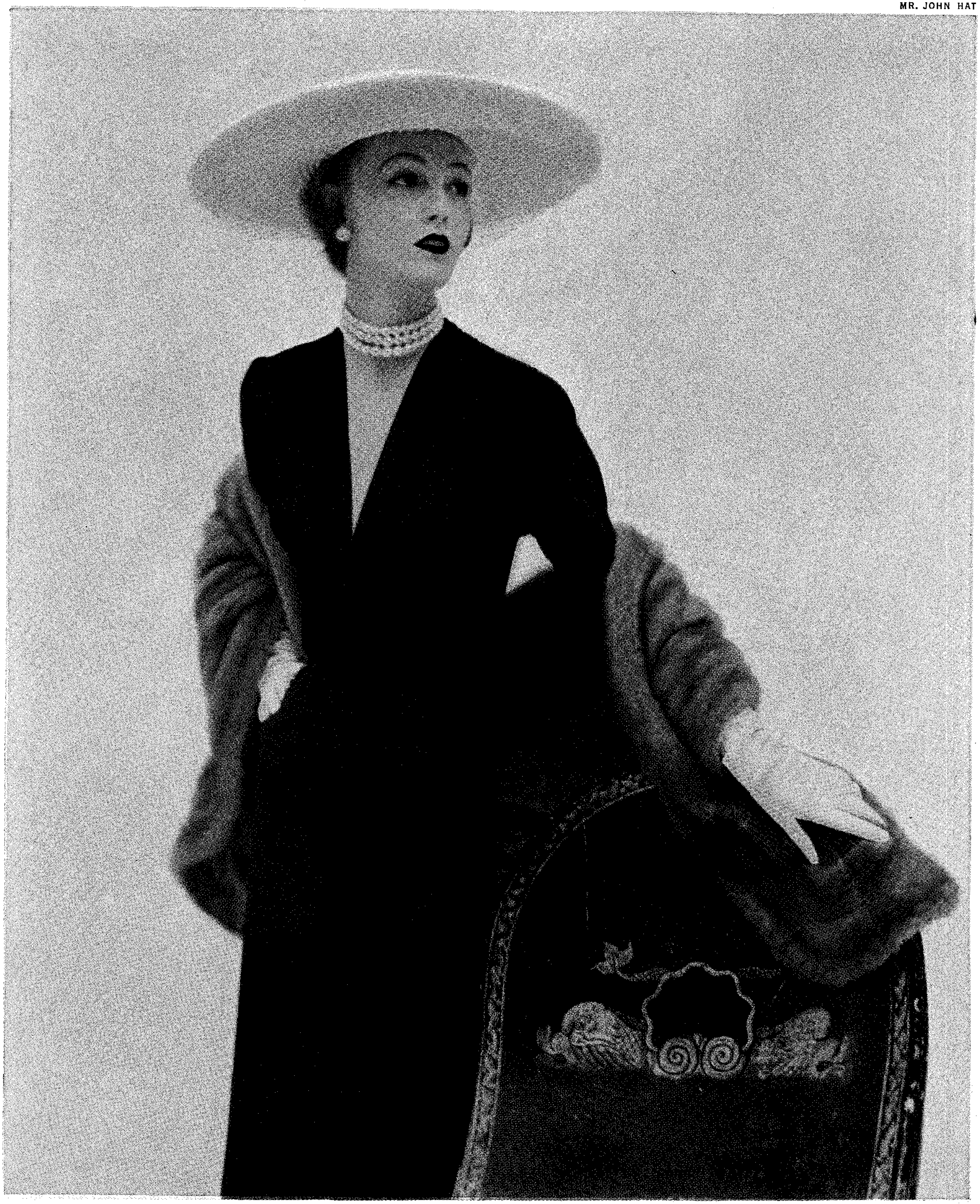

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glory, no chronicler has so far revealed. Like the Seigneur de la Palice, who was seen alive a minute before he was dead, Johnson just a couple of days before he was out had been observed battling hard to stay in. A reporter who talked with Marshall on September 5th—the General had been up to the Joint Chiefs' part of the Pentagon for a briefing on Korea, which the reporter attributed merely to the understandable curiosity of a veteran—had a chat with Johnson two days later. The reporter mentioned having seen Marshall and remarked that he seemed fit. Johnson said he didn't like the General's color and that he thought Marshall should take it easy for at least six more months. Yet his letter of resignation to the President, dated September 12th, suggested Marshall as his successor. The excitement attending his exit and Marshall's elevation distracted public attention from occurrences in the theatre of war, which were following the familiar pattern.

On September 14th, in the House of Representatives, Congressman Short asked unanimous consent for immediate consideration of the bill to promote General Bradley. "The name of Omar N. Bradley is a household word in America and is widely known all over the world," he remarked. "I am not going to try to add to his laurels because words fade in the shadow of this man's deeds. It would be impossible to gild the lily, nor am I overawed by the military accomplishments of any of our military heroes; and I am not swept away by the adoration or adulation which we are prone to give men in times of crises, but anyone who had studied the life and read the record of accomplishments of this great Missourian, I think will agree that when history is written in the future with open eyes and without prejudice, the name of Omar Bradley will shine like Mars itself in the heavens in the pages of our military annals. . . . I rather imagine that Omar N. Bradley is a Democrat, coming from north Missouri, but God knows I love him. He is a human being; he is capable of making some mistakes; anybody has got to sin once in a while, so I excuse him for being a Democrat. He talks and acts like a Republican. If he votes, he does not do much harm, for people in the Army are not given to mixing in politics. [General Bradley, in fact, never has voted.] He is neither a Republican nor Democrat. He is a great man, an American, I assure our distinguished minority leader." Congressman Joe Martin, of Massachusetts,

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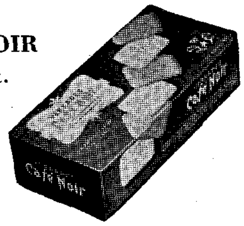

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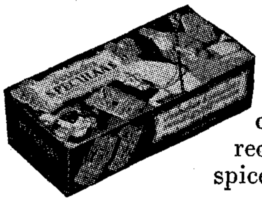

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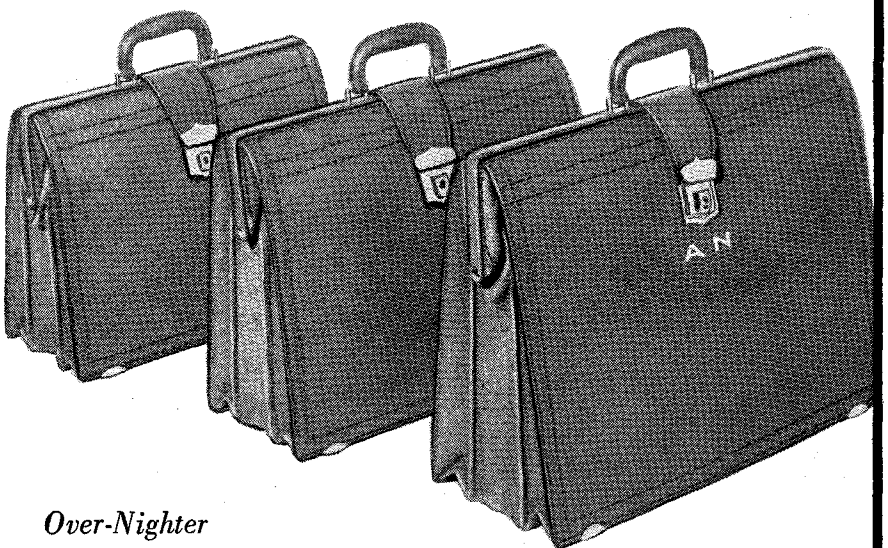

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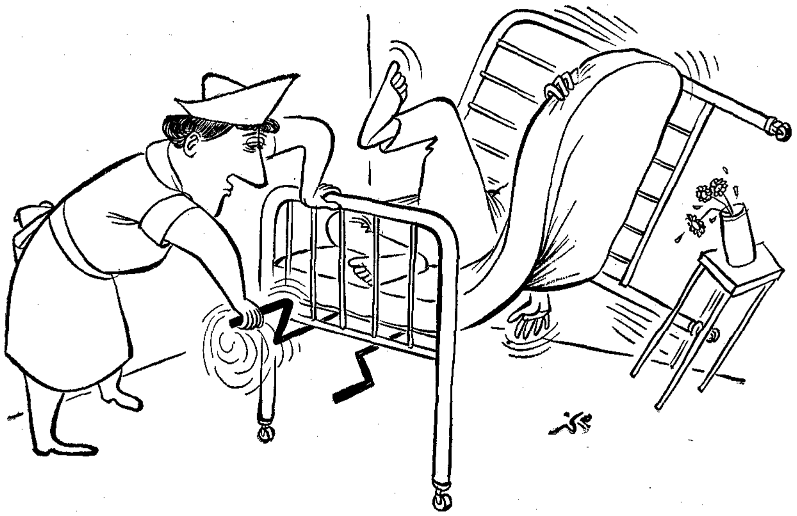

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the distinguished leader referred to, "reserving the right to object," had asked Short to explain his bill. This was a pro-forma motion designed to let Mr. Short make a speech. After the speech, Martin withdrew his reservation of objection, and Short embarked upon another speech, thanking him. "To know Omar Bradley is to love him," he said in the course of it. "His sweet, attractive, charming wife is even better." Then Short asked and was given permission to "revise and amend his remarks," which in their pristine form fill three columns of small print in the *Congressional Record.* His request for immediate consideration of the bill was granted, the Clerk of the House read it, and it was passed.

Bradley was on a holiday when Johnson sent his resignation to the President. The Chairman had had no holiday since the previous summer, and he determined to take one during the second week in September. Ordinarily, he would have gone shooting or fishing, but this time, even with the easing of the pressure, he felt he should remain close to the Pentagon. The Chairman had therefore decided to spend his holiday at his home in Fort Myer, which is only ten minutes from the Pentagon. He also decided that he would work on his memoirs of the Second World War. The shift from the consideration of his present tasks to those of the past, he says, is a form of rest. In writing the book, he has had as amanuensis Lieutenant Colonel Chester B. Hansen, the wartime aide who followed him up the hill at Béja. Hansen, stocky, pink-cheeked, and looking even younger than his mere thirty-three years, has attained an almost unique eminence in the capital as a ghostwriter; he is better known there than most authors who sign their stuff. He and General Bradley went through the whole war and the Veterans Administration struggle together, each promotion in the General's rise from one to four stars bringing his aide up a corresponding step. Hansen became a lieutenant colonel in 1945, when he was only twenty-eight, which is phenomenal in the ground forces, although in the Air Force such slow progress would indicate retarded mental development.

The overthrowing of Johnson and the installation of Marshall broke in on the tranquillity of the Chairman's week at home, but it did not startle him. It must have shocked Hansen, who had just been engaged for a solid fortnight in the preparation of a speech for Johnson to deliver at the National Convention of the American Bar Association on

September 18th. The Chairman's equanimity was not surprising, since Marshall was to succeed Johnson, and Marshall has been for twenty years one of his guiding stars. In 1932, as assistant commandant at Benning, the then Lieutenant Colonel Marshall had to rate six hundred officers at the conclusion of their course. He said that Bradley, then only a major, was "one of the five ablest officers in the Army for any command or rank." As wartime Chief of Staff, Marshall saw his free handicap completely justified. The two men have much in common besides their Kentucky ancestry. Infantrymen without bluster, tall and imperturbable, they share one military genre, as General MacArthur and the late General Patton shared another.

Bradley inherited from his father, along with his pedagogical bent, a passion for firearms and for walking over rough country. He has told friends that at the age of four he hunted with an air rifle, at the age of nine with a .22. Schoolmaster and son hunted together. In the early thirties, when Bradley was chief weapons instructor at Benning, he ran off a demonstration of all fourteen weapons then used at the school, from .45 automatic pistol to 37-mm. gun, discussing, taking down, reassembling, and accurately firing each. Lieutenant Colonel Marshall said he had never seen anything like it. Bradley enjoyed it as much as anything he has ever done. Shooting—in the form of hunting—is still his favorite diversion. Of late, in an effort to get the maximum of sport out of his increasingly rare opportunities to hunt, the Chairman has shifted from a 20-gauge shotgun to a .410, which loads lighter cartridges. "That way I can carry more and get more shots" is his logistic explanation. The .410 shot forms a smaller pattern, calling for greater accuracy, and is effective at shorter range. "That will make me work up closer to the birds and shoot better," he says. When General Walker told correspondents, during the pursuit of the North Korean Army last September, "We've flushed the covey and now we're kicking up the singles," he was using the idiom nearest to the Chairman's heart.

General Bradley's approach to golf also contains an element of the tactical. "The General gets the most pleasure out of a golf course the first couple of times he plays it," a friend said recently. "The first, because the terrain is new to him, and the second, to cope with the terrain." The General enjoys the op-

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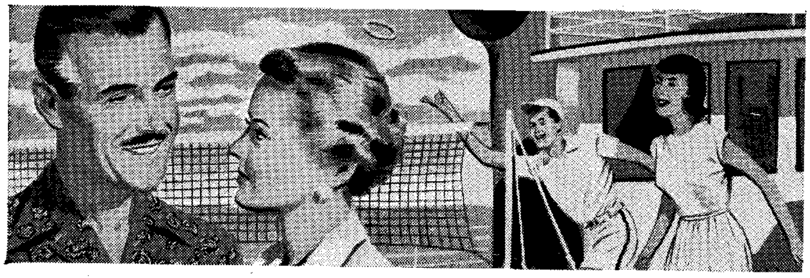

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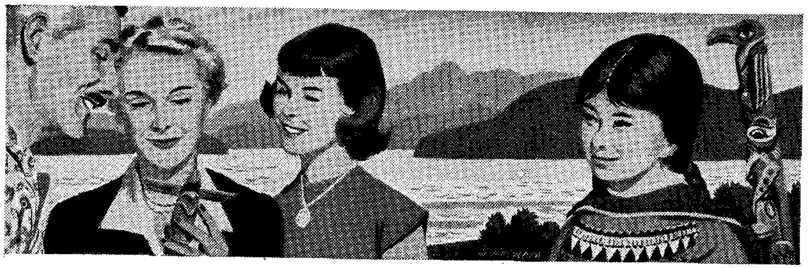

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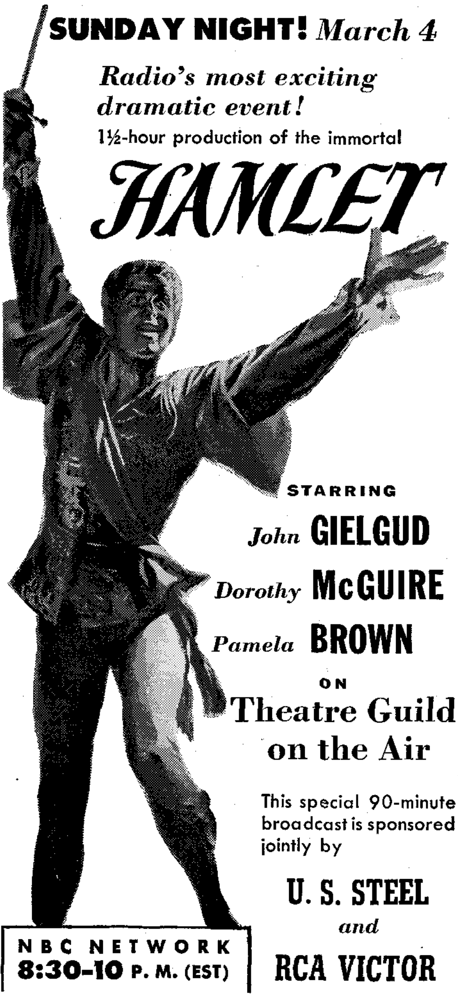
portunities the game affords to meet distinguished people. "I've got to be out at Burning Tree in half an hour," he told a Washington civilian friend once. "Cary's going to give me some pointers." Cary was Cary Middlecoff, the reformed dentist who became a famous golf professional, whom the General had met in a foursome. He once returned from the same links in high excitement, exclaiming to one of his aides, "Who do you think I played with today? Hedy Lamarr's lawyer!"

TO provide a diversion from diversion, the Chairman chose the evening of Thursday, September 14th, as a convenient one for chatting with a reporter who had been at the Béja briefing. The Chairman's house on the Army post is a big red mansion, with a wide wooden veranda along three sides, which has traditionally housed the Chief of Staff of the Army. The house stands on a tree-shaded street that seems academic rather than military. Bradley pays a hundred and fifty dollars a month for it—the sum allowed for quarters to a general, lieutenant general, major general, or brigadier general. There is an M.P. post halfway up the block, but there was no sentinel in front of the door of the ranking American officer last September. Since the attempt on President Truman's life on November 1st, a sentinel has been posted there. The Bradleys took over No. 1 when he became Chief of Staff of the Army. The Eisenhowers had had it for three years before them, and before the Eisenhowers General and Mrs. Marshall had had a record tenure of six years. The MacArthurs lived there from 1930 to 1935. When he was given the rank of Chairman, Bradley retained No. 1. His successor as Chief of Staff, General Collins, moved into quarters in Fort McNair, in the District of Columbia. No. 1 has the impersonality of all Army quarters. It is patently accommodation for transients. In the large, slightly bare living room, furnished mainly with pieces out of the Quartermaster's stores, the Chairman, in a blue-gray civilian suit, resembled a somewhat lonely small-town industrialist in the living room of a Washington hotel suite. The Washington *Evening Star*, on a side table, carried an unconfirmed report that "South Korean" Marines had landed on islands near Inchon. *Time*, which the visitor had been reading on the plane from New York, was pessimistic. "Something was wrong with the way the Korean war was going," its critique began. The visitor therefore avoided the subject of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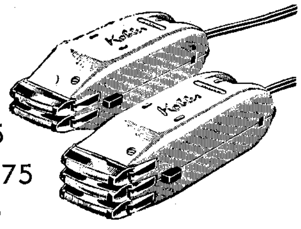
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Korea. "There's been quite a change since I was down here last," he said obliquely.

"Yes," the Chairman said. "I think Johnson's biggest mistake was inviting people in to have lunch with him in his office every day and talk business at the same time. He didn't give himself a break in his day. General Marshall will stand the strain better. He always comes home for lunch and then takes a short nap. I sometimes skip lunch altogether—just have a glass of tomato juice at five. Feel all the better for it. Will you have a drink? Scotch or bourbon? I'll join you." The General is known in Washington as a man who makes one drink, usually bourbon-and-soda, last all evening. When he takes two, it is a sign of great internal jubilation.

As a colored man brought the drinks, a voice called from the floor above, "Om-ie! Come up here and see if you can make the television work." "Omer" is the standard Missouri pronunciation of "Omar." "Omie" is Mrs. Bradley's special affectionate variant. The Chairman excused himself. When he returned, five minutes later, he said that his wife, daughter, son-in-law, and four-year-old grandson, Hank, didn't want to miss Bob Hope and that he thought he had got Bob to stop exploding into wavy lines. "Mrs. Bradley will be down to join us when the show is over," he added. The Bradleys' only child, Elizabeth, is married to Captain Henry Beukema of the Air Force, son of a Bradley West Point classmate, Colonel Herman Beukema, who is now a professor at the Military Academy.

The General settled into his chair again, and the visitor recalled the first briefing in Béja. As soon as he said "Tunisia," his mission of distraction was accomplished. "That's the only place I'd like to go back to," the General said. "I'd like to show it to Mrs. Bradley. I remember how it looked when we made the move up from Gafsa and I drove up in a jeep with Bill Kean. All hills, with narrow draws between them—a country just laid out for defense. They'd get up in the hills, and when you went down in the draws to get around them, they'd put fire on you." He had thought he knew what to do about the hills, he said—go straight up them, as you would when hunting wild goats in the mountains of Hawaii. It had also occurred to him that the German 88, though its flat trajectory made it wonderful for shooting across valleys at vehicles in the open, would not be much good at firing over hills at close range to hit hidden soldiers

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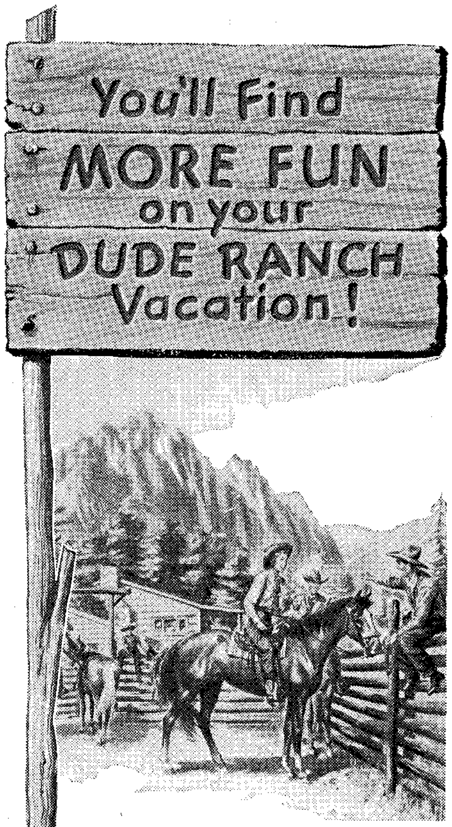

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on the reverse slopes. "I remember that gap between the Ninth and the First," he said, when reminded of it. "What I was thinking was that if the suckers did come in over those hills, they wouldn't have any good road they could get far on, and we could round 'em up before they got far into our rear. It was about nine miles from where they were over to the Djebel Abiod road, and by the time they had climbed down there we could have armor to meet them."

The Chairman sipped at his drink and looked across at the staircase as if he could see the Djebel Abiod road, in the shadow of hills covered with purple wild flowers and separated by narrow black gorges in which dwarf cows found water. Then he smiled. "I wanted that gap for the Thirty-fourth," he said. "Alexander [General, now Viscount, Alexander, the field commander of the joint Allied forces in Africa] and Bedell Smith [Eisenhower's Chief of Staff, now head of the Central Intelligence Agency] had wanted to send the Thirty-fourth home for retraining, they thought it was so bad. It had its tail down between its legs. I said, 'Leave it to me and I'll guarantee that it carries its first important objective, if I have to give it every gun in the Corps.' It's good for troops to feel they have an important objective. You may have to move them up and move them back once or twice when they're green, just to give them the habit of fighting, but if you do it too often they get the feeling they're being thrown away. That treatment had spoiled the Thirty-fourth. So I didn't want it in at the start, when they might think they were getting more of the same. Then I put them at 609. You remember it. It was almost a cliff. But the Thirty-fourth went up it. The suckers got down in the crevices when we put fire on it, and then after our fellows had passed over they came out and took them in the rear. But our fellows cleaned them up. After that, the Thirty-fourth had its tail over the dashboard. You couldn't hold it. I remember one day when we were going along all right and we heard that the Eighth Army was getting a bloody nose over against the same kind of hills in the east. I told Bill Kean, 'Maybe we ought to go over there and give those Desert Heroes some advice.' "

To the north, on his extreme left flank, the General remembered, he had had three extraordinary battalions of French volunteers: the Corps Franc d'Afrique (no requirements about age, nationality, race, or even physical soundness, and its members having in com-

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mon only a will to fight), and a couple of tabors, or battalions, of Moroccan *goumiers*—"goums" to all American soldiers, including Bradley. "There was one goum I pointed out to Teddy Roosevelt at a review one day as the meanest-looking man in the world," the Chairman said. "He haunted me. I was in Sicily a couple of months later at some presentation of French decorations and there was the same man. I knew for sure it was the same one because he was the standard-bearer of his troop." The Chairman will remember the components of his first command, as he does the road to Djebel Abiod, when the details of the later battles in Europe have grown dim. General Bradley, although no martinet, is a believer in discipline, for which reason he could never approve of the most famous unit attached to II Corps in Africa, the 1st Division, which had been molded by its commander, Major General Terry Allen, and his assistant, Brigadier General Teddy Roosevelt, to what the Chairman considered redundant combativity. "Why," he said, "once when they had been fighting for a few weeks and Teddy heard some of them complaining because they had no cigarettes, he said, 'Cheer up, boys. As soon as we wind this up, you can go back to Algiers and beat up some more M.P.s.' You can't run an army on those principles."

The Chairman and his caller had fought their way to Mateur by the time Mrs. Bradley came downstairs. She is a small, young-looking woman with a trim figure, blue eyes, and ginger-colored hair. She is keen about the stage; she used to like to act in amateur theatricals on Army posts, loved her husband's tours of duty at West Point, because the Academy is so near New York, and has seen "South Pacific" three times. She enjoys Washington parties, at which the Chairman is a benign lion. After picking up a handful of chocolates from a box on a coffee table and remarking that she must superintend the bedding-down of her grandson, Hank, whose parents frequently leave him overnight at No. 1 Fort Myer, Mrs. Bradley withdrew. Hank shares the General's bedroom. When crossed at home, Hank tells his hopelessly outranked father that he is going to run away and live with "Omer."

The General, noting that both glasses were empty, proposed a second drink. This time, he went out to the pantry and filled the glasses himself. On his return, conversation switched to hunting. The Chairman said that on his brother-in-law's twenty-six-thou-

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sand-acre ranch in Oregon, he, carrying a .22, and his brother-in-law, carrying a shotgun, had gone hunting, and that every bird they had seen was out of range of the shotgun. With the .22, he had hit two sage hens and a mallard on the wing, which had impelled his brother-in-law to admit it was a useful weapon. He also told of the best bird dog he had ever had, one that he had trained himself at Benning. He went berrying with the dog, and it was bitten in the head by a rattlesnake. The General carried the dog to his car and drove to the house of a veterinary, who injected anti-venom serum and saved the dog's life.

The talk then turned to football. The General had not played it at high school, because there was no team, but he had captained the baseball team. He went to West Point weighing only a hundred and forty-eight but attained a hundred and seventy-three in his first year there and stayed at that weight. He won his letter as a center on the 1914 eleven, the first unbeaten one in Army's history, but he had been only a substitute for John McEwan, an All-American of gigantic stature, who subsequently coached Army, Oregon, and several other teams. Robert Neyland, the illustrious football coach at Tennessee for many years, had played end on Bradley's team. Nearly all the other members eventually became generals. There was a plebe halfback named Elmer Oliphant on the team. He had already played three years of college football at Purdue, and was All-Western in 1913. Navy protested his inclusion; Army called the protest unsporting. Oliphant resolved the issue by breaking his ankle. "We beat them, twenty to nothing, with an All-Western halfback on the bench," the Chairman said. "I think that's the only time that's been done." Bradley said nothing about it to his caller, but he played a good part of the game, participating in two long down-the-field marches in which Army, according to the 1915 *Howitzer*, the West Point yearbook, proved that "the taunt that 'The Army can only beat the Navy at football by playing basketball' was a myth." (This was a reference to Navy criticism of the Army's forward passing, which it considered an unmanly maneuver.)

The talk even turned to Russia. Bradley said that after the meeting of the American and Russian armies in Germany, he had got along well enough with his opposite number, the Russian army group commander Konev, and had not believed in 1945 that

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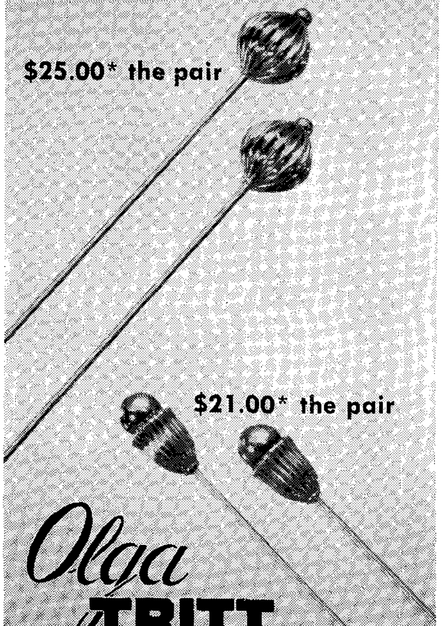

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there was danger of another war in his lifetime. "I thought Russia and the United States each had enough to get along on," he said. "The Russians are hard to figure."

It was nearly eleven o'clock by then, and the Chairman usually rises at seven, so he said he would get out his car and drive the visitor into Washington. Mrs. Bradley would drive in with them and keep him company on the return trip. She came downstairs again, the General got his car, a 1946 Buick, out of the garage, and they drove their guest in to town. The military policemen up the block took only informal notice of the departure. After the Bradleys had deposited the reporter at his hotel, they drove home.

When their guest saw his *Times* the next morning, it bore the eight-column headlines: "U.N. FORCES LAND BEHIND COMMUNISTS IN KOREA; SEIZE INCHON, PORT OF SEOUL; MOVE INLAND."

The landing had been made at one-fifteen Friday afternoon in Korea, which was eleven-fifteen Thursday night in Washington. That explained General Bradley's second drink.

—A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the first of two articles on General Bradley.*)

•

SIR:

Faced with a 10,000-word rush retyping job, a faded ribbon, and no time to get a new one, I thought about those renewing tips W.D. has been offering. But I went one better.

Instead of an oil treatment, my ribbon got a coating of ordinary stamping-pad ink. This comes in a bottle containing a brush. Just brush it on the ribbon as you would smear glue, not too thick, but enough to show. Do only one side of ribbon. After inking, and before rewinding on spool, gather up in an old sieve and steam for 10 minutes, then let dry until ribbon shows no moisture.

The process takes anywhere from two to four hours, depending on drying conditions. The ribbon can be dried sooner if you mop up excess moisture with absorbent tissue.

Wear gloves!

DORIS MILATZ
—*Writer's Digest.*

No time to get gloves. Rushed.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From "A Private Killing," by James Benét*]

Her hair was pulled back to a George Washington knot behind, and she had changed from her peasant costume to a plain, dark blue linen dress. There was no redness around her eyes, but they looked very large and dark blue in her pale eyes.

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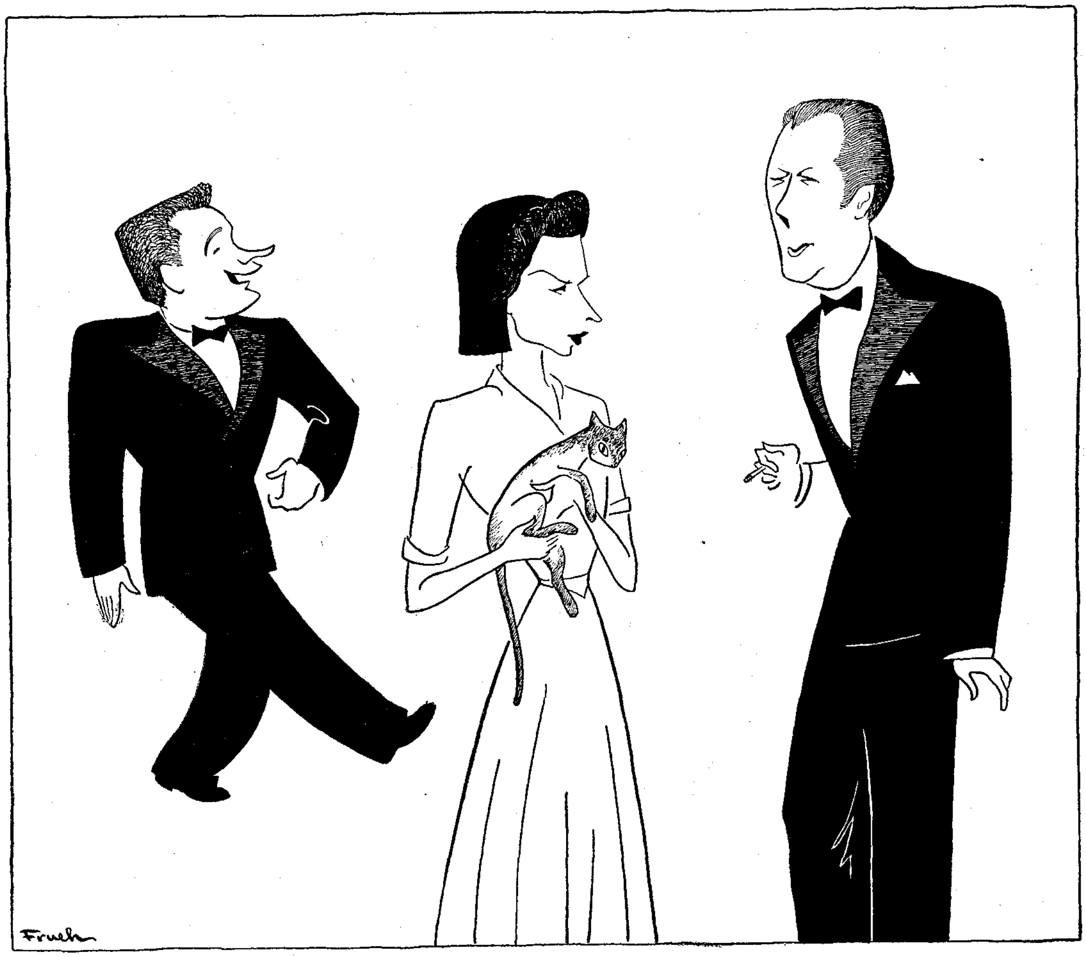
THE THEATRE

FROM ENGLAND AND IRELAND

FOR some reason, possibly because playwrights of elevated purpose are seldom attracted to the form, acceptable dramas of mystery and suspense are rarely available on Broadway, and when they are, they are generally the work of the British, who seem to be far more accomplished at studies of genteel homicide than our own authors. The most recent specimen of this school of entertainment, a play by Charlotte Hastings called "The High Ground," appeared last week at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. It unquestionably has its faults, being overleisurely in execution (it seemed to me that it was almost twenty-five minutes after the curtain rose before anybody said anything of much interest), a bit hackneyed in its central plot device (the one fatal pill inserted in a bottle of innocent ones), and at least as profuse in red herrings as a novel by Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner. (Misled by a succession of clues that really had nothing to do with the case, I suspected the wrong man right down to the final scene.) Nevertheless, I spent a pleasant, if not a really alarming, evening with Miss Hastings' characters and admired almost all the actors employed to play them.

The action of "The High Ground" takes place in a convent, somewhere on the English coast, that is threatened with the imminent collapse of the neighboring dikes and the invasion of the sea. This catastrophe duly takes place, and it serves the purpose of isolating a wildly assorted group of people, one of whom is, of course, a cold-blooded murderer. The heroine is a beautiful young artist, adept at restoring religious tapestries, who has been convicted of poisoning her rascally brother and is on her way to prison to await execution when the flood forces her to take refuge in the convent, escorted by a police officer and a matron. One of the nuns, a high-minded woman who is also devoted to the arts, is convinced of her innocence, and spends the rest of the evening proving it. This is a hard job, since the evidence, as published in the press, is apparently damning, and the other suspects, who somehow happen to be hanging around the premises, are not inclined to be very coöperative, but the nun is triumphant in the end, demonstrating again that middle-aged spinsters, at least in detective stories, are almost invariably much brighter than the regularly constituted authorities.

The most important parts—those of the accused young woman, the nun, a resident physician, and a feeble-minded boy in the habit of assaulting the nurses connected with the establishment—are played by Leueen MacGrath, Margaret Webster, Tom Helmore, and Logan Ramsey, in that order. I thought they were all excellent, especially Miss MacGrath and Mr. Ramsey, who frequently manage to make the script sound a great deal more exciting than it is.



"BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE"

Lilli Palmer, a contemporary Manhattan sorceress, is flanked here on the left by Scott McKay, who represents her warlock brother, and on the right by Rex Harrison, her suitor in John van Druten's comedy at the Ethel Barrymore, though, of course, her husband in private life. The fortunate cat in the picture is named Pyewacket.

"THE KING OF FRIDAY'S MEN," written by Michael J. Molloy and imported from the Abbey Theatre by Michael Grace, closed after four performances at the Playhouse. It had something to do with the practice of the *droit du seigneur* in the west of Ireland in 1787, and, while it had its moments of Celtic lyricism, it was hardly anything to be compared with "The Plough and the Stars," "Juno and the Paycock," or "The Playboy of the Western World." The main troubles, I guess, were that it was burdened with a rather shapeless and essentially comic story (the conflict between a great shillelagh fighter and a wicked aristocrat over a virtuous peasant girl); that Mr. Molloy's prose was either florid or incomprehensible more often than it was charming; that Stewart Chaney's three sets were strangely grandiose for the simple action they contained; and that the performances, with the notable exception of that given by Walter Macken, had a tendency to be "Irish" somewhat in the manner of a Pat-and-Mike vaudeville sketch. Among the members of the cast were Ian Martin, Maggie McNamara, Frederic Tozere, Tudor Owen, and Sean McClory. Miss McNamara is an extraordinarily fresh and pretty girl; the others, I'm afraid, just struck me as actors out on a limb. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

[*From a speech by Colonel Robert R. McCormick, over the Mutual Broadcasting System*]

Last week I gave you a story on navy ships. Here is one of a naval hero.

William Barker Cushing was born November 4, 1842, at Delafield, Wisconsin. He was appointed to the Naval Academy in 1856. His lack of application, his love of skylarking and practical jokes, even at the expense of his professors, and a too evident aversion for discipline led to a recommendation for his dismissal from the academy in his senior year, the privilege of being turned back for a year being denied him. He was allowed to resign March 23, 1861, but later he took part in several operations carried out by the U.S.S. *Minnesota*, with the warrant rank of acting master's mate.

He took the *Delaware Farmer* to Philadelphia as prize master, and in May, 1861, with one volunteer officer and only the captured crew of the *Pioneer*, he safely sailed that prize to New York. Because of this dangerous and responsible duty, he was restored to the navy in October, 1861, as acting midshipman. He became a lieutenant on July 16, 1862, when nineteen years old.

While descending the Blackwater River after the Battle of

[*From the Dictionary of American Biography, Vol. IV*]

CUSHING, WILLIAM BARKER (Nov. 4, 1842-Dec. 17, 1874), naval officer, was born at Delafield, Wis.... His lack of application, his love of skylarking and practical jokes, even at the expense of his professors, and a too evident aversion for discipline led to a recommendation for his dismissal from the Academy in his senior year, the privilege of being turned back for a year being denied him. He was allowed to resign March 23, 1861, but, aided by his friends, he was enabled to take part, with the warrant rank of acting master's mate, in several operations carried out by the U.S.S. *Minnesota*. As prize-master he took the *Delaware Farmer* to Philadelphia, and, in May 1861, with one volunteer officer and only the captured crew of the *Pioneer*, he safely sailed that prize to New York. This dangerous and responsible duty proved his real worth, and he was restored to the Navy, in October, 1861, as acting midshipman [and] he became a lieutenant on July 16, 1862, at nineteen years of age.

...While descending the Blackwater River after the battle of

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Franklin, October 3, 1862, the *Commodore Perry* jammed her bow into the bank and was charged by a strong force of the enemy. Cushing, as executive officer of the *Perry*, disregarded orders to get under cover, called for volunteers, ran a fieldpiece out on the forecastle, and discharged the piece point-blank among the enemy, saving the ship from capture. All his mates were killed or wounded.

Assigned to the command of the small steamer *Ellis*, he captured the *Adelaide* and destroyed the extensive salt works in New Topsail Inlet. On November 23, 1862, he took two prizes, shelled and captured the town of Jacksonville, North Carolina, destroyed the salt works at New Juliet, and destroyed a Confederate camp.

Two days later, endeavoring to cross the bar of the Onslow River, his ship, the *Ellis*, ran aground, and Cushing was obliged to transfer his crew to one of his prizes, the vessels still afloat being ordered to stand off the inlet while Cushing with six volunteers manning a single-pivot gun remained in the *Ellis* in an effort to save her, the ammunition and the rest of her artillery being salvaged by the prize. Early next morning, the enemy's fire increasing in fury—and there being no chance of saving the ship—he set fire to her. Cushing and his men made their escape in an open boat from under the guns of the foe. In consequence of the loss of his ship, Lieutenant Cushing asked for a court of inquiry, but received instead the compliments of his superiors for his coolness and courage. . . .

(*Remainder of speech omitted because we got tired of copying it.*)

Franklin, Oct. 3, 1862, the *Perry* jammed her bow into the bank and was charged by a strong force of the enemy. Cushing, disregarding orders to get under cover, called for volunteers, ran a fieldpiece out on the forecastle, and, though all his mates were killed or wounded, succeeded in discharging the piece at point-blank among the enemy, causing them to retreat and saving the ship from capture. Assigned thereupon to the command of the small steamer *Ellis*, he captured the *Adelaide* and destroyed the extensive salt works in New Topsail Inlet. Ordered to capture Jacksonville, N. C., and destroy the salt works at New Juliet, he . . . took two prizes, shelled and captured the town on Nov. 23, 1862, and destroyed a Confederate camp. Endeavoring to cross the bar of the Onslow River two days later, the *Ellis* ran aground, and Cushing was obliged to transfer his crew to one of his prizes, the vessels still afloat being ordered to stand off the inlet, while Cushing, with six volunteers manning a single-pivot gun, remained in the *Ellis* in an effort to save her, the ammunition and the rest of her artillery being salvaged by the prize. Early next morning, the enemy's fire increasing in fury and there being no chance of saving the ship, she was set fire to, and Cushing and his men made their escape in an open boat from under the very guns of the foe. In consequence of the loss of his ship Lieut. Cushing asked for a court of inquiry, but received instead the compliments of his superiors for his coolness and courage. . . .

•

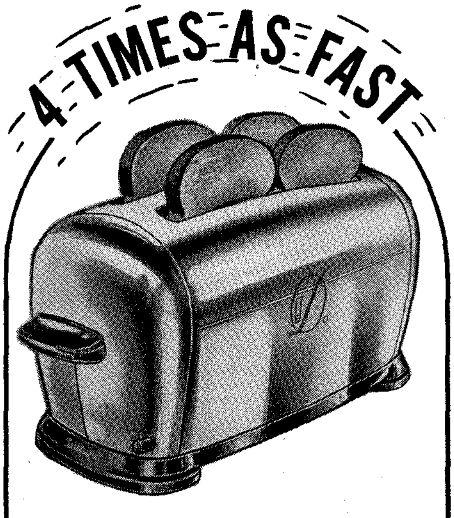
COWPER'S RABBITS

Three rabbits had the poet, three,
To whom at teatime, over tea,
Cowper read his poetry.

As their pink noses quivered, their
Long ears twitched, from his armchair
The stanzas issued, loud and fair,

Poems the more melodious
When said to Tiny, Bess, and Puss,
Who found them meritorious.

And though I wince at such a fate, one
Thought is true: He never ate one—
Which should, to rabbits, compensate
one. —Helen Bevington



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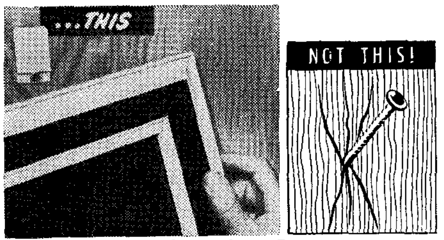

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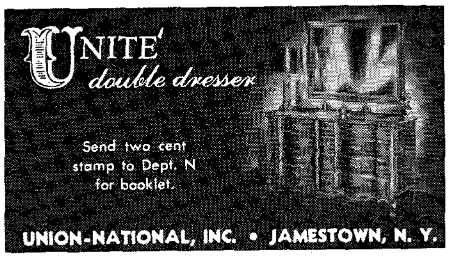

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THE ART GALLERIES

A Rubens Show and Three Moderns

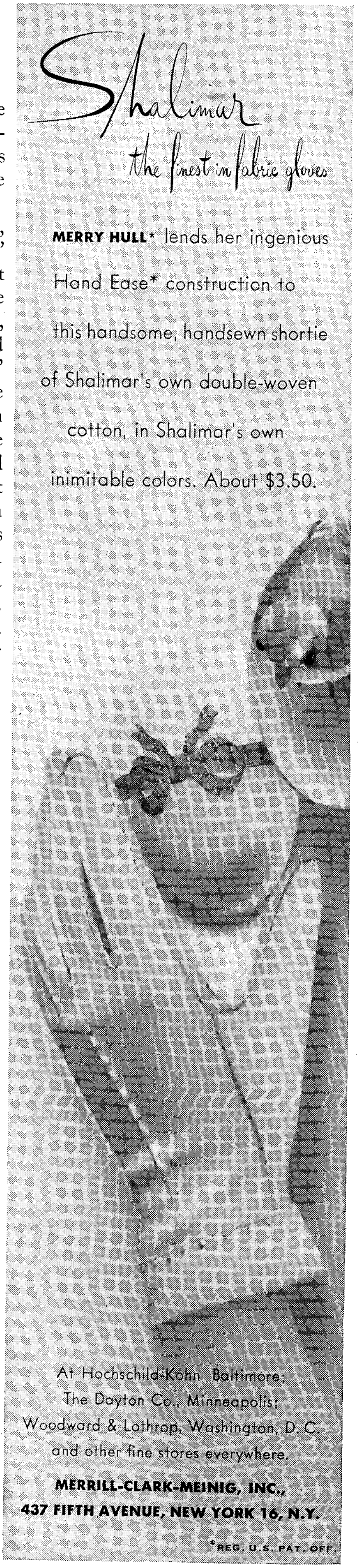
RUBENS, now the subject of a very intelligently selected loan exhibition at the Wildenstein, has not generally been admired in this country, as is evidenced by the fact that the current affair is the first major one of his works ever held in this city. There is something about his ornate and exuberant grandiosity that is a bit unsettling to a good many American observers. Most private collectors here, I believe, when they've bought his paintings at all, have done so more or less dutifully, as if feeling that the man was far too important historically to be ignored, and that if they wanted a well-rounded collection they'd have to have a Rubens—preferably something small and not overpowering. Yet he has been bought here, and—as the show proves—bought wisely, for while it is made up entirely of loans from American sources, the examples are mainly excellent ones, and they are varied enough both in subject and in period to provide more than a suggestion of the man's extraordinary range, vitality, and inventiveness. To be sure, none of the really big, rip-roaring pieces are in the collection. (Most of them are in Europe.) But that may be an advantage, for there were times when, to my taste, Rubens' love for big canvases and mighty subjects led him over the boundary from the eloquent into the bombastic. The show, however, contains enough of the fairly large, ambitious pieces to give at least an inkling of what he could do in that direction, and if its effect is to make the man seem a trifle cozier than he actually was, it does reveal him as an artist of enormous capacity and power.

Without being at all didactic about it, the exhibition manages to cover a good deal of ground chronologically, for it ranges from a small "Portrait of a Twenty-Six-Year-Old Man," done in 1597-98, when Rubens was about twenty, to a group of five canvases dated in the five years before his death, in 1640. The first piece is historically the most interesting in the show, for it is the only known example of his work before his journey to Italy, where he went in 1600—and where, of course, coming under the influence of Titian, Veronese, and other artists of the High Renaissance (as well as, possibly, the more baroque Caravaggio, his contemporary), he adopted the stylistic methods that he was later to bring back to the Low Countries.

The early picture, then, is smooth, precise, highly glazed—very "Flemish," in the traditional sense—and in direct contrast to such Italianate pieces as the portrait bust of Francesco Gonzaga, "Samson Taken by the Philistines," and the "Head of Joseph of Arimathea," which came a few years after. These first essays in the new style have a touch of the experimental and the insecure about them. The Gonzaga portrait, all curly hair and liquid eyes, is almost excessively romantic and Renaissance in feeling, while the study of Samson is done in a mingling of chiaroscuro and writhing movement that suggests a Spanish influence, perhaps El Greco. But Rubens was too strong-willed and self-confident to remain for long under anyone's thumb, and by the time we reach his "Pausias and Glycera," the big, vivacious "The Tribute Money," and "The Holy Family with Saint John and Saint Elizabeth"—all done some years after his return to Antwerp—we find his canvases full of that brisk Northern lighting and his figures portrayed in that blond, ruddy-fleshed, cheerfully fleshly way that he was from then on to make his own.

From then on, too, although in his late years his painting became deeper in texture and a trifle mellower, there was little other change, and in its later phases the show contents itself, quite wisely, with a brief survey of the various branches of Rubens' accomplishment. There are a "Death of Dido" and a curiously appealing "Venus and Adonis" to illustrate his concern with mythological subjects; a sweeping "England and Scotland Crowning the Infant Charles I" to show his skill at allegory; and a portrait of Ambrogio Spinola to indicate his abilities in that field. Less imposing but equally enjoyable are a number of the smaller sketches, such as "Peace Embracing Plenty," "Neptune Calming the Tempest," and the marvellously bright and sunny "Mercury and Argus."

THERE are several nice one-man shows by contemporaries at the moment. Louis Bouché is a warmhearted and intelligent painter, and his new oils, at the Kraushaar, gain an effervescence



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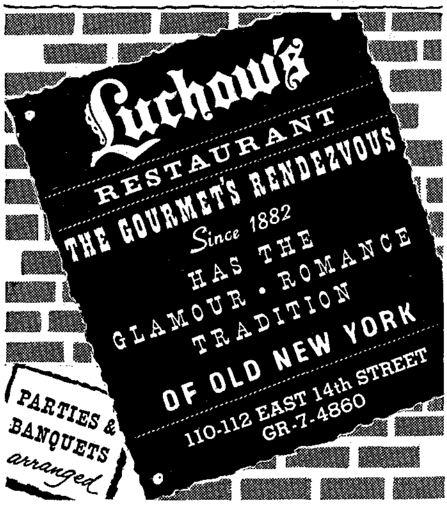

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from the combination of these not always compatible qualities. As in his last few exhibitions, the scene is frequently comfortably rural and the time is usually summer, and although I felt that he was lazying with some of the pieces ("Camargo Hunt," for example, which seemed worthy of more careful treatment, and the rather cut-and-dried "Winter in Tenth Street"), I must say that the majority of them are invested with a contagious brightness and warmth. I liked especially his "Meat," "Old Toys," and the dramatically designed "The Kiss."

John Atherton, now exhibiting at Associated American Artists, is in that most difficult of phases for an artist, when he is trying to change his style—in this instance, from a semi-Surrealist, precisionist one to an abstract one. Nearly always, the process is long, for it involves a change in the whole point of view as well. I don't think Atherton has completed his yet, and in consequence his work is rather uneven. "Nets, Boats, and Sea," "Antique Shop No. 1," and the pleasantly cool gray-white "Candelabra" are enormously successful, while in others the design seems diffuse, as in "Yachts Inshore" and "The Big Island," or, as in "Desert Rocks," cluttered and meaningless.

The Downtown is showing a set of new sculptures by William Zorach, and if there is no single item to equal some of his important earlier pieces, the exhibition is a thoroughly accomplished and engaging one. Zorach isn't a dramatic sculptor. His vein is understatement and his style economical, but in depth of perception as well as sound technical proficiency he yields to almost no one, and there are a number of pieces in the show that, no matter how much you like them at first glance, will grow on you with further study. The most notable of these are "Serenity," with its egglike conformation; "The Future Generation," very delicately modelled; and the delightful small study of a girl reclining, called "Sleep."

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

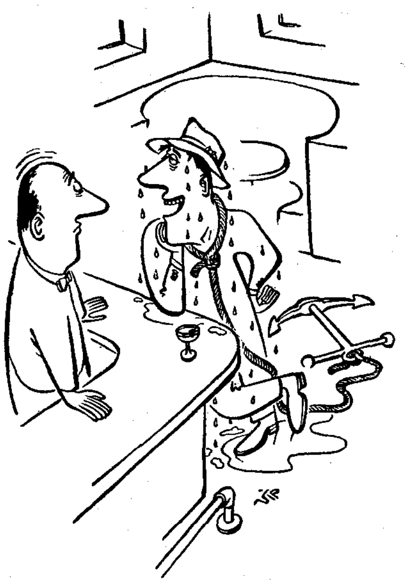
OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "The Little Sister," by Raymond Chandler*]

I caught the sharp intake of breath at the far end of the line. —*Page 3.*

Her incaught breath came over the wire. —*Page 87.*

I could almost hear her breath catch. Not quite. You can't really hear it over the phone. Sometimes you think you can. —*Page 201.*



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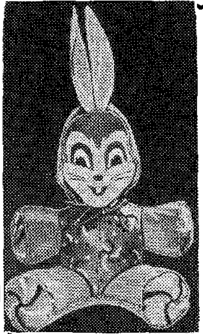

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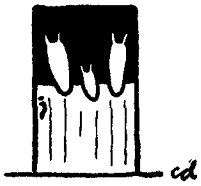

ONE of these days, some Coal Oil Johnny horseplayer is going to watch the feature race at Hialeah, pop into a jet plane, scoot out to Santa Anita, and arrive there in time to place a bet on the main event. It might take a little corner-cutting—post time for the Widener Handicap at Miami last Saturday was 4:37 P.M., and post time for the Santa Anita Derby was 7:48½ P.M., Miami time—but it would be fun. The next-best thing, of course, would be to curl up with a good bookmaker's telephone number and listen to the radio. From the broadcast of the Santa Anita Derby, I gathered that Rough'n Tumble, who took the lead in the stretch and won comfortably, was much the best of what, at this distance, seemed to be a second-class lot of three-year-olds. (If I'm not very enthusiastic, you can lay it to a cold and to aspirin.) The first time I saw Rough'n Tumble was at Belmont last autumn, in one of those trial numbers for the Futurity, and I must confess that all I remember about the race is that a fabulously long shot named Pet Bully, whom I've never heard of since, nearly beat Battlefield. Rough'n Tumble was third. I did watch him in the Futurity, and he ran well, although he finished third again, this time behind Battlefield and Big Stretch.

Rough'n Tumble, who is by Free for All, wasn't what you'd call a picture horse when I saw him last, but he was a sturdy fellow and had a powerful way of galloping. I understand that he's a bit hardheaded. Last Saturday, Arcaro, who rode him, wanted to pass Phil D., one of the other runners, on the right as they went around the turn for home, but Rough'n Tumble wouldn't put in his best licks until he was allowed to pass on the left. No doubt his trainer, Melvin Calvert, a former jockey, who rides him in all his workouts, will put an end to such nonsense. Rough'n Tumble was bought when he was a yearling by Mrs. Frances Genter, of Minneapolis, who races a small stable in the Middle West. The terms of the sale weren't announced, but, whatever she paid, the colt was a bargain. To date, he has earned $120,480 in prize money, $81,500 of it in the Santa Anita Der-

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by. I expect he's the darling of those merry souls who bet on horses to show, for in his eleven starts he has never finished out of the money.

Needless to say, Rough'n Tumble will have a big following for the Kentucky Derby—as a matter of fact, he has one already. Well, if anyone cares, I shall not join the rush. It is my considered opinion, which I can back up with a statistic or two, that horses coming from a winter in California need a couple of months to readjust themselves to the Eastern climate and the Eastern tracks—especially the tracks. Some horses take longer than that.

I'M sure that nobody was flabbergasted when Brookmeade's Sunglow beat Three Rings in the Widener Handicap, but I daresay a lot of sentimentalists are still in the crying room. Sunglow has been improving steadily; he was third in the McLennan, and second in an overnight race the weekend before last, and the next step was obvious. Besides, the Widener is a pretty tough assignment for a racer as vulnerable as Three Rings; if the track isn't fast, and he can't take the lead, he won't play. It's only fair to say, though, that he ran gallantly on Saturday. Few horses can give Navy Chief seventeen pounds and run him ragged for a mile, as Three Rings did, and have anything left in reserve. His luck petered out, too, right at the end, when he was bumped by Sunglow and the stewards decided it wasn't enough of a bump for them to change the placings. The winner's share of the purse was $54,100, a good start for the Brookmeade Stable, which led the money list last year. I suppose there are tiny tots among the readers of these notes who do not know that Mrs. Dodge Sloane, who races the Brookmeade Stable, also led the list back in 1934. Her best horses that year were Cavalcade and High Quest. Racing could use half a dozen of each this season. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Thirty-six last November, the Clipper added that he never felt better, that his de-spurred heels were a forgotten ailment, his left knee, bothered by swelling late last season, had "completely disappeared" and his . . . —*The Mirror.*

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[*Adv. in the Honolulu Advertiser*]

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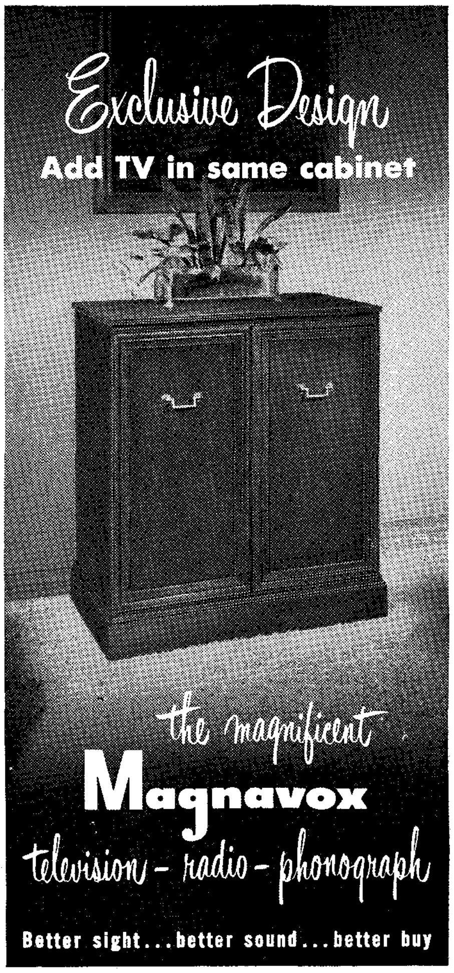

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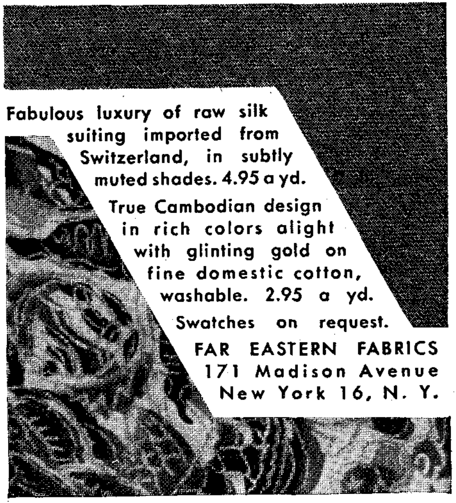

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YOUNG MAN FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE

A SPELL of museum fever attacks me every year in late winter and I cure it by paying a visit to the Metropolitan Museum on Lincoln's Birthday and one to the Museum of Natural History on Washington's. I doubly enjoy these institutions on holidays, when the sombre halls are overrun with youngsters and, for a while, come to life. The sight of a five-year-old child gazing wistfully at a five-hundred-thousand-year-old dinosaur has a soothing effect upon me, making me feel that in the perspective of half a million years I am little more than a child myself. This year, my visit to the Museum of Natural History rewarded me unexpectedly with a new kind of reassurance.

On Washington's Birthday, I was already waiting at the West Seventy-seventh Street entrance of the Museum when the doors opened. I went in and spent a couple of hours going through Asiatic Hall, Whitney Bird Hall, and the Akeley African Hall Gallery. Then I drifted over to Reptile Hall, where I came upon a broad-shouldered, rosy-cheeked young man who was bending over the big glass tomb of the king cobra and talking to a girl standing beside him. Her show of interest in the exhibit was unconvincing, I felt. I noticed that as the young man knelt down for a moment to get a closer look at the mounted reptile, she seized the opportunity to turn her eyes from it to his thick, copper-colored hair. "I ran across a snake just as big as this when I was in Burma," he was saying, with a marked New England accent, as I came up. "That one was a member of the king cobra family—a hamadryad. Fact is, in Burma the hamadryad's often called the king cobra. There's a difference, though. The hamadryad's much prettier than this baby here"—the young man tapped the roof of the glass case—"but just as deadly. I saw it in the jungle, near an airfield we were building."

I enjoy jungle stories, and I stopped to listen in. The young man glanced at me, then turned away and went on talking to the girl, but he raised his voice a bit, and I realized that it was for my benefit. He had round golden eyes, a big mouth full of white, irregular teeth, and a prominent Adam's apple. He was wearing a black-and-green striped reefer, a plaid shirt, brown corduroy pants, and carrying a red woollen stocking cap, and everything about him made me think of the stone fences, the elms, and the rocky farms of New England.

"Along with the airfield, we built a bridge across a creek in the jungle and made some other installations," he said. "We put up storehouses and offices and a small hospital. The place was busy and noisy, but our work didn't seem to bother the natives or the animals much. The natives came to watch us, and the field was overrun with monkeys. I hadn't seen any snakes or big animals, though, and late one afternoon I asked my captain for permission to take a rifle and go out in the jungle." The girl slipped her arm through the young man's, and they clasped hands. I continued to lounge against the glass case, studying the exhibit.

"I followed a trail through the jungle quite a distance," the young man went on, "and finally I came to an open space with a pool about eight or ten feet in diameter in the middle of it. Orchids were growing there like weeds, but except for that it looked almost exactly like a clearing in some woods back in the White Mountains, where I used to shoot chipmunks. That clearing had a pool in it, too. If it hadn't been for the heat and the orchids, I'd have felt right at home. Anyway, I sat behind a big rock on the edge of the clearing, about fifteen feet from the pool, watching. It was half an hour before sundown, and I figured some animal might show up for a drink. Pretty soon, I heard a rustling in the grass, and down to the pool came the biggest, most beautiful snake I've ever seen. He was a hamadryad, and he must have been thirteen or fourteen feet long. He moved along the ground with his head up about three feet, and I could see his underside. It was orange-colored near his head and turned to yellow farther along. His back was olive green with cream-colored chevrons on it, and his tail was black, with white chevrons. He was a beauty, all right, but just the same I knew how dangerous he was. I felt sort of hypnotized. I guess I almost stopped breathing. I wondered if he knew I was there. He didn't move

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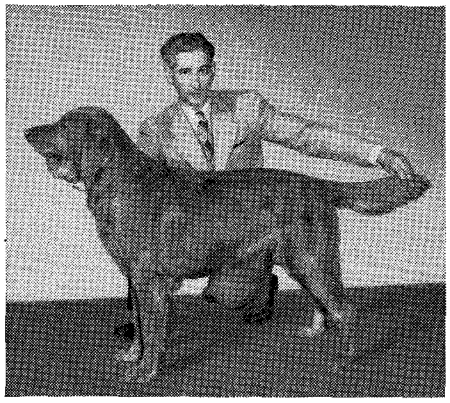

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for quite some time—just lay on the edge of the pool with his head in the air, as quiet as could be."

I FELT a bit hypnotized myself. Then a swarm of Negro children buzzed into the hall. They were in the charge of a tall, husky man who resembled Jackie Robinson. A few of the youngsters paused to look at the king cobra, then drifted away. "I'd never seen such a snake before," the New Hampshireman said. "And a funny thing—I was surprised to see it drink. I suppose I'd thought they lapped up the dew for moisture, the way people say wild rabbits do. Anyway, the hamadryad began to drink, and it was quite a sight. He'd lower his head slowly to the surface of the pool, as if he were making a deep bow, lap up some water, then lift his head and tilt it back, all the way back, looking up into the sky as he swallowed, the way a bird does when it drinks. He was beautiful, but he was frightful, too, and the sight of him there among the ferns and orchids, drinking from that pool, was so wild and innocent and sinister all at the same time that I felt dizzy."

Judging from the size and shape of the young man's hands, I thought that he might very well be a professional baseball player, but at the moment, carried away by his appreciation of the scene he was describing, he had become a kind of natural artist. He was now openly addressing himself to me as often as to the girl.

"While I watched the snake drink, it didn't occur to me that something else in the jungle might be thirsty, too. Well, something was." The girl gave a little gasp and her hand tightened on the young man's. "It was a tiger," he said, glancing at me and grinning. "I looked up—I guess I had a feeling something was there—and saw that some vines on one side of the clearing had parted and that a big black-and-yellow head had appeared in the opening. It looked like a picture—like a primitive painting. The wind must have been in my direction, because he apparently hadn't caught my scent. In a moment, the rest of his body slid out of the vines, and he walked slowly toward the pool. The hamadryad went right on drinking. He seemed so unconcerned that I wondered if a truce existed between tigers and the cobra species. I wondered, too, if the pair would drink together, each from his own side of the pool, but they didn't. The tiger, with what looked just like

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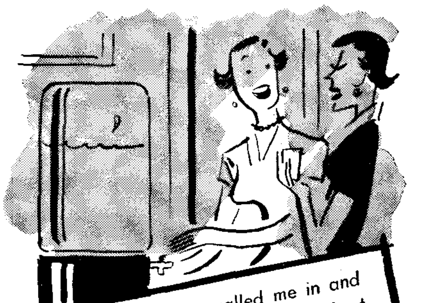

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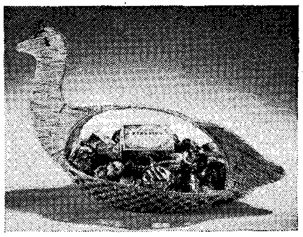

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intentional politeness, sat down on his haunches about ten feet from the pool, waiting his turn. He seemed like a big domestic cat, sitting and watching the hamadryad. I wouldn't have believed they had such good manners in the jungle, but the tiger waited patiently and the hamadryad seemed to hurry a bit, probably out of deference to the tiger. I could have blown off the snake's head easily, or put a bullet right between the tiger's eyes."

The young man produced an enormous handkerchief and vigorously blew his nose, making a sound like a trumpet. "After the snake finished drinking, he lifted his head and expanded his hood. In a moment he contracted it, flicked his tongue, and slithered away. The tiger waited until the snake had disappeared, lumbered up to the pool, and drank in noisy gulps. I could almost see the water level drop. Then he lifted his head and gave a deep growl. I think he'd nosed me out by then, or had heard me breathe. He leaped across the pool and crashed out of sight through the bushes, and my private little show was over."

"Well, I wish I could have been sitting in the front row with you," I said.

"When I got back to camp, just before dark," the young man said, breaking into a rueful smile, "everybody wanted to know what I'd shot. Because, after the tiger went away, I *did* shoot something, and they'd all heard the report of the rifle. Do you know what it was?"

I told him I couldn't guess.

"A chipmunk," he said, looking somewhat abashed. "Or, at least, the Asiatic form of the chipmunk. That's what I shot, and I never was able to live it down. The tiger or the hamadryad would have been a cinch, if I'd

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TIMES SQUARE

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wanted to shoot either of them while he was drinking. I couldn't have missed. But the chipmunk was running around in a tree. It was a tricky shot, and I couldn't resist it. Nobody in camp seemed to appreciate that, and the captain said he didn't believe I'd even seen any big game."

ANOTHER flock of children invaded the hall, and in a moment the glass case of the cobra was surrounded. The young man gave me a friendly nod, the girl smiled, and they walked away arm in arm. I watched them go, liking very much what I had heard and, without exactly intending to, thinking about the jungle encounter as a sort of allegory. A young American, visiting abroad, had fallen in with two great monarchs. He had exhibited all the strength of character necessary to resist the pomp and circumstance, the blandishments of royalty, and had wisely kept himself free of foreign entanglements. Yet when the moment for action came, he had proved himself to be as American as a New Hampshire chipmunk. He had succumbed to temptation only because his game had been on the move and his target a difficult one, and he had shot straight. I felt proud of him, and I felt lighthearted, too. The episode, I told myself, would permit me to stop worrying about the hydrogen bomb for the remainder of my holiday. —AMBROSE FLACK

•

There are other good methods by which the tendons may be stretched so that the knees bend forward an additional four or five inches without lifting the heels from the skis. Bending the knees a hundred times before breakfast each morning with a thick book or board under the toes may be done the year round. Another exercise is to grasp a radiator firmly with both hands, and slide the feet back until the body is completely stretched, supported by the toes. Then press the feet flat on the floor. It is amazing how much pain this simple exercise may cause if it is correctly executed.—*From "Skiing," by Walter Prager.*

Mind you, we say *correctly*.

•

THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[*Gilbert Gabriel in Cue*]

The cure for this sort of complex, we are told, is for daughter to send daddy out dancing and champagning with a pretty little Boston flapper. Then for daughter to give up her British fiancé, another ancient codger, and be suddenly swept away by daddy's young doctor. Well, if that's a cure, then I'll eat every book by Freud, Jung and Brill, worms and all, without French dressing.

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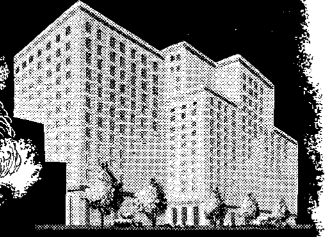

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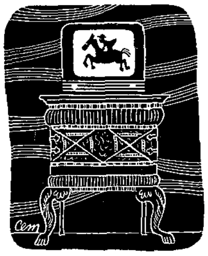

THE Columbia Broadcasting System, surprisingly, performed a public service recently by the simple act of setting up its cameras in the huge, marble-pillared Senate Caucus Room, in Washington, and observing two joint sessions—two and a half hours long each, and held on successive mornings—of the Senate's Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committees. The committees were considering the role that Congress should play in the dispatching of American troops to Europe, and the witnesses on the mornings C.B.S. was on hand were Secretary of Defense Marshall and Secretary of State Acheson. Except for the engrossing broadcasts from the Security Council at Lake Success during the Malik, or dog, days of last summer, I cannot recall any other television presentations that have so completely held my attention. In both instances, of course, the urgency of the matter under discussion guaranteed that the program would be of immense interest. Nonetheless, programs of this nature can be seriously impaired or even dull if they are not handled with great skill, including dramatic timing and an imaginative and fluid use of the cameras. I am happy to report that whoever was in charge down in Washington on those two mornings demonstrated an uncanny appreciation of the scope of the scene on which his machines were being focussed, and, consequently, I felt that I saw and heard considerably more than I would have seen and heard in the Caucus Room itself. (This is not as strange as it may seem, for I recall that the most distracting feature of a Senate hearing I attended a year or two ago was the constant buzzing of the television cameras.)

The cameras showed us the committee members and the hundreds of spectators who were crowded into the room, but they concentrated, fittingly, on the witnesses, and I had the curious impression that both Secretary Marshall and Secretary Acheson had answered carefully and thoughtfully—and, for me, as one citizen, almost personally—the questions put to them by my representatives in Congress. Now, I submit that when television can produce such a result, it not only is fulfilling one of its important functions within a democratic society but is demonstrating, rather vividly, one of the more vital methods by which such a society questions its leaders.

Students of acting could have learned a great deal, I should think, from these programs. So far as I could tell, no one of the participants—not even Senator Hickenlooper—was consciously attempting to act; that is, to be something he was not, or to express an emotion or a thought with the sole intent of impressing the audience. All hands were effective, each in his own way, by the unadorned process of being themselves. There were some distinctive, even memorable, performances. Secretary Marshall, sitting erect at a table, coolly and vigorously demonstrated that he had a thorough grasp of the problem under consideration, which he discussed with extraordinary frankness and a restrained but unmistakable good humor. Secretary Acheson, the following day, was somewhat less at ease than Secretary Marshall, but he was always, I felt, himself. He was austere, cautious, crystal-clear, and intellectual, often seemed to drift away into a contemplative world of his own, and once or twice displayed a mild acidity, but he answered each question put to him with obvious sincerity and feeling. Among the senators, Mr. Connally, for my money, took the non-acting acting honors. Television cameras or no television cameras, Senator Connally had made no attempt to spruce up. His eyeglasses were ludicrously perched five-sixths of the way down his nose, his white hair was scraggly, and his black bow tie, somewhat askew, looked as though it had been lodged around his neck since the days of the Missouri Compromise. I discuss the naturalness of these people at some length because one of the obvious dangers confronting us in the television age is the possibility of the public official, aware that millions are watching him, undertaking to hornswoggle the public with a handsome face, fast professional patter, and a gleaming new set of false ideas. As long as, with the cameras turned full upon them, Secretary Acheson drifts off occasionally into a brown study and Senator Connally keeps wearing that tie, the Republic is relatively safe.

"THE JOHNS HOPKINS SCIENCE REVIEW" came along a week ago Tuesday, over Du Mont, with another of its highly informative half-hour programs, this one entitled "Seventy-five Years of Science." Upon checking up, I realize that I have men-

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tioned the Hopkins program twice previously, but I have no hesitation about mentioning it again, for it remains the preëminent education program on television today. The other night, the "Review" devoted itself to an exposition of many of the outstanding contributions to science made by members of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University during its seventy-five years of existence, a brief time span that, as Lynn Poole, who writes the scripts and presides over the "Review," pointed out, has witnessed more remarkable advances in science than any other comparable period in history.

Not the least comfort I derived from the program was the feeling that tribute was being paid on television, for a change, to people who have managed to get through life without resorting to a gag file. We were shown the first pair of rubber gloves ever used by a surgeon during an operation (Dr. William S. Halsted, a Hopkins surgeon, conceived this notion sixty years ago); a diffraction grating, perfected by Professor Henry A. Rowland, which turned out to be a small, lenslike object, responsible, we were told, for countless scientific revelations, including the composition of many stars and the existence of thirty known chemical elements, and for a great many more atomic discoveries than I could possibly comprehend; and a proximity fuse, which was credited the other night with, among other things, having turned the tide in the Battle of the Bulge. I suppose the most startling episode was the showing of photographs of the earth taken from a frightening rocket that had zoomed seventy-eight miles into the sky somewhere out West. From this appalling height, lofty mountains were anthills, the Gulf of California was a thin smudge, the edge of the earth was disturbingly apparent, and our planet seemed somewhat more weird than usual. The program (I wish it had been permitted to continue for an hour or more) closed with a few deliberately spoken remarks by Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, president of Johns Hopkins, who reminded us of a couple of simple truths: that scientists are governed by curiosity and a desire to explore the unknown, and that they work best in an atmosphere of freedom.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

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It would help, though.

LETTER FROM PARIS

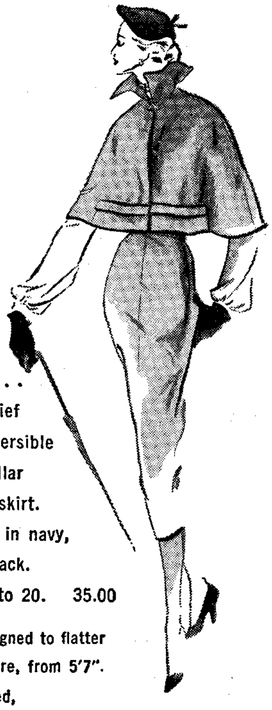
FEBRUARY 20

THE French, as you hear them talking now in Paris, seem certain that General Eisenhower and Premier Pleven, while visiting each other's lands a few weeks ago, presented, in turn, the most valuable gift that lies in the power of such simple, democratic plenipotentiaries. Each gave the gift of explanation. The French, on their various levels, profoundly appreciated the gifts of both, and are still inspecting and analyzing them. To what Eisenhower had to say, Parisians have paid their strangest, sincerest compliment; his brain, they say, did not smell military, even in this crisis in history. They feel that he spoke as a great and modest humanitarian. And the French even understand themselves better after what Pleven said about them in Washington. This is a treat for them. Nobody had properly explained them to themselves since the Great Debate began. The facts of life in a continuing crisis, or of death in an invasion, have changed little, but now these facts are being looked at as part of a possibly—just possibly—controllable destiny, rather than as mere fate. To the humble French, Europe still remains a matter of geography, not ideology. France cannot move off the map, away from the prospect of supplying some more of the most beautiful ruins, architectural and cultural, of modern history. Many middle-class French see Europe as faced with the choice between the Soviet threat of peace and the American threat of war. Many educated French see Europe as in danger of sliding from the sheer weight of history into a hegemony—a state of tight physical union such as was aimed at, through conquest, first by Napoleon and then by Hitler, and is now aimed at ideologically by the Soviet, a hegemony such as only the Union of Western Europe could have made, or may now belatedly make, painless, noble, and voluntary.

There is still a good deal of anti-Americanism here, brash or subtle. Many French bitterly accuse America of being whatever those particular French can be sure it is because of never having been there, including too young. It is those same French who weakly make excuses for elderly France, as if she were a handsome old lady of privilege who had gone off to live upstairs in furnished rooms, in a mansion that had once been hers and was still elegant in all the world's eyes and had all Europe as its topiary garden. To those disappointed French, France seems to await a history that will be supplied to her painfully by one of the two colossal foreigners bearing down on her from East and West. There is one statement that Americans here are becoming aware they never hear. They never hear the French explain how it happens that France, with her superior old culture and knowledge of how Europe should be handled, finds herself in such a position that ignorant, amateur, bumbling Americans have been called in to do the job.

Eisenhower is reported to have said, smiling, that he wasn't surprised by the Communists' demonstration against him in front of the Hotel Astoria here but that he was surprised there was no counter-demonstration. According to the government order of that day, January 24th, "The Communists' proposed demonstration against him who was chief of the army of liberation for France is treachery and a scandal not to be tolerated." It added that any foreigner taking part (and the foreigner might have been an American who had come only to counter-cheer) would be expelled from France the next day; any participating French civil functionary of "permanent" grade would be disciplined and any such functionary of "temporary" grade would be dismissed; any employee of a nationalized industry would be suspended or fired. These are orders that now apply to any unlicensed demonstration in Paris. They are probably what kept thousands of French and foreigners from going to the Champs-Elysées to shout "*Hourra pour Aike!* Hurray for Ike!" in a melee in which twenty-five hundred Communists were arrested and five journalists were so beaten up by the police that the Chief of Police apologized.

WHEN Pleven mentioned French "neutralism" during his visit to Washington, he put the word into a wider circulation than it had previously known. It was coined in Paris more than a year ago by the Academician Professor Étienne Gilson, of the Collège de France. Gilson is the Collège de France's most erudite, most venerable



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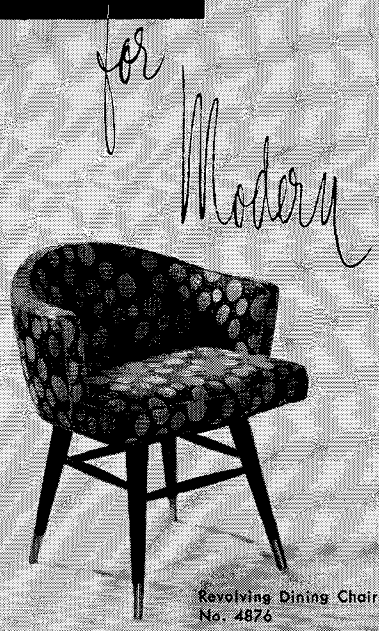

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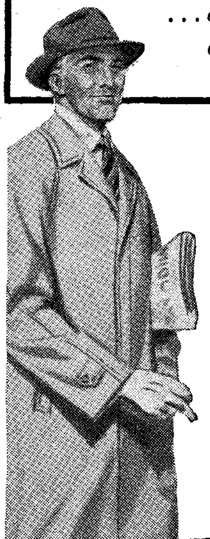

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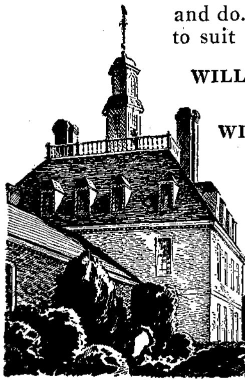

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exponent of medieval Catholic philosophy, France's greatest authority on Thomas Aquinas, and possibly the greatest living Thomist. In a series of articles published in *Le Monde*, he first used the word "*neutralisme*" in his attack upon the Atlantic Pact. (French journalism now regards *Le Monde* as neutralism's editorial center.) Neutralists claim to be not defeatists but believers in the proposition that Europe is sick from many wars and another war would kill her, and that only America and Russia, rotting with wounds, would survive. Gilson recently went further. He resigned his Collège de France chair, stating that he would live in North America—in French Canada, by preference—rather than remain in France to face another war and another occupation. His decision and departure made a big stir in intellectual circles. In November, when he was at Notre Dame University to give a series of lectures, he made some comments about neutralism, which were later firmly opposed in an open letter by Professor Waldemar Gurian, of the same institution. This letter was printed over here in the weekly *Figaro Littéraire*, causing additional intellectual commotion. Although *Figaro* is the center of Paris antineutralism, its editor, Pierre Brisson, who rarely editorializes, created a third climax in January with his brief antineutralist editorial headed "Les Insexués." In conclusion, he harshly said, "The wild volition to avoid war makes no sense unless it is affirmed virilely, with readiness to make a supreme effort. Neutral France does not exist. There are neutral men, in the sense that they are *insexués*. They are few. It is not by them that we expect the country to be saved." Brisson doubtless speaks for more French than does the relayed voice of Thomas Aquinas.

DESPITE the improved climate of mind and morale here, some rich French, who can afford the luxury of looking perhaps too far ahead, are arranging refuges off the Continent of Europe—just in case. Tangier, in Morocco, is the popular choice. Money and visitors have been flowing there by the planeload and boatload. As no more big city villas are left to buy there, Continentals are buying land in the country in such quantity that real-estate values have suddenly jumped fifty per cent. Tangier has been a freak town ever since the Treaty of Algeciras, in 1906, which, in effect, made it an international free port—a status legalized in 1923 by the signatories of the Trea-

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ty—with Italian and Spanish policemen, English and French postmasters, practically no taxes or duties on imports, free exchange in all kinds of national currencies, the whole, blue-skied scene under the benevolent Sultan of Morocco. Now there is a shortage in Tangier banks of safe-deposit boxes for the storing of jewels and gold. Algeria, consisting of three *départements* of France, could offer not much more protection from a European invader than metropolitan France, and the African French colonies, including Morocco itself, could suffer native uprisings. Consequently, Tangier is regarded as the best place. In case of an exodus, it will be the Continent's favored North African suburb.

As proof of its democratic privileges and worries, France is to hold its national elections this year. Its Parliament will first pass a new electoral law to hold the new elections under. As all the political parties, including the Communists, know, the primary aim of this new law is to prevent the Communists from electing as many deputies as they otherwise might—a number that in any case would surely be less than in the elections of 1946, since the Party has deteriorated lately, though not on a scale to be compared to that of the recent crackup of the Italian Communists. The second aim of the law is not to let the Party blow itself up in the other parties' faces and decapitate their candidates, too. That is a lot to ask of a single law. This one, still in its squabbling, Parliamentary-committee stage, will represent France's greatest postwar effort to quarantine French Communism. It will be the biggest national political event of the year and has given Premier Pleven his biggest Parliamentary *maux de tête* since his return from Washington.

The French Republics have had two systems of voting, of which one is easy to understand. This is the *scrutin-de-liste* electoral setup, last installed in 1946 and now to be scrapped. Under this system, the voters cast their ballots for lists of candidates put up by the several parties, and the number of candidates elected in each party is determined by the percentage of the total votes that that party receives. It was one more noble French try at so-called proportional representation, suitable to the Liberation's happy political mood and basically rather like our American system—one ballot only, with the candidates who arrive fustest with the mostest votes hustling into office. It

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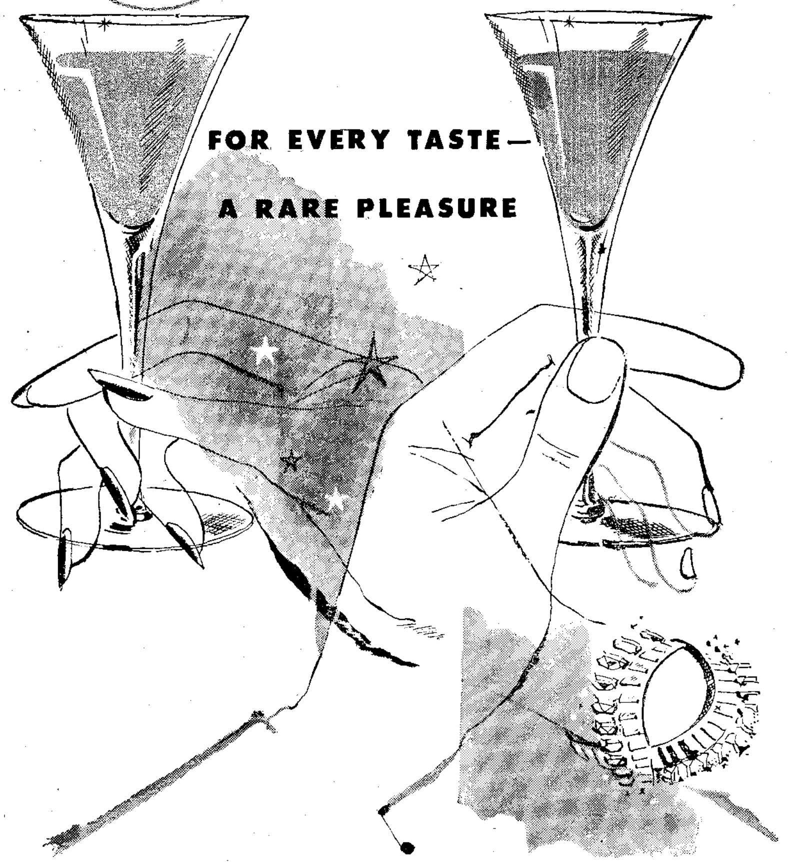

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works fine in America, where, for all practical purposes, we have only Democrats and Republicans. In multi-partied France, this system, oddly, elects fewer candidates for the several big parties, whose strength is regionally concentrated, than does the second one—the double-ballot system, called the *scrutin d'arrondissement*—which is meaner to the smaller parties. This complex double-ballot plan, which includes a week of secret political horse-trading between the two ballotings, so satisfies the French taste for elaboration, intrigue, and argument that in the Third Republic it was used from 1876 on, except for a few years of single balloting in the eighteen-eighties and again after the First World War, when electoral attitudes were temporarily lofty. It is a new version of the Third Republic's double-ballot law that Pleven and his associates are now considering.

This two-way French ballot operates in the following manner (and you will have to watch closely if you are a simple Truman or Taft man, or you will never grasp it): The voters cast their ballots for individual candidates, not lists of candidates, and the first balloting elects only the candidate who obtains an absolute majority; i.e., at least one more than half the total number of the votes in his district. Because of the multiparty system, few candidates obtain a majority. So it is the second balloting, which is run off about a week later and whose victory is based on mere plurality, that elects most of the candidates, and they are often entirely different fellows, even belonging to different parties, from those the helpless voter voted for in the first place. For in the lull between ballots the local political leaders are legally permitted to get together for horse trades, politely called *apparentements*, in which, for example, a worker for the candidate who was second highest on the first ballot asks the workers of the parties with the third, the fourth, and even the fifth man to withdraw their candidates for the general good; they thus gang up on the top man and swing to the second-highest man their votes on the second ballot (which maneuver the candidates must report to the local prefecture, which then apprises the voters). Payments for the bargained votes are various: promises of local political jobs for men in the losing parties, or the winning party agrees to withdraw in some other district, to put another party's deputies into office, or swears to drop some reform bill or scheme that the other party is against. Obviously, these

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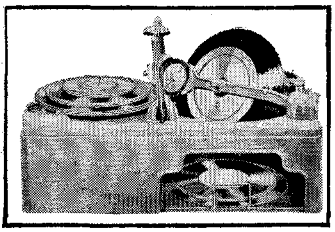

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bargains can be struck only between parties that, however bitter their rivalry, have something ideological in common. The whole point of the two-ballot system for 1951 is that nobody will horse-trade with the Communists, whose candidates may as a result be mired. As the Communist *Ce Soir* has just angrily pointed out, in some post-Liberation elections on the single-ballot system in the Department of Bouches-du-Rhône, their four candidates won handily, with a hundred and thirteen thousand votes, as against the M.R.P.'s fifty-three thousand. But on a double-ballot system the *apparentés*, plus the reactionaries, could have totted up to a hundred and sixty-five thousand votes and thus have left the Communists without a single deputy. This is probably exactly what would have happened, or is anyway what four-fifths of the French citizenry hope will happen to the Communists in the 1951 elections. The subtler psychological usefulness of the bargaining for votes is that—theoretically, at any rate—it makes majorities easier to obtain in the fractious Chamber, where, instead of everybody's being freely at loggerheads, there are interparty ties and ententes, so that the parties, if they don't feel exactly like brothers, sometimes act like brothers-in-law.

The Radical Socialists, who mostly ran the Third Republic, who lost disastrously in 1946, and who call themselves Left but are really Center, are in the best spot to bargain with both the Left and the Right this year, and may turn up the big winners. Some people think General de Gaulle might come out on top in the new system; others think he could ascend to power again only on the spiral of a catastrophe, such as war. (You hear de Gaulle's name more often at one Washington cocktail party than you do in Paris in a month of Sundays.) The martyr non-Left party in the election reform will be the Catholic M.R.P.s. Their odor of incense will prevent the big anticlerical parties from doing much horse-trading with them. Once, the M.R.P.s, with the then unknown Georges Bidault as chief, seemed the Liberation's only white hope; they were a fringe of intellectual Catholic reformers who had been superb in the Resistance and were elected because they were heroes. Even the Church, which in France had not been particularly resistant, hastily gave the M.R.P. band wagon a kindly push. But not now. As Catholic reformers, they have been dropped by the Church. The double-ballot elections could bury

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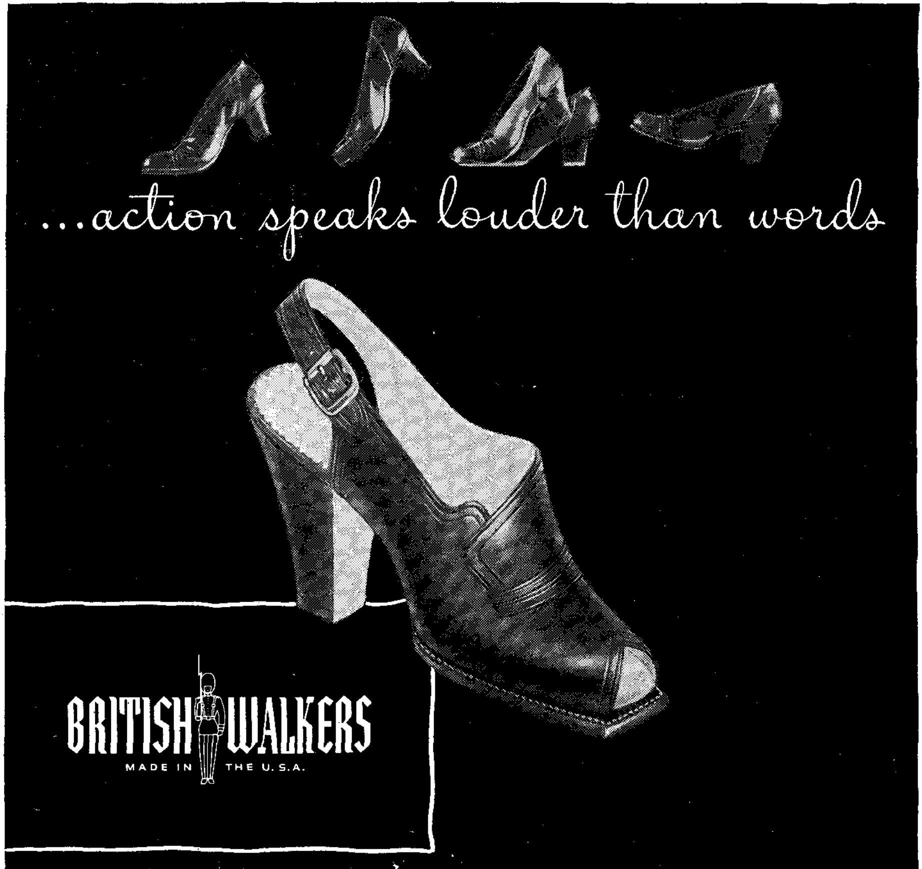
We went to see the Sportsmen's Show and had a wonderful time gaping, prying, and filling our pockets with escape literature for future reference.

Our companion made what we thought was a shrewd observation. "There was a time" he said, "when a sportsman was a pretty fancy fellow. Today every male is a sportsman of one kind or another, even if he only shoots off a little DDT or takes a spin on the parkway. The term has lost its exclusiveness."

It's true. We remember when the only sports shirt that Wallachs sold was an expensive garment that weighed nearly as much as an overcoat. Today our best seller is a lightweight gaberdine that weighs only as much as your dress shirt and sells the year round. In fact more and more men make it a habit to change into sports shirts and slacks as soon as they get home in the evening. Our own customers seem to favor solid colors, with beige, gray, dark blue and maroon preferred, in that order.

Copyright 1951, Wallachs



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them. Plainly, the double-ballot system is the very opposite of proportional representation. It is specifically non-proportional, frequently reversing the ratio of winning votes to losing ones as cast in ballot No. 1 and frequently putting into office neither the man nor the party the luckless voter first voted for.

So that's the French double-ballot voting system, and it shows how much easier it is to be an American mugwump.

AT the Petit Palais exposition of the "Chefs-d'Œuvres des Musées de Berlin," there is a bearded old guardian by the door who paternally prods the visitors into a queue and will not let them get out of line or drift back for another peek at the Jan van Eycks or the Roger van der Weydens or any of the other gems by the fifteenth-century Low Countries masters that fill the first room and constitute the real treasury of the show. These pictures from Berlin's museums—from the last and most *arriviste* collections made in Germany, long after the Munich and Dresden museums were filled—are from the collection of pictures still being watched over by the Americans in Wiesbaden, since the Berlin museum shells cannot shelter them. This show can't compare with the choice German-owned pictures earlier sent to America from Wiesbaden. The Berlin pair of Van Dycks are dull, stiff, and dark; the only Cranach nude is a foot-high Lucretia; the Rubenses are small next to those that are permanently in Paris. But the dozen Low Countries masterpieces are glorious sights to see, if the bearded old guardian would give one a chance really to see them. The exposition is drawing appreciative, patient crowds—queued up, of course—from morning to dusk.

ACCORDING to intimates of André Gide's household in the Rue Vaneau, as the great writer lay there dying—and aware that he was dying—he said calmly, "If anyone asks me a question, make sure I am conscious before you let me reply." Thus, at the age of eighty-one, did he protect his genius for lucid responsibility as his final, most valued earthly possession.

Of those candid critical obituaries that are a sort of philosophic specialty of literate French journalism the morning after a great French figure dies, that of *Figaro's* devotedly Catholic editorialist François Mauriac was judged perhaps the most masterly. Under the title "Un Destin," he wrote, in part, "Let us not gild his mortal remains. Let us not pretend to have misunderstood the redoubtable instruction of the immoralist. If what we Christians believe is true, today Gide knows what we all will soon know. What does he know? What does he see?" Mauriac asked these questions suddenly, evidently seeking at his editorial desk at midnight to determine precisely the knowledge and sights of immortality that Gide, who was born a Protestant and became an anti-Christian agnostic, had always derided. "He was the writer farthest from art for art's sake," Mauriac continued. "He was a man engaged in special combat for two causes, of which the more apparent was scandalous—to excuse, even to legitimatize, a certain kind of love. Worse, in his youth he broke with the moral law as taught by both Christian churches. No one could have staked his bet against Christianity with more sang-froid and reasonableness than Gide did. Few would have dared to overthrow Bossuet's tribunal of conscience, which condemns all crimes. This Gide accomplished with a tranquillity, a serenity, and a joy that were frightening. We must be living in a casual epoch indeed when his being awarded the Nobel Prize caused no stupefaction, no terror. His literary work? It remains among the most significant of our time. The Gidean critical spirit was incarnated in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, which he helped to found. 'Les Nourritures Terrestres,' 'L'Immoraliste,' 'Si le Grain ne Meurt,' and his 'Journal' will long preserve as human leaven the ferment that it was his mission to provide. He followed his own path, wrapped in his famous long cape, with a constant solicitude for culture and dignity, with the noble tread of a grand seigneur of great race. Gide was not a poor sinner but a strange pilot."

Gide received the homage of Paris lying on an iron bed in his Rue Vaneau study, wearing one of the heavy sweaters but without the cape and the high, homemade cap—almost like a fez—that he used for many years to protect his chill flesh against the cold. He will be buried near his family's Normandy property at Cuverville, which he so lovingly described in "La Porte Etroite." —GENÊT

•

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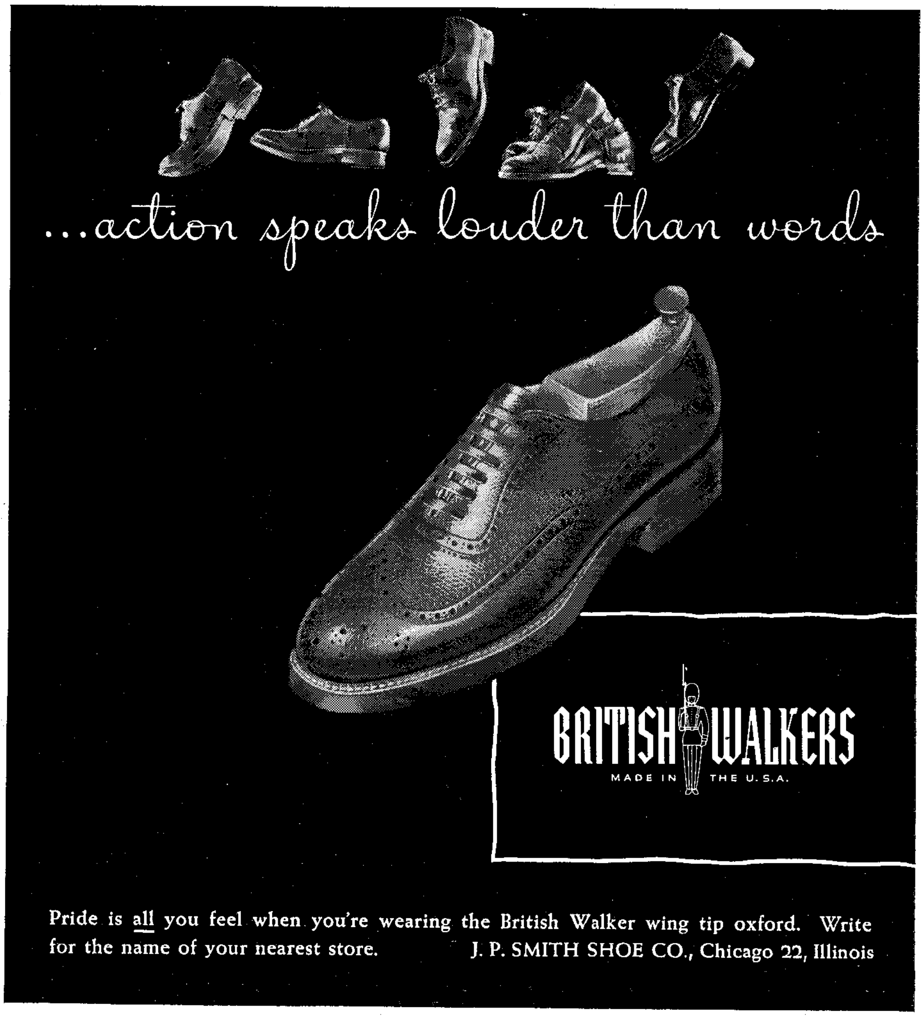
Burgess Meredith, distinguished actor and director of the play, "Season in the Sun," is a member of the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club.



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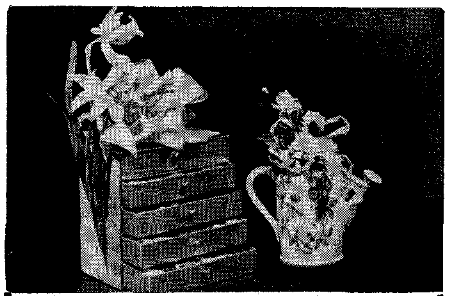

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Swan Song

IT has never been my good fortune to hear another lieder singer with the expressive ability of Lotte Lehmann, and I am glad I attended her concert at Town Hall the other evening, since it turned out to be her farewell as a performer. It wasn't until the intermission that she publicly announced her decision to retire, but word of her plans had got around the day before, and the house was filled. The occasion was a sentimental one, to be sure, but it was also characterized by fine artistry. The distinguished soprano, a tall, magnificent-looking woman, has been on the decline vocally for many years now, but her excellent technique and her interpretive powers have not diminished a jot. It seems to me that, on the contrary, she has gained in expressiveness, thanks to her great dedication to her art, even while her tones have become more breathy and unreliable. The other night, though, there were remarkably few evidences of strain in her singing; only once or twice did the lengthening reach of her weariness cause her to falter, and her voice often sounded as good as it had in the past. Her work was exquisite and revealing as, in songs by Schumann, Schubert, Wagner, Franz, Mendelssohn, and Cornelius, she found the heart of each one and brought it lovingly to life. Her identification with her material was consummate in the Schubert pieces, which closed the program. The piano accompaniments of Paul Ulanowsky, who has worked with her for a long time, melted in with her voice in a most gratifying manner. The magic of Mme. Lehmann's singing has come from her way of bringing to the sweetness of her voice an ability to use it, and adding a veiled quality that has always given it a touch of sadness. It is more than a touch of sadness that the retirement of this unique and unrivalled singer gives us all.

I SHOULD have suspected that a group as devoted and faithful as the followers of Gilbert and Sullivan would bristle at any disparaging remarks about the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company of London, recently in residence at the St. James. Sure enough, two or three stern letters were addressed to me after I suggested, in a review of "The Mikado," that the esteemed troupe was beginning to look frayed. Haunted by the most awful self-doubt, I returned to inspect the company's "Iolanthe," my own particular favorite of the lot, and "The Pirates of Penzance." I thought the Britons' "Iolanthe" was simply grand most of the time, but while "The Pirates of Penzance" was being run off, I experienced the same listless feeling that had afflicted me during the performance of "The Mikado." I don't want to sound carping, but I do feel that time is both withering and staling the whole thing—the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition and that of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. I can still appreciate that wonderful and comforting sense of insularity experienced by the followers of Gilbert and Sullivan, but, somehow, dullness has crept in, and the wonder and the comfort of the works are lessening. Slightly, perhaps, but perceptibly.

BECAUSE of the cost and the other hazards consequent to producing them, most new operas in this country are given their first hearings in schools or by semi-professional organizations outside the influence of the various stage unions. Since some worth-while things have turned up this way in recent years—most notably, Gian-Carlo Menotti's "The Medium," first presented at Columbia University—I made a point of getting around to a production by the Blackfriars' Guild of a Biblical opera called "Open the Gates." It has a score by the Hawaiian composer Dai-Keong Lee and a libretto by Robert Payne. Unfortunately, in this story of Christ's days upon earth all the essential action takes place offstage, and there is only a voice in the wings to remind us of the presence of Christ, so it is bound to be rather static. To be at all moving, it would have to be invested with exalted music, and Lee's score, alas, comes nowhere near the mark, sounding neither devout nor passionate. The severe inadequacies of the production itself are relatively insignificant in the face of these shortcomings. "Open the Gates" is merely a well-intentioned disappointment.

ONE night last week, Sarah Vaughan (she was billed as "the divine Sarah Vaughan"), the pianist Erroll Garner, and an instrumental sextet headed by the saxophonist Lester Young met in concert at Carnegie Hall, and drew a large crowd. It has been my impression, over the years, that jazz music and popular music show up exceedingly small in a large auditorium. Their dimensions are exactly right for other places—night clubs, for example—but they make a puny sound at Carnegie, and this affair did nothing to dispel the feeling. Good jazz is good improvisation, and the listener should never be given a chance to examine or reconsider the structure of a work. In a concert hall, the listener is likely to adopt a more objective and critical attitude toward the music being played, and to feel the need for greater intellectual content and more emotional variety than are to be found in either jazz or popular music. This concert was run off in the simplest possible fashion. First, Young's outfit took the stage for a half hour or so, during which time it played a kind of bloodless, abstract jazz. Some vigor was lent to it by the superior work of the drummer, Jo Jones, whose long and intricate solo, in the midst of one unidentified band piece, was the most delightful episode of the evening. Young's group was replaced by Garner, who was accompanied, somewhat superficially, by bass and drums. This trio played about half an hour, too, the pianist running through several of his most engaging selections—broad and often lighthearted versions of standard songs—the most adroit of them being his interpretation of "Honeysuckle Rose." Finally, Sarah Vaughan came on to sing a long string of sentimental songs, with the support of Garner's drummer and bass player and a pianist and a guitarist. A young woman with a flexible and rather pleasant voice, she demonstrated a fine ability to sing "around" the songs, altering rhythm and pitch at will, but she somehow lacked the taste or the art with which to make her performances seem winning rather than contrived. Now and then, however, she and a song would hit it off together, giving rise to a pleasurable grin on her face and applause from the audience. At such times, one felt that she may someday develop stature as a popular artist. —DOUGLAS WATT

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Two Rivers* (*Wis.*) *Reporter*]

> Not only has he established a home here, but has also proven himself a very definite asset to this community through his numerous civic affiliations. He is a member of the Elks and the Eagles, and of the Calvary English Lutheran church.
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THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by **CEDRIC ADAMS**
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

STATE OF THE UNION: There are more sewing machines in the United States than bathrooms . . . You women may have something new for your nails soon. A product is now being tested as a plastic substitute for nail polish. It's an adhesive-backed vinyl, said not to chip or smear and is trimmed to the proper size so all you do is press it directly onto your nails. It comes in four shades and can be used over and over again . . . In case you're planning on aging some beef, the meat should be kept in your freezer for 21 days at a temperature just above freezing for best results . . . The treasury department is adding thousands of investigators to check income tax returns for 1950-51. Better be accurate in making out your return and supplying data for deductions . . . The cap may be on its way back as a piece of attire for the well-dressed male. Low-bodied cars are among the reasons for the revival . . . All is not bleak: Among the new cosmetic offerings is a mint-flavored lipstick . . . Feel tired after shaving? It's just been calculated that a razor blade, when you shave, cuts whiskers with a force of five tons per square inch. Figured, of course, per individual whisker.

★

SOME DAY I'M going to stand around and watch while an icicle forms . . . New perfume just introduced in Hollywood has been named Stalin's Retreat. Don't ask me why . . . Revised Definition: Colleague—Someone who is called in at the last moment to share the blame . . . Great Britain will never be much of a popcorn outlet. Two out of every three Britishers wear false teeth by the time they've reached 28 . . . How well chosen was the word tax. It comes from the Latin "taxare" which means "to touch sharply" . . . Word's out that a bore really can give you a pain in the neck. In sitting erect and focusing attention, tension in the shoulder muscles and the neck results in distress in those areas.

★

OUR CHAMPION MINNEAPOLIS LAKERS seem to be roaring toward another national professional basketball league title. And that reminds me of the recent Minneapolis Star basketball clinic where 5,000 sports-minded teenagers learned some of the hot shots from the men who make them best—Mikan, Pollard, Mikkelsen and Co. The clinic is just one phase of a diversified sports program which more than 75,000 Upper Midwesterners participate in or watch each year. These sports activities further explain why the best-read, best-liked newspapers in the great Upper Midwest region are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: now more than 480,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 610,000).

★

KISS GOODBYE TO the trouble of having Junior lock himself in the bathroom. A new type hinge will have ball bearing pins. A push in the right place and the hinge comes apart. When Junior has been rescued, the hinge slips together again . . . Fashionable thing for all workers in jet plane factories will be ear muffs to keep out the sound. And a lot of occupational deafness is expected from the roar of the jets . . . The nickel may be out soon for use in juke boxes. In some sections of the country, nickel slots of music machines are being plugged and it takes a dime to start the concert. All is not lost, though. For the dime you get two records. That leaves daily newspapers, gum, Coca Cola (in some areas) and Smith Brothers cough drops in the nickel class. The Smith Boys have done well. The cough drops have been on the market for 103 years and have survived five wars at five cents . . . Can you think of anything noisier than a kid's last suck on the straw in a malted milk?

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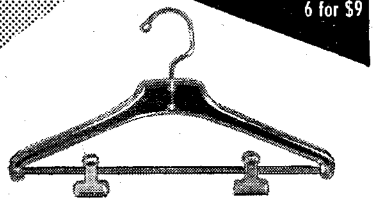

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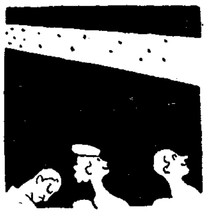

"THE MAGNET," an English film, delves, as did "The Fallen Idol," into the confused world of a small boy whose line of thought baffles the adults who try to follow it. By no means as satisfactory as its predecessor, the picture is nevertheless well above average, and it benefits considerably from having as its hero a lad named William Fox, who plays a ten-year-old with no trace of the sticky precocity that makes so many movie small fry impossible. The plot gets under way when Master Fox, who is cast as the imaginative son of a psychiatrist, succeeds in persuading a tiny contemporary to trade him a good-sized magnet for an "invisible" watch. Charged with being a swindler by his victim's nursemaid, Master Fox takes to his heels, becomes remorseful in flight, and presently donates the magnet to a gentleman busily engaged in drumming up funds to provide a hospital with an iron lung. The boy's gesture strikes the fund-collector as altogether noble, and he weaves a description of the episode into several of his charitable harangues. Not knowing the boy's name or circumstances, he keeps varying his account of the youth, sometimes referring to him as a child as well dressed as Little Lord Fauntleroy, sometimes as an urchin no better off than Phil the Fiddler. When a search is instituted to discover the identity of this chameleon, the young hero gets the notion that the community is out to jug him as a thief, and the picture proceeds to detail all his alarums and excursions in pursuit of anonymity.

There is, perhaps, something just too pat about having the boy's father a psychiatrist, and the digs made at the obtuseness shown by the couch-man when confronted by odd behavior in his own get have become fairly threadbare with use and the expansion of progressive-school activities. However, there's not such a spate of this sort of thing as to stall the film, and certainly the director, Charles Frend, has demonstrated a nice ability to make children on celluloid behave like human beings. Included among those tagging along behind young Master Fox are Stephen Murray, Kay Walsh, Meredith Edwards, and a quartet of tough kids named Keith Robinson, Thomas Johnston, David Boyd, and Geoffrey Yin. All of them are fine company.

IN "Cry Danger," Dick Powell is a bookie who has done five years in San Quentin on a bum rap and is once more on the loose, full of determination to catch the cads responsible for the crime he was accused of. After a few minutes of this, I was sorry he was ever released. . . . "No Orchids for Miss Blandish" is a gangster film made in England and featuring tough customers, presumably of the New York underworld, whose accents would indicate that they had served more time in Eton than in jail. Jack La Rue, who heads the cast, has the distinction of sounding like an American—maybe not a very bright American, but one of our boys for all that.—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Walter D. Davis, defendant in a divorce suit by his wife, Lucy, denied today in superior court that he ever associated with other women, as his wife charged.

He told Judge Louis F. Bunge that some years ago he did let a woman jump on his stomach occasionally, but that was because they were practicing physical culture.

"I'd lie on the floor and she'd jump on my stomach," he said. "But my wife was right there. My wife got a little jealous because she was interested in physical culture too and I wouldn't let her jump on my stomach because she was heavier than the other woman."

Mrs. Davis charged in her divorce suit that her husband associated with a number of women for years.

Davis testified his wife had been cold and indifferent for several years, and has been suspicious and nagged him for years, believing he was interested in any number of other women.

He said she has nagged him for 30 years because he once bought some milk bottle racks, intending to sell them, and had never been able to sell any of them.
—*Spokane Chronicle.*

He might at least have bounced them off somebody's stomach.

•

THE MYSTERIOUS, NOT TO SAY PRANKISH, EAST

[*From Kyodo (Japan) News Translation Service*]

PINCHING OF WOMEN'S HIPS
ALLOWED FOR THREE DAYS

In a shrine festival lasting three days on the Izu Peninsula, the local men were allowed to pinch the hips of women without punishment. This is a traditional local custom.

As the women offered prayers at the altar of the shrine, out came masculine hands from nowhere quickly pinching the soft corners.

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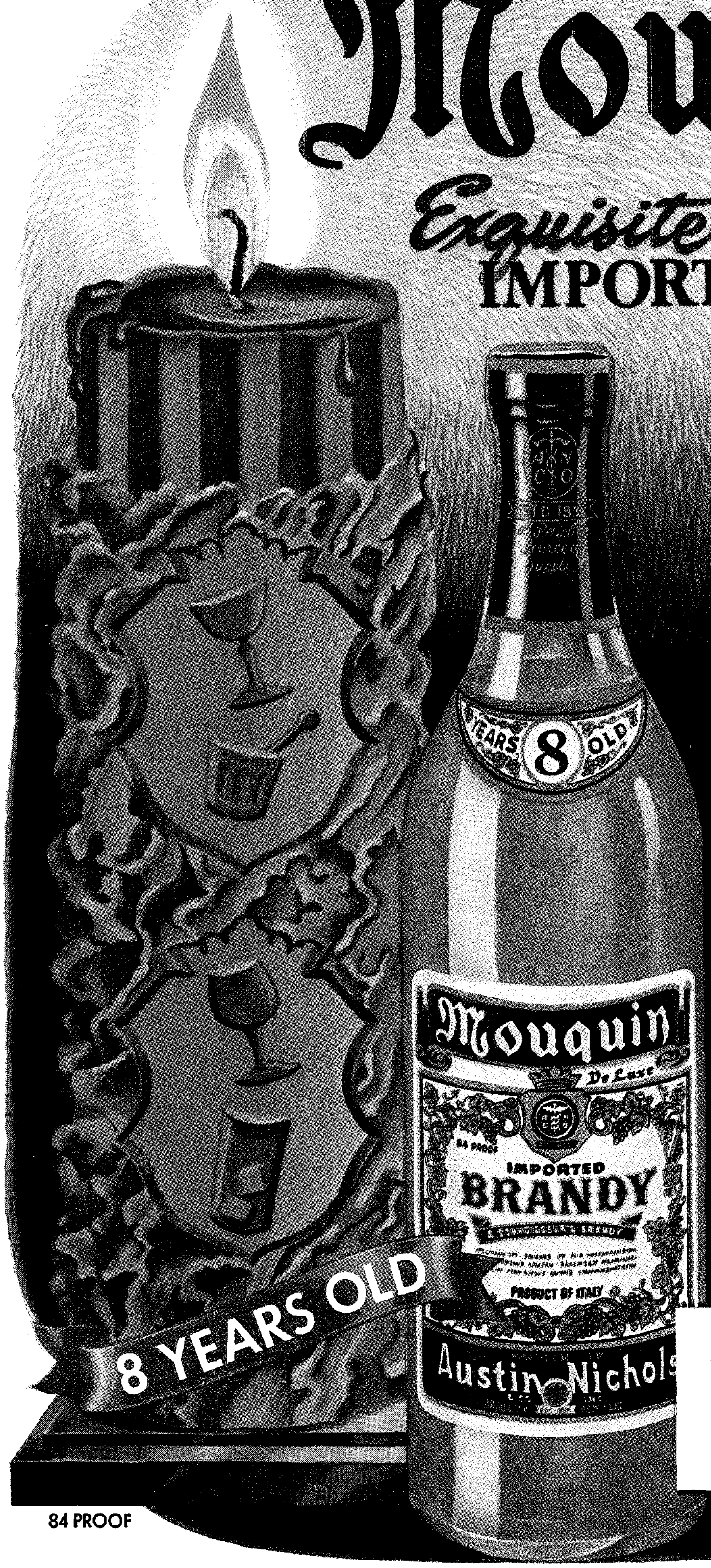
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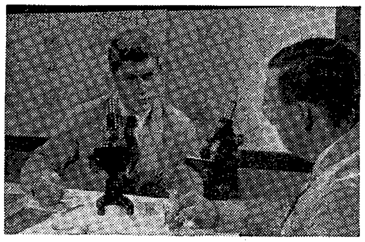

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BOOKS

The Discovery of Florence Nightingale

THE subject of the biography "Florence Nightingale," by Cecil Woodham-Smith (McGraw-Hill), exists in the minds of such people as think of her at all either as the sentimental stereotype summed up by the phrase "the lady with the lamp"—the merciful, cool-handed angel of the Crimean hospitals—or as the absurd, crusading do-gooder of Lytton Strachey's essay in "Eminent Victorians," the termagant who hounded poor, indolent Sydney Herbert to his grave with her demoniac energy and who, having outlined the right path for everything on earth, set out at last to outline reforms for Heaven. Since, on the published record, Florence Nightingale's lifework was centered on drains and sanitation, and her principal achievements were the reform of hospital hygiene and the foundation of the modern system of training and disciplining nurses, the temptation to go to any trouble to probe for the real woman behind the myths is readily resistible. The record is inadequate and wholly misleading; Florence Nightingale was one of the most remarkable women of her time, and her story is both fascinating and moving. Strachey badly underestimated her, because he was writing too close to her. "Eminent Victorians" was published in 1918, only eight years after her death, and before her family was ready to yield up its secrets or hers. The intervening years have removed all those who might have been hurt, and an immense amount of material, which is far richer in interest than anyone could have foreseen, has been made available to Mrs. Woodham-Smith. Florence Nightingale felt unable to confide in anyone during her childhood, and at a very early stage she formed a habit, which lasted all her life, of releasing her bottled-up feelings and secret opinions by putting them on paper, in notes that varied in length from a single line to several hundred words. What emerges from these notes, all fortunately preserved, is a unique history of emotional development and mystical experience.

The Nightingale family situation was typically Victorian, as complex and overplotted as the contemporaneous three-decker novel. Florence should have been a boy. Her very wealthy father, William Edward, had only a life interest in his property. If he died without a male heir, it went to his sister, and then to any male issue she might have. When he was twenty-four, William Edward married a woman of thirty whom he had known since his childhood and who until then had shown a marked preference for men a good deal older than herself. She produced first one daughter, Parthenope, and then another, Florence. There were to be no more children, and as this fact became clear, William Edward's sister produced the man-child who would ultimately disinherit them. The eleven-year-old Florence, with a child's intuition for the deadly spot, exasperated her mother by developing an extravagant and unbalanced devotion for the little boy. Her father made trouble for everyone by settling down to give the girls a male education. As no governess could be found capable of giving them more than the namby-pamby female equipment of the piano, water colors, and so forth, he taught them himself—Greek, Latin, German, French, Italian, history, and philosophy. His elder daughter rebelled against her education and fled whenever she could to her mother's purely feminine world of family gossip and chatter. Florence stayed with it and became not only a brilliant student but also very much her father's friend. When he wanted to reprove his silly, girlish elder daughter, he made his criticisms to Florence, to be passed on. A hostility that lasted until death grew up between the two girls.

This hotbed of Freudian tensions would have produced trouble at any time, but the eighteen-thirties were ideal for its development. The romantic vogue for sensibility was at its height; intemperate Wertheresque language, passionate declarations, scenes, and fantods with smelling salts were the order of the day. There was no escape from the physical and emotional trap. Ladies were ladies, and purely ornamental. William Edward Nightingale was a gentleman and would have injured his social standing had he ever worked at anything; he never did a hand's turn, and nobody ever thought he should. After one political venture, from which he emerged unsuccessful and disgusted, he found refuge in the world of abstract speculation, where he pursued such nebulosities as the nature of moral impulses, the relations of ethics to aesthetics, and proof of the immortality of the soul. The life open to Florence, with the man's mind her father gave her, was summed up by a

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friend of hers, in the nonsense talk that so many British Victorians used as a code to express their inner bitterness: "Faddling, twaddling, and the endless tweedling of nosegays in jugs."

The situation was all the more intolerable because the social world in which the family lived was superficially ultra-civilized. When such people as Ranke, the historian, and the Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian Ambassador and one of the foremost European Egyptologists, came to dine with the Nightingales, it would be to meet the best of English society: Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary; Lord Ashley, the reformer; and so on. Florence was invited to house-parties at such places as Chatsworth, the vast palace of the Duke of Devonshire, and introduced to members of the Royal Family. Richard Monckton Milnes, son of a wealthy landowner, editor of the first collected edition of Keats' works, and the most promising young politician of the day, was devoted to her and was pressing her to marry him. But there was no place in this society for her to be anything but a woman and a noodle. Monckton Milnes' devotion could only bind her to another version of the same stultifying life, to faddling and twaddling in another house. If the story were only a matter of a pioneer feminist in a man's world, the story of her attempts to break out—against the fury and resentment of her father and mother, and despite the unremitting emotional blackmail of her sister—it would be interesting enough. But the nature of the girl's motivations in breaking out gives it an unusual fascination.

Strachey made heavy-handed fun of the naïveté of Florence Nightingale's religious ideas, teasing her in one passage about having a relationship with God rather too like her relationship with Sydney Herbert. "One has the impression," wrote Strachey, "that Miss Nightingale has got the Almighty too into her clutches, and that, if He is not careful, she will kill Him with overwork." It turns out that this was her own sort of joke about herself: "I MUST remember God is not my private secretary." It would be just possible for a certain kind of literalist to have written this seriously; Florence Nightingale, however, was anything but that, and could jeer at some aspects of conventional religion from a standpoint not far removed from Strachey's own. She summarized the books of Samuel and Kings as "Witches. Harlots. Talking Asses. Asses Talking. Young Gentlemen caught by the Hair. Savage Tricks. Priests' Tales." When she attempted to describe her God, it was as the Absolute, Perfection, or Truth—as a universal mind fairly closely resembling the concept of God that Einstein has recently owned to. She had a logically bewildering relationship with this concept; it was one that forcefully demonstrates the wide gulf separating the mystic from the average person. Her cosmic Absolute could, and did, speak to her directly, in a human voice, without even the messenger angels through whom Joan of Arc's simpler God spoke to her. The relationship was the reverse of the one imagined by Strachey, and it is characteristic of it that when, in Athens, she was overtaken by a crisis of belief, she did not go to any church or chapel to pray but sought out the cave in the rock of the Acropolis sacred to the Eumenides, the relentless Furies of the old Greek faith.

The strange thing about Florence Nightingale's call, so difficult for the modern mind to comprehend, is that it ordered her into the modern world, and not out of it. The result of her mystical experience was to make her a creative force in the shaping of a professional outlook in matters of hospital administration. When she finally escaped from her family into the Crimean hospitals, she found herself fighting an amateur system of administration, wholly eighteenth-century in its practice and thought. She arrived on the scene as the embodiment of modern ideas. The medieval religious nursing orders had long before disintegrated. The nurse of the time was a prostitute too old for work, a drunk unemployable in any other capacity, or, at best, a doctor's or medical student's doxy. The whole contemporary hospital system was in tune with its nurses; hospitals were not places where people were taken to get well but places where the poor were taken to die. The hospital she took over at Scutari was a Dachau—a huge Turkish barracks, dilapidated and with a leaking roof, in which the wounded were laid on the floor in rows. Here there were no nurses at all, only untrained orderlies. The sanitation, since the existing toilets were unspeakable and unapproachable, consisted of huge tubs set between the rows of sick men. The water supply passed through a conduit partly blocked by the carcass of a dead horse. There was no breakdown of administration to account for these things; it had simply never occurred to anyone that such matters needed planning. That all this was the norm of less than a century ago is an astonishing reminder

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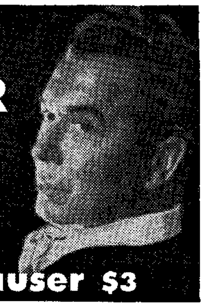

of the novelty of the ideas of fundamental decency that one accepts unthinkingly as part of the Western tradition.

What Florence Nightingale created from the horror of the Crimea was the instrument for the care of the sick without which nineteenth-century progress in surgery and bacteriology would have been meaningless. A Marxist would deem it historic necessity; she heard it as the voice of God. When she returned from the Crimea, she continued her work with the creation of a civilian nursing body, but a twist of circumstances carried her influence into another field. She was asked to make suggestions for improving the health of the British Army in India. This led inevitably to suggestions for improving the sanitation of towns where the Army had its stations. And this, in turn, led to the first modern statistical inquiry into public health by a British government department, and it is not too much to say that it led, in the long run, to the reform of the whole Indian administration along professional lines. Her insistent, scolding, demanding voice became the voice of the modern world expressing its dissatisfaction with an obsolete technique of government. There is a certain symbolic perfection in her hounding to death poor Sydney Herbert, who had been Secretary of War at the beginning of the Crimean campaign and who later became Chairman of the Royal Commission on the Health of the Army in India, by her demands that he reform his department. What she was hounding to death was the amateur, the gentleman aesthete born to power, the type figure of a ruling class that the world had outgrown.

This gracefully written and extremely readable biography has the power and intensity of a fine novel. It is also a first-class contribution to social history, for it gives an extraordinary insight into the strengths and weaknesses of the British and their Empire in the nineteenth century. It establishes Florence Nightingale as one of the really remarkable human beings of history—the comparison that suggests itself more and more compellingly as one reads is with Gandhi—and it is a revelation of the strange and obscure sources of human greatness.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MRS. GAILEY, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Harper). A painstaking novel, filled

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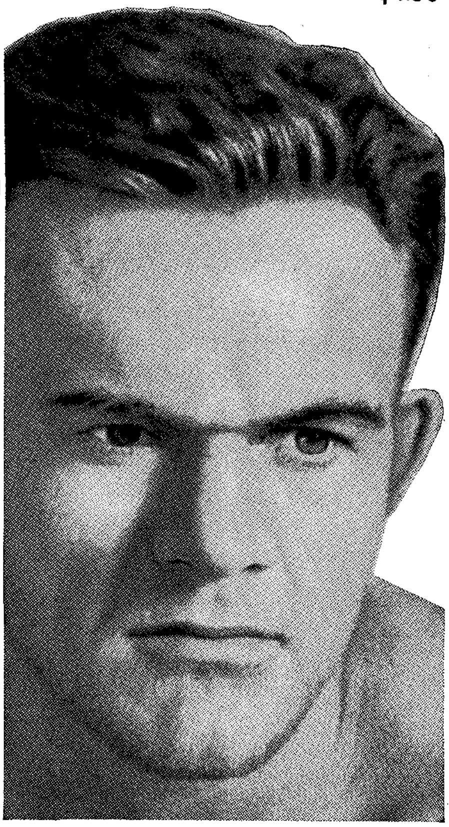

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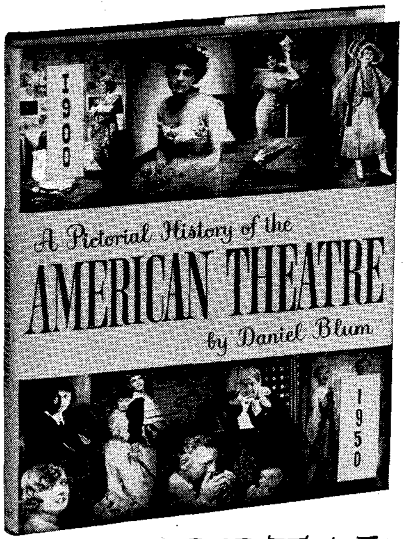

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with emotional passages that never quite catch fire, about the disastrous results of unhampered selfishness and irresponsibility. In short, it is a gray, joyless country-house version of the defeat of innocence. The people most deeply involved are a self-centered mother, her benighted and totally defenseless daughter, aged thirty, and the daughter's secretary, a worthless young woman, the Mrs. Gailey of the title.

ROUND THE BEND, by Nevil Shute (Morrow). A tedious story of aviation and religion in the Persian Gulf. One of the characters, an engineer named Connie Shacklin, is thought divine by his friends and followers. The book follows the spread of his new method of religious worship, and ends when he dies at the age of thirty-three. A Book-of-the-Month Club choice for March.

A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC, by Mary Jane Ward (Random House). An unmarried lady of thirty-eight, Miss Elizabeth Chapin, reviews her life and counts the beaux she has had. There is no limit to the monotony of Miss Chapin's personality, but her author gives this long reverie a veneer of variety and surprise by writing in a deliberately confused, curly style. The scene is a Midwestern city called Sawyer.

FOLLOW ME EVER, by Charles E. Butler (Pantheon). A short, heavy-breathing novel about a young soldier, Ellis, who is believed by his friends to be marked with stigmata. Mr. Butler feels so deeply about his story that it is hard to make out quite what he wants to say, but one does gather that a good many people have suffered a great deal, and that the memory is quite painful.

BOY WITH A TRUMPET, by Rhys Davies (Doubleday). Stories of Wales, told with such spirit that they seem to linger in the air, as though they had been spoken aloud. Mr. Davies' admirable regard for his fellow human beings occasionally betrays him into sentimentality, but the best of the stories are wonderfully good, mixing laughter, compassion, and the weakness of the flesh with a likely touch of countryman's malice.

STAR QUALITY, by Noel Coward (Doubleday). Six extremely sketchy stories, mostly about English theatre people. There are some diverting instants, but one cannot help feeling that Mr. Coward dictated these stories in a cheerful moment of

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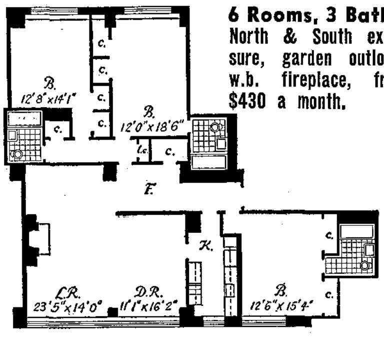

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rush—while packing, perhaps—and never got around to doing any revision.

GENERAL

THE PACIFIC ISLANDS, by Douglas L. Oliver (Harvard). An informal survey of the whole of Oceania—Australia, the Philippines, and the ten thousand or so islands in the South Pacific east of Indonesia—which the publishers claim is the only one-volume work of its kind. The book is a marvel of condensation, for the author deals not only with such matters as the varied cultures of the different island peoples but with the geography, geology, zoology, politics, economics, and history of the area. The history of Oceania since the arrival of the first Europeans, four centuries ago, makes a sorry tale, for the islands seem always to have had a fatal attraction for the wrong kind of white man; it is one long recitation of interference and exploitation, ranging from efforts to get the natives into Mother Hubbards to the more sinister arts of blackbirding, spoliation, rape, and murder. Professor Oliver brings his book up to date with a discussion of the future of Oceania, particularly those islands the United States took away from Japan during and after the last war, and he speculates briefly on how much appetite the indigenes of the islands might have for Marxism, should it ever be offered them. The only place where this otherwise excellent book falls down is in the index, which is very spotty.

I MARRIED AN ARAB, by Mary Winifred Bushakra (John Day). When, in 1937, the author and her husband decided to quit New York, which they disliked, their back-to-the-land trek was far more drastic than those of other couples in a similar fix, since the Bushakras chose a mountaintop in Lebanon as their future base of farming operations. As an American woman plumped down in her husband's feudal background, Mrs. Bushakra found herself making some exceedingly gymnastic personal adjustments—to Arab conviviality, which entailed entertaining up to fifty kinfolk at any given instant; to the customs of the Druses, the religious sect her husband belongs to; and to the problems attendant on supervising an Arab granddaughter with an Eastern upbringing and Western aspirations. All this is related with exemplary good humor

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and, as is de rigueur in memoirs of this sort, in a bouncingly intimate style. Photographs.

THE GRAND PEREGRINATION, by Maurice Collis (Macmillan). A biography of Fernão Mendes Pinto, the sixteenth-century Portuguese sailor of fortune, explorer, merchant, sometime member of the Society of Jesus, sometime pirate, and author of "Peregrinaçam," a book about his adventures in the Orient that earned him the same reputation as an entertaining liar that Marco Polo's journals did for their author more than two centuries before. This book is an attempt to retrace Pinto's footsteps in Abyssinia, India, China, and Japan (Pinto claimed to have discovered Japan), and to sift out truth from falsehood in the autobiography. Mr. Collis believes that Pinto was not a liar in the Munchausen sense—that he incorporated everything he saw, felt, read, and heard into a statement of personal experience, but that his intent was to convey as much truth as he could. A very interesting piece of detective work. Illustrations taken from sixteenth-century paintings and tapestries.

HISTORY OF THE BUCCANEERS OF AMERICA, by James Burney (Norton). Another old chronicle of maritime adventure, this one reprinted from the original edition, of 1816. James Burney was a member of the famous Burney family of England (Fanny was his sister) and made his name as a sea dog; he went on Captain Cook's second and third voyages to the Pacific, and took the Discovery home from the Sandwich Islands after Cook had been murdered there. This book, one of several he wrote after his retirement, covers the activities of the buccaneers and "flibustiers" who began their depredations around 1630 and kept them up until they were suppressed, at least officially, by international action in 1697; these men were the forerunners of the eighteenth-century pirates who plagued the Caribbean, the South Atlantic, and the South Pacific. Burney, through his experiences at sea, was in a position to know what he was writing about, and his book, which is factual and a little bit dry, is about as authentic as anything on the subject could be.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF D. H. LAWRENCE, by Harry T. Moore (Twayne). Except for Richard Aldington's "D. H. Lawrence: Portrait of a Genius But. . .," which was published last year, there has been little doing on the Lawrentian front for more than a decade. Mr. Moore's critical and biographical study undertakes a new evaluation, based on new research, and may be the beginning of a new series of books on Lawrence. (The author, in an appendix, lists several works now in progress, none of which is likely to have the ghoulish quality of the memoirs written by Lawrence's friends and disciples, which messed up the literary scene in the first years after his death.) The present effort to assign Lawrence's uneasy ghost a place in the hierarchy of English letters, assay his genius, untangle the twists in his nature, and straighten out the elusive facts of his life is a commendably serious one. It is written with a bias in favor of the man as a poet and a novelist, but it stays this side of idolatry.

ILLUSTRATED ENGLISH SOCIAL HISTORY, by G. M. Trevelyan (Longmans, Green). A revised edition of Volume II of a projected four-volume study of how the English lived in other times. Actually, the "revision" consists only of the praiseworthy addition of more than a hundred and twenty-five photographs, prints, and reproductions of paintings. The book covers the age of Elizabeth and the entire Stuart period, and, like the first volume, which dealt with the England of Chaucer's and the early Tudors' time, it is concerned not only with the academic aspects of English history but with the minutiae of daily living. The author tells what the people ate and drank and how they ran their households; he describes the sporadic visits of the plague, the sanitary and moral conditions of the time, the various ways one could get in trouble with the law (being unemployed was one), and how it was possible for Londoners to rebuild their city completely, after the great fire of 1666, in only five years. The pictures, some of which are in color, are an enormous help in reconstructing the period.

THE EARNEST DRINKER, by Oscar A. Mendelsohn, with preface and additional notes by T. A. Layton (Macmillan). If you have ever dined in company with the knowing fellow who tells you, in the tone of one disposing of a popular superstition, that France imports much of her wine from California and Algeria, and who is ready to wager that in a blind-

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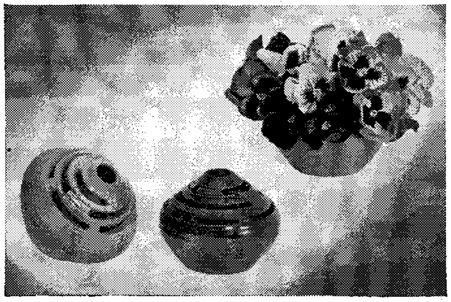

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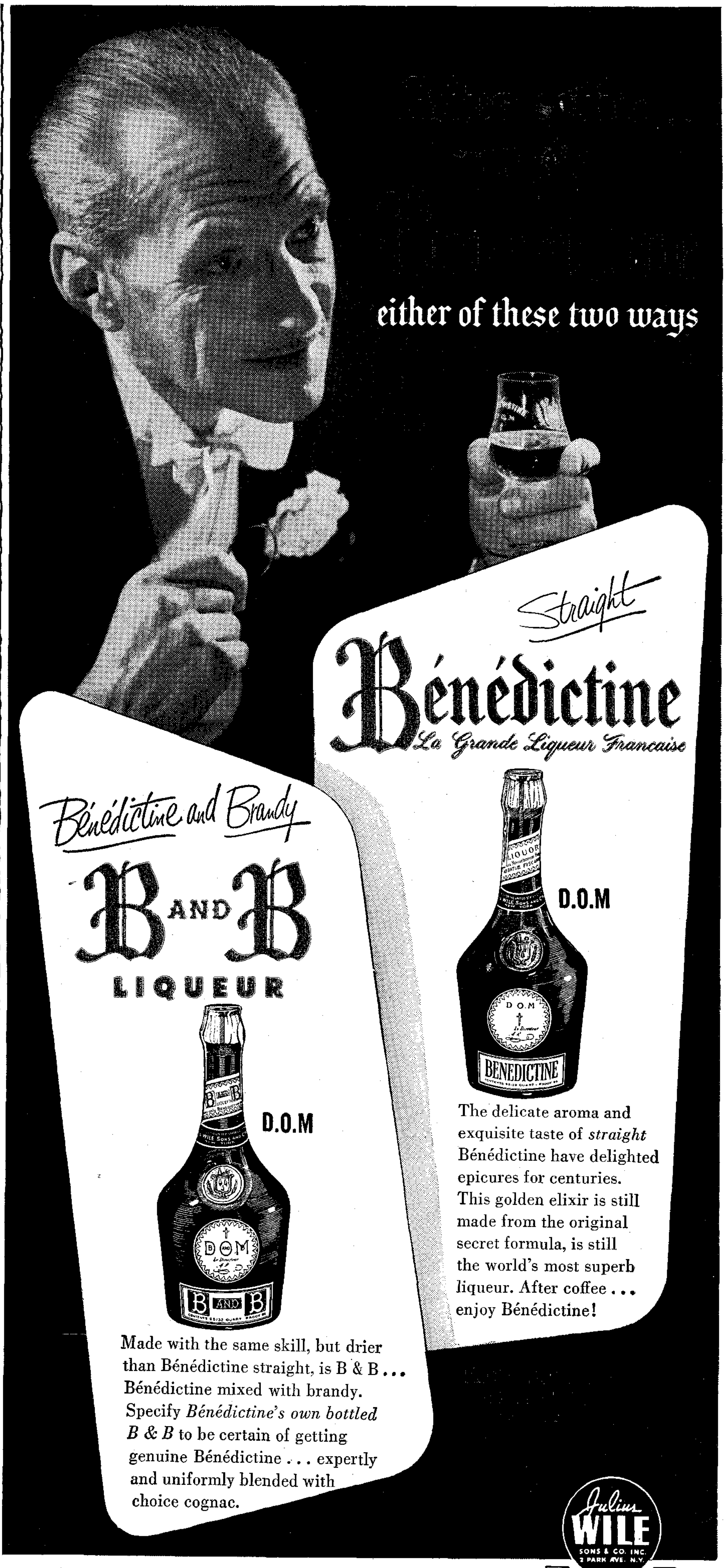
fold test you couldn't distinguish between Dago red and Romanée-Conti, you have a general idea of Mr. Mendelsohn's truculent approach to the refinements of taste. Fortunately, however, besides being out to bust what he calls the "aristocratic wine tradition," he presents much sound, well-organized information concerning the making of wine, whiskey, brandy, liqueurs, and malt beverages, as well as notes on their origins and special characteristics. He is aided in his war of extermination against the connoisseur by one of the most inept preface writers who have come along in some time.

Gustave Courbet, by Marcel Zahar (Harper). A sympathetic and yet thoroughly discerning study of the founder of the French nineteenth-century realistic school of painting, who also, a bit paradoxically, wound up as one of the major influences on such Impressionists as Manet and Renoir. There are thirty-nine plates (eight in color), ranging from Courbet's massive "Funeral at Ornans" to his lesser still-lifes and portraits.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Frightened Dove, by Peter Hardin (Scribner). One of Italy's militant anti-Fascists is living in New York, working in his cousin's tailoring shop and trying to forget his violent past. He's just about succeeded in doing so when his archenemy, a man named Colombo, lands in America, and his cousin persuades him that it's no less than his duty to his new country to track down the man and kill him. From then on, it is a chase and a weird one, with a very surprising ending. Mr. Hardin's book has the merit of novelty and is carefully plotted, and it is well above the average in style.

Neither Five Nor Three, by Helen MacInnes (Harcourt, Brace). Miss MacInnes takes an unusually gloomy view of the power of the Communist Party in America, and her book is disturbing, if you accept her thesis that our native intellectual society is largely composed of Party members and fellow-travellers, but it is lively and well written. The principal characters are an editor who returns from counter-espionage work in Europe to find that his magazine is being turned into an organ of Soviet propaganda, a foreign agent who operates under a cover of apparent respectability, a young journalist almost fatally under this man's influ-



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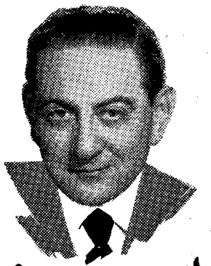

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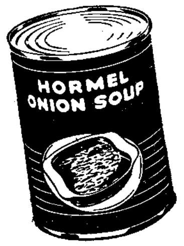

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ence, a handsome girl who is in love with the journalist, and a red-headed eccentric who pretends to be an alcoholic for patriotic purposes and dies mysteriously for his convictions. The plot is profuse and complicated, but not really too hard if you put your mind on it. Altogether, a thoughtful and interesting novel, though likely to make you look askance at some of your best friends.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR, by Robert B. Sinclair (Mill-Morrow). A man who lives in Los Angeles thinks he's employed a perfect method to kill his wife—it's a matter of unbelievably elaborate timing and an unbreakable alibi—and he seems likely to get away with the murder until his wife's beautiful half sister turns up. She's sure he must be guilty, on the premise that no one who'd lived with her sister could help wanting to kill her, and she's come all the way from Topeka to do her best to save him. An intricate and skillfully worked-out plot, and though the style hasn't a great deal of distinction, the characters and dialogue are first-rate.

CORPSE DIPLOMATIC, by Delano Ames (Rinehart). Jane and Dagobert Brown, whose methods of detection are apt to be coy, transfer their activities from England to the French Riviera, which seems to be overrun with people connected in one way or another with the Central American country of Santa Rica, whose vice-consul has been threatened with assassination. A bullet misses him and kills an English major who happens to be in the line of fire, and the rest of the book is devoted to finding out whether his death was accidental or very deliberately planned. Operating from a *pension* full of odd and unpredictable types, Dagobert at last finds the person with a compelling motive for murder. A distinct improvement over Ames' last book, "Death of a Fellow Traveler."

•

"Mad Wednesday" may be designated as an educational film for a generation which never seen the silent-film technique in action.—*The Herald Tribune.*

On the other hand, a little education is a dangerous thing.

•

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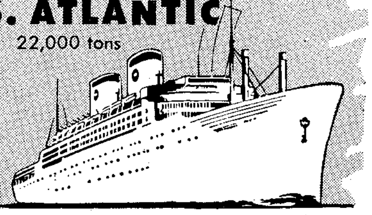

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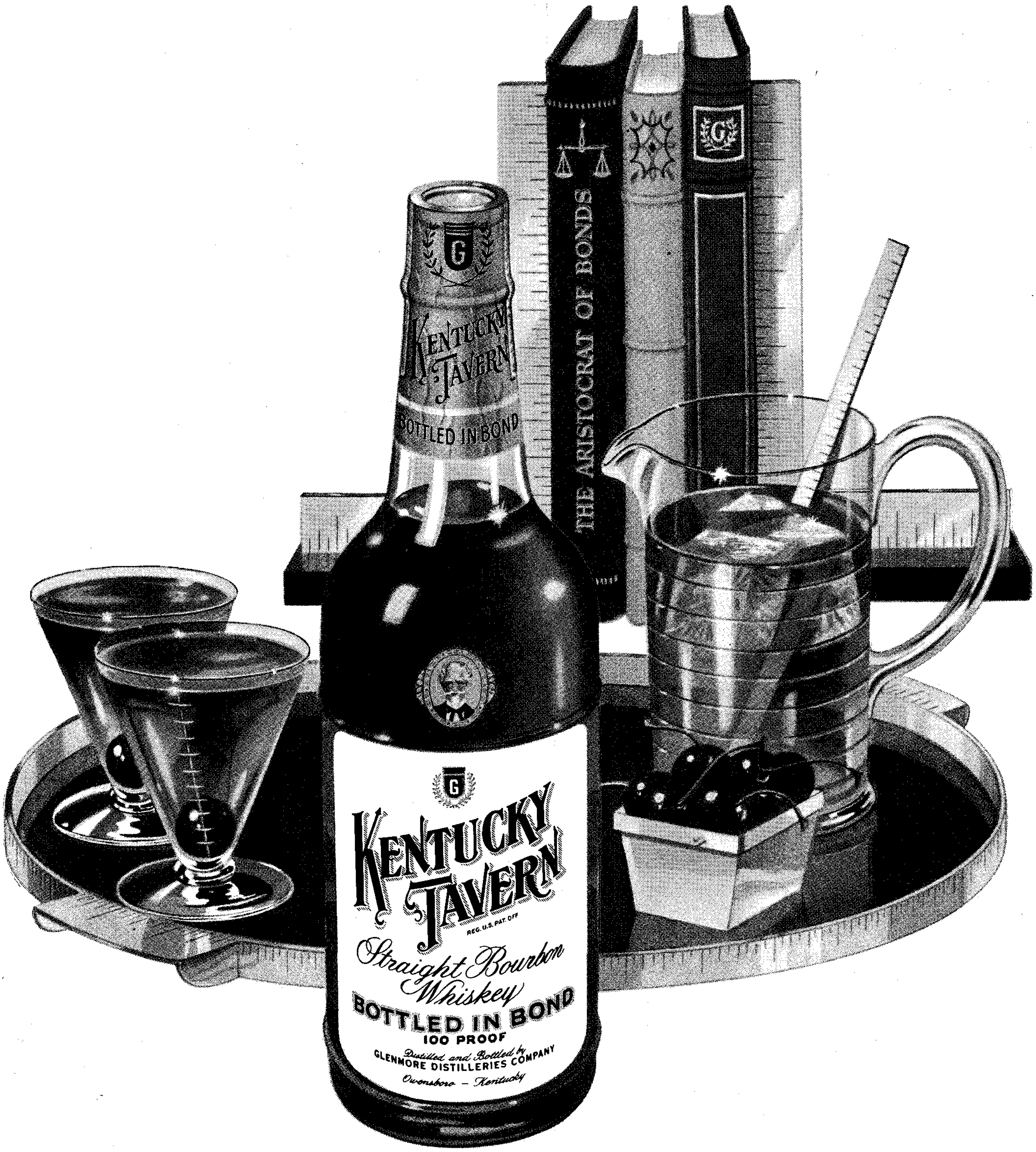
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